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*DA

MICROSCO

THE

# MICROSCOPE,

EDITED

BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

"Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."—*Virg.*

VOL. I.

NEW-HAVEN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
A. H. MALTBY & CO.
*No. 4, Glebe-Building.*

1820.

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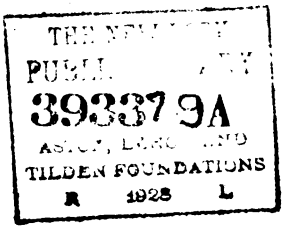


## TERMS.

I. The Microscope shall be issued twice a week; on Tuesday and Friday mornings.

II. It shall be printed on good paper, and each number shall consist of 4 octavo pages.

III. The price of each number shall be three cents. Subscribers to pay quarterly, and may discontinue the paper at the close of the first, or of any subsequent quarter.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

No. 1.] TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1820. [Vol. I.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
"By any other name would smell as sweet."

*Shakspeare.*

WELL, Sophia! said my friend to his lady, what shall we call our son? Shall he bear the name of an endeared and beloved ancestor; or shall we have something to suit the fancy? And if the latter; shall it be a modest and unassuming title, or shall it be of such a cast as to evidence, and that pretty clearly too, our prognostications of his future eminence?—Somewhat similar, if we may be permitted to compare small things with great, are the puzzling perplexities experienced by the periodical writer about to appropriate a name to the fruit of his mind. In precisely such a dilemma, we are frank to say, we now find ourselves. The perplexity in our case arises not from our believing that there is any thing like "magic in a name." It certainly cannot be much matter what it is, provided always that it does not promise too much and thus expose us to derision. But our difficulty lies partly in selecting from the goodly number that present themselves, and then partly again in afterwards adhering rigidly to the one selected.

While reverting to our worthy predecessors, buoyed up by a little exhiliarating self-complacency, and our views being considerably elevated withal; we have sometimes thought of *the Instructor*, *the Guardian* or the *Connoiseur*. At other times *the Observer*, *the Spectator*, or *the Looker-On* have appeared more appropriate. At other seasons again when we have re-

collected the loquacious part of the community and considered the degree to which their feelings should, from mere self-interest, be consulted on all occasions like the present; the more modest, but more characteristic names of *the Babler*, *the Tatler* or even *the Tell-tale* have borne away the palm. After all however, a title still unmentioned seems to possess peculiar attractions as being not wholly destitute of expression, and yet entirely unassuming. Now this is no other than *the Microscope*. And so the MICROSCOPE it shall be; not so much because of the power of this ingenious little contrivance to make objects apparently larger than they really are, but more on account of its enabling one to examine objects *nearer* than can be done with distinctness of vision by the naked eye. In this way we hope to be able to ascertain and to point out that which gives the real hue and character to conduct, to-wit, the motives and the consequences of actions.

Having thus satisfactorily settled this important preliminary, we stop a moment to commend our pages to the patronage and protection—not of any one illustrious personage in particular, but of all those who may chance to do themselves (not to say, us) the pleasure of perusing what may drop from our pens. Do you ask, why we do thus? You have our answer at once: It is simply, because you are the only persons in the world, who can be benefited by these our efforts, and are therefore the only persons in the world who have a real *bona-fide* interest in them.

In reply to the question, *who are they*,—which since the Prospectus appeared, has been asked over and over again in our presence; we have but little to say. Almost all to a man, who have preceded us in the vocation of Essayists, have indeed introduced themselves to the public by a long story about their pedigree, occupation, personal beauty, characteristic whims and so on. On this head we are disposed to be somewhat reserved, and for a very plain reason. Most of us know little or nothing of our ancestry: Some of us have never dreamt of a regular calling; and none of us—even when our satisfaction with ourselves is at its highest flood—dare think

of laying claim to extraordinary comeliness of face or form; nor can we boast of any peculiar whims and notions of our own,—being in short distinguished from those around us by none of these delectable perfections. We have, however, in common with our countrymen, an uncomfortable portion of what is called curiosity. Hence some one of us is nearly always to be found in almost all places and companies, saying little, but observing the more.—We venture to subjoin an additional affirmation, which cannot but minister greatly to your comfort: We are neither misanthropes, nor women-haters, nor even Old Bachelors, and therefore we can with truth say that we have a general good-will for men, women and children, and a particular partiality for the fair rosy-cheeked damsels of this little Zoar—a heart-cheering refuge indeed, from the storms and tempests that distress the world around.

We shall here digress to make a single suggestion which, deeply feeling its importance as we do, we have for sometime been itching to wedge in somewhere between our reflections. It is this. We advise all our female readers—nay more, we urge them forthwith to submit to us fully, all their grievances, trials, difficulties, perplexities, and even cases of etiquette.—We need not say they will never regret such a step.

Thus much by way of preamble to our undertaking. We pass to what is more important. It becomes us to make a few cursory remarks, explanatory of the plan of the publication we have entered upon. We wish to be explicitly and distinctly understood that it is not our intention to subserve, either directly or indirectly, the interests of any political party or religious sect. We have no solicitude to increase the number of Presbyterians or Episcopalians. Nor do we desire to fill the ranks of the friends or the opponents of the Administration. We care not a fig about their squabbles, and therefore shall not trouble our heads concerning them. As to the minor points which have severed the church of our dear Redeemer into sects, and thus marred the fair aspect of christian charity; we leave these, together with the heart-hardening and head-bewildering occupation of metaphysical refinement, to those

who like the business better than we do. To such of our readers however, if any such there be, as find in themselves any hankering after this delicious employment, or any constitutional tendency to this worse than useless mode of wasting time; we take the present opportunity of addressing, for their use and digestion solely, what we humbly conceive to be tolerably appropriate language, as well as pretty good sense:

"Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
"Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
"Frozen at heart, while speculation shines."

Again; every American is born a divine and a politician; and most of them have an insatiable desire to be constantly meddling and dabbling in these matters, and of course consider all the intricacies of them, with all their ramifications and consequences, as being so completely within their grasp, and so intuitively clear too, that the full blaze of a mid-day sun could not make them a whit more distinct. It must be admitted, therefore, that these subjects will be perfectly well managed without our interference. We have moreover the charity to believe that *there are good men in all parties*, and we are also fixed in the opinion that *no man can be a zealous partisan without injury to his integrity*. These considerations, you may be assured, confirm us in our determination to let such affairs alone. We would, however, reserve to ourselves the privilege of remarking occasionally, and sometimes pretty freely, on the faults common to all. These we shall consider our lawful game.

As our country is already swarming with party publications, and as more are every where daily "starting up like hydras from every corner," whose direct and great tendency is in most instances, to poison the fountain of social, and even of domestic enjoyment—to alienate and embitter the minds of those who chance to be found in opposite ranks;—we shall throw in our mite and exert our influence, small as it may be, in an effort to stay the progress of this overwhelming flood, to promote good-will, to soften party asperity, and to break down the middle wall of partition. It is our hearts' desire that men may think better of each other, and be persuaded that there

are, yet remaining, many reasons why mutual charity should be exercised, and mutual regard cherished.

We have said that we have no political, nor sectarian end in view; nor have we any personal animosities to gratify. We are enemies only to falsehood and vice—to ignorance and folly. Against these we shall endeavor to keep up a sharp and constant fire, unless forsooth our ammunition shall be exhausted much sooner than is anticipated.

A principal difficulty in conducting a work like this arises from the variegated character of the readers. Each expects something in every number adapted to his own peculiar turn. Some would have us always grave; while others wish us to be continually dealing in trifles. Others again would be pleased to see us constantly in a broad laugh; and others still can receive delight only when, with genuine malevolence, we lash and bite all within our reach. The last class are notified in the onset that they will find little in our pages which will minister to the gratification of palates thus vitiated. We intreat the rest to bear with us patiently, since constitutional brevity, as well as the prescribed limits of our paper preclude the possibility of even attempting to please all at once. But we purpose to serve up a dish for each in due season.

The illustration of truth, and the inculcation of sound principles of religion and morals, are our leading objects. In prosecuting them, we shall endeavor to prevent the monotony of sober prose, by interspersing the lighter and more welcome effusions of the muse. It shall be our aim to soften the asperity of formal precept, by calling in to our aid the embellishments of the tale and allegory; and to relieve the dulness of simple narration and naked truth, by casting around them the decorations of fiction.

It is your prerogative, gentle reader, to prescribe the terms on which you choose to be pleased, and we deem ourselves bound to vary and accommodate our efforts in conformity to this position. We have hitherto been very sparing of our pledges, lest we might not be able to redeem them. But thus much we are bold to promise, that we shall throughout be found

to be your obedient servants in complying with any alteration that may be suggested, and any improvement that may be proposed, with only this one reserve that whatever may be the consequences, *nothing irreligious, immoral or indelicate shall be suffered to stain our pages.* Never shall it with truth be said that the perusal of the Microscope has justly called forth the condemnation of the pious, or mantled with a blush of virtuous indignation the cheek of the chaste and pure. If we cannot benefit we *will not* corrupt. If we are unable to confirm the resolutions, and quicken the steps of those climbing the steep and difficult ascent; we will not allure to vice: we will not hide with flowers, the thorns and daggers planted by Providence in the downward road to disgrace and ruin. If we cannot instruct by our matter, nor please by our manner; we hope to be credited for honest intentions, and, so far at least, to receive your approbation.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Favors deposited in the letter-box at the Publishers', shall receive early attention, and the writers be informed of the result. Such communications as it may be deemed inexpedient to insert, shall be destroyed immediately, or left with the publishers, or disposed of in any other way directed by the authors.

*** Wishing to furnish our subscribers with a title-page, we have in this number given them eight pages instead of the four that may, according to promise, ordinarily be expected. We also intend to present them, at a proper time, with an index to the contents.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

No. 2 ] FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1820. [Vol. I.

Hope like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

*Goldsmith.*

There is not a more laudable curiosity than that of an author, when he presents the fruits of his intellect to the whim, caprice and satire of this whimsical world. With a heart palpitating for its success, he discovers his production in black and white, exposed to the mercy of the old and the young, the wise and the ignorant. They with the eyes of an Argus examine all its defects of style, sentiment and execution, bestowing upon it a solitary commendation, or consigning it without hessitation to the darkness of oblivion.. His ears are open to each expression of approbation, and every breeze he believes to be pregnant with applause, or teeming with envy. If suns revolve without affording any nourishment to his vanity, still he flatters himself that when fable shall have thrown an obscurity around the present century; the future antiquarian will in some auspicious hour light upon his volumes, and present them to the admiration of a wondering world.

Such we must acknowledge were our feelings after the appearance of the first number of the Microscope. Not discovering any unusual influx into the store of the publishers, and being unable to gratify our curiosity from this quarter, we determined to sally forth, and if possible ascertain the reception of the paper. By express agreement we divided the town in-

to a number of districts, where each of the Editors was to promenade during the day, and hear from the passing multitude their praise or censure. At the corner of State and Chapel-streets, that exchange of our city, we *rationally* concluded that the Microscope would be the only topic of conversation.—Discovering a number of citizens there assembled, Horatio the most active editor turned his steps in that direction, believing that nothing but the appearance of our paper, could have called such a collection together at that early hour.

After passing the salutations of the morning he remained for some minutes silent, in hopes that the first sound that struck his ear would be on the subject that so completely engrossed his thoughts. Discovering that another topic occupied their attention, he determined to give a new turn to their conversation by enquiring of them the news of the day. But what was his surprise when he learned that the most important intelligence was the fall of coffee, occasioned by the introduction of rye into the economy of our country. This brought on a discussion (which lasted an hour) on the effect it would produce upon the West India markets should the present frugality extend throughout the Union. During the whole of this disquisition he bit his lips with chagrin, and left them with the reflection that genius must look for its reward to the candour of posterity.

The Post-office, the focus of attractions to *lovers* and *politicians*, next received our eager Editor. Here with his eyes fixed upon a news-paper, but his ears open to the remarks of those around him, he remained fifteen minutes in order to ascertain the tone of sentiment among the inhabitants of this delectable city. Mail Robbers, Slavery and Steam-boats were here the only topics of conversation. With regret he bent his course from this centre of news, firmly believing that ere our first number had enjoyed an ephemeral existence, it had surrendered to the tyrant *Time*, under whose all destroying hand Towers, Temples, and *Microscopes*, moulder into ruin.

The reading room he soon entered, where the approaching election and Ivanhoe engrossed most of the conversation of

the morning. The only sound which bore any affinity to our paper, was Kaleidscope, concerning which there was a dispute between two Dandies whether Dr. Brewster, or some other Dr. was the inventor. The other Editors were still less fortunate, having heard nothing during the day worthy of remark.—They accordingly concluded that this was the Metropolis of dullness, and longed for the pen of Pope to present to the world another Dunciad.

Believing that intelligence had forsaken *our* sex, they resolved to present themselves *in propria personæ* to the fair, whose curiosity to ascertain who were the "*fraternity*," would, we were convinced, make it the subject of discourse. Accordingly accepting a very polite invitation, each of us put on an additional cravat, and with no little self-complacency entered in succession into a room glowing with beauty. Here the sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks of our *supposed* fair readers presaged a delightful repast. By an extra display of gallantry, we were confident that we should elicit from our friends the ladies, a copious discussion of the merits of our first number.—Who can describe our feelings when we discovered that the silken chain of love had entwined the affections of those present and that sighs and side long glances were antipodes to literature. Disappointment brooded over us while reflecting that as it respected this circle, we had exhausted our crania in vain —and we heartily wished that Cupid might be drummed out of the city.

Having thus ransacked every nook and corner of the town, and not having a syllable on the subject so near their hearts; the editors unwilling to let their literary offspring thus pass into forgetfulness, resolved to hold a meeting and canvass the subject among themselves. Accordingly, having assembled, the merits of the paper were fully scanned, and a copiousness of admiration poured forth upon every paragraph. It was the unanimous opinion that very little gratitude had been evinced by the citizens for the appearance of No. 1. Still it was determined to continue the pnblication, it being evident that as soon as love and the present political mania were banished

from this Athens of Connecticut, their numbers would excite universal attention.

N. B, Since writing the above, we have ascertained that a small circle of young ladies were actually caught discussing the merits of the Microscope. After a conversation of full two minutes and a half, it seemed to be the sense of the meeting that the thing was more than tolerable, and a wish was expressed that it might succeed. This is to us like light let into the gloomy prison of the captive, and in the words of our motto, "adorns and cheers our way." As our paper is still in the twilight of its existence we hope that this single mark of approbation is the harbinger of the sunshine of satisfaction with which it will ere long be received. Their names being made known to us, it was unanimously agreed that they had in this act exhibited indubitable marks of discernment, and richly merited the thanks of the fraternity.

*To the Publisher of the Microscope.*

PERMIT me, sir, to ask a question or two which occurred to me on reading the first number of your paper. They will be short; and I trust not impertinent.

1. Your writers say they will not engage in any political discussions. Yet they say they intend to lash folly and vice without mercy. Is not here an inconsistency? Are not political discussions both interesting and useful? And where can be discovered more *folly* and *vice*, than in the characters of zealous political partizans?

2. They say they do not wish to increase the number of Presbyterians or Episcopalians. Pray sir what are we to understand by this? Is it that your writers are neither Episcopalians or Presbyterians? Or does it mean that our political contest in their opinion, is between Presbyterians and Episcopalians?—a mere sectarian controversy? I wish, sir, they would explain this.

3. Your writers say they do not wish to fill the ranks of the friends or enemies of the administration. Do they mean by

this that they belong to no political party? If so, I wish to be informed whether, in their opinion, a neutral ground can be maintained consistently with religion or patriotism?

These questions, sir, naturally occur in reading the prospectus. They have excited considerable conversation among your readers. A frank and an able answer to them would be highly gratifying to a

QUERIST.

The above was deposited into the letter-box after the present number was put to press—we shall give the writer a reply in our next.

WE have received from "SMOKER," a satirical piece written in Croakerian measure. As the subject of the poem is *New-Haven* we presume it will be perused with great interest. We hope that Smoker will continue his verses, and enable us to present to our readers at different intervals a complete picture of this first of cities.

MESSRS. EDITORS—If the following is unworthy of admission in the MICROSCOPE, please give it a speedy insertion in your fire place and oblige

SMOKER.

Smok'em, toast'em, roast'em.

*Cassiok.*

I.

WHEN Croaker writes, he never writes in vain,
And did I think he'd ever sing New-Haven,
My quill would in my ink-stand still remain,
For quill of goose should bow to quill of raven;
But still I do believe, it's quite uncertain
If Croaker ever here withdraw the curtain

II.

From the first city of his native state,
And bring to light whatever claims attention;
Unless some one should to him first relate
Where it is found. Then first I ought to mention
That we have many things we are as proud of
As any place, and that we boast as loud of.

III.

And foremost (as we should) we rank the fair,
And challenge any place to shew as pretty—

We're not afraid with Fanny to compare
Or other ladies of your boasted city;
And beauty isn't all; 'twould not be flatt'ring
To say that there are those, who have a smatt'ring

IV.

Of all that's useful; novels and reviews
Are not their only means of getting knowledge:
'Tis fortunate indeed for our "*bas blues*"
That there are gallant students in Yale College,
Whose conversation no one fails discerning
Is bas'd upon a massive heap of learning.

V.

This knowledge is a never failing fund
Of rich delight, that most delight surpases.
For instance: walking out in fields fecund,
They'll tell at once the various kinds of grasses—
And tell with truth—none of your vague conjectures—
They learnt to tell them all at Whitlow's lectures.

VI.

Such are our ladies—I'm inclin'd to think
I ought not now to write much more about them:
No! no! until I find out whiter ink
I feel compell'd to jog along without them.—
If you dislike the steam-boat's fare or racket,
And choose a *smaller* evil—take the packet—

VII.

Which lands you on a wharf a mile in length,
Of mud, and stone, and wood—these all uniting
To render it a monument of strength—
Where pleasant walks and prospects all inviting,
On Sunday after church, in pleasant weather,
Men, boys and negroes, all walk down together.

VIII.

(There is a better promenade, the Green
And why do they not choose the best of places?
Can't be that Sunday they would not be seen
Thus walking. 'Tis not being *seen* disgraces.)

If on both sides the wharf, stores were erected
Its looks would be improv'd—but 'twas expected

IX.

That we should want the water t'other side;
For once much faster was our commerce growing
Than harbour mud; and vessels here could ride
Borne on the buoyant wave then full o'erflowing
The dark blue flats at times when tides were highest.
Oh treach'rous sea! that aid thou now deniest.

X.

We'll be reveng'd—improvement now's the rage,
And I am not alone in the opinion—
That Union Street with thee a war will wage
And cut a clever slice from your dominion.
'T'would make the other larger part the dearer,
And to our packets bring the market nearer.

XI.

For years this market has been full—of stalls,
On most of which no joint of meat has rested.
No city law the privilege enthralls,
But through the town can butchers unmolested
From dirty carts, their Hobson's choices proffer,
Which you must take—no other chance may offer.

XII.

And now begins my heart to swell with pride;
That pride that ev'ry citizen possesses—
And they who seem to have it not, but hide
Their feelings; 'tis hypocrisy suppresses
That fond delight, which, nature's bent pursuing,
Is always seen, when we're to strangers shewing

XIII.

Our churches: when I wish to quench that pride,
Attentive gazing at the *State House* does it:
The church's not half so gothic by its side,
As he must own who for a moment views it,
(Mine may be easier quench'd than that of others.)
The *burying yard*, and state house are twin brothers

XIV.

And if the two wo'nt do it, nothing can.
The pyramids of Egypt, were erected
In years beyond the memory of man,
And from accounts 'tis reas'nably suspected
Our church-yard is the oldest. Computation
Deduc'd from ref'rence to their preservation:

XV.

Conclusive proves it—for that spoiler time
Has laid, alas! by far the heavier hand on
The old church-yard.———

*** On learning from the publishers that it seems to be the unanimous wish of subscribers that our numbers may contain *eight* instead of four pages; we have accordingly given them a halfsheet to day, and shall continue to do so, if it meets with general approbation. Few are aware of the extent of the pecuniary risk already incurred in the publication. That the increase of hazard may not be too great to be borne, no person can hesitate to pay *one cent* additional on each number for thus receiving *double* the quantity of matter. If any are dissatisfied with such an alteration in our terms, they are at liberty to withdraw their subscription between this and the appearance of the next number.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

No. 3.] TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1820. [Vol. I.

"Here let me bend great Dryden at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful nine.
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers, in their course
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force
The powers of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine."

*Churchill.*

THE influence of poetry upon the human mind, has been felt and acknowledged from the remotest antiquity. The melody of the poet's numbers, the extravagance of his descriptions and the brilliancy of his imagery give a peculiar charm, to the airy vision which he presents to the imagination of his reader. He draws his colours not from plain matter of fact, (to which most that he discovers in this world belongs,) but finds the whole field of enjoyment spread before him. Here his mind wanders free from restraint, and in the boundless prospect which opens to the view he finds a perpetual variety, from which he culls at pleasure. Not like the Biographer or Historian, is he confined to the narrow limits of truth, but with the copious indulgence of his readers, he arrays his subject in all the beauties which his imagination can conceive. If in objects that are visible, there is not that variety which he so ardently desires; on the wings of his muse, he soars above them, and wherever he finds a deficiency, his creative fancy supplies it. To borrow a description from the great Shakspeare:

" The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poets' pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

With this liberty, (a prerogative confined to the poet,) it is not surprising, that poetry in all ages, has been the delight of most readers; and that in this etherial region so many have stretched their wing. The charm of numbers has not been confined to those who invoke the Muses, but has been felt by all classes of society. Nor has its influence been limited to genial climes, but it has glowed in the breast of the Icelander, as well as in the inhabitant of the tropics. It has afforded delight to the inmate of the cottage, and shed a lustre over the magnificence of the palace.

The poems of the ancient Greeks, which were often recited at their entertainments or during the celebration of their festivals, elevated the mind to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The national songs, sung by the different armies of Europe on the eve of battle, have done more to exalt the minds of the combatants, and to nerve their hearts against the "shock of arms," than the most eloquent addresses that could have been made to their reason, or their judgment. Under this influence, they have waved their standards, and fearless of death, have marched forward to victory and glory.

Within the last twenty years, a revolution has taken place in the public taste on the subject of poetry. The writings of Milton, Dryden and Pope, during the last century, were the theme of conversation, and the delight of their numerous readers. Though a few years since they were universally admired, they are now known but by the "hearing of the ear." Their works by most of the rising generation, are as little perused as the poems of Sappho, or the hymns of Orpheus. But notwithstanding the present decay of taste, it is consoling to reflect, that their names have once shone with unrivalled splendor in the poetical firmament: doubtless ere long, fame will again encircle them, with its Halo of immortality.

The poems of the present age pass through successive editions, the press groaning with its labour; while those of the great fathers of English verse, are neglected and forgotten. The writings of Scott, Byron and Moore, are found in the parlour, and on the toilet; and illiterate must he be, who cannot quote them in every circle and on every occasion. The works of Milton, Pope and Dryden, on the other hand, are moulder-ing in the store of the Bookseller; or placed upon the upper shelf of the library, are partially eclipsed by the cobwebs that surround them. The minds of the majority of readers of the present age, are apparently unable to digest the "strong meat" which these mighty geniuses have left as legacies to posterity.

The poetry of Scott, when presented to his countrymen, was arrayed with a brilliant drapery. It appeared on a theatre where no poet had distinguished himself since the days of Burns. It immediately arrested their attention, and called forth their latent admiration. His measure was an approximation toward the ballad singing of the days of Chaucer. The novelty of his numbers, the glow of his imagery, and above all, the scenes of his poems being laid in a land unrivalled in its beauty and consecrated by its antiquity, excited an interest of no common kind among his countrymen. This was greatly increased by the mists he dispelled from their popular legends, and by the life which he gave to these traditions. His object was to please, rather than to elevate the minds of his readers. This he effected by the brilliant imagery and flowing versification of his poems. His popularity was greatly extended by the favourable reception his works met with from the Reviews of Great-Britain, to one of the most distinguished of which he was for many years a large contributor. The novelty of his stanzas gratified the curiosity of his readers. These with all their irregularity were still clothed with a harmonious versification, which added much to his celebrity.

Scott has been succeeded by a host of imitators, who have caught most of his defects, but have exhibited few of his beauties. They have introduced a measure still more irregular,

varying from four, to eight, ten and twelve syllables. We have often pitched and stumbled through these poems, like a traveller wandering in a rugged path, when night "had shut up the stars with her dark mantle:" like him too, we have longed to reach the end of our toil.

To increase the novelty of this class of poems, their authors have loaded them with notes, which usually compose from one half to two thirds of the volume. For this assistance, their readers ought to feel themselves greatly indebted, as otherwise they would frequently be unable to penetrate the obscurity which surrounds them. Like the Dutchman, who on completing a painting, and finding the resemblance so slight, that he feared that those who viewed his piece would not be able to decypher it, wrote underneath, "dis be de man and dat be de bear," so they too would illumine their darkness, by innumerable notes, which, like rush-lights, shed a feeble glimmering over otherwise Egyptian pages.

This love of novelty is an inherent principle of the human mind. It attracts the attention of him who has passed the ordinary limit of life, as well as that of the youth just entering upon the theatre of action. The appearance of a Velocipede or a Kaleidoscope, will set the world agape, and rivet the attention of thousands, while the Iris arching the heavens with glory, will fade away, with scarcely an eye resting upon its beauties, or an individual lamenting its evanescence. This attachment to every thing new is visible in all classes of society. The attention of the Mechanic is arrested by every improvement in his art—the Philosopher rejoices in any new discovery in what he terms the "laws of nature," while the eyes of the poet will sparkle at the annunciation of every new work dedicated to Apollo. To this love of novelty, may, in some measure, be imputed the popularity of many of the writers of this poetical age; the taste of which is characterised by a copiousness of admiration poured forth upon almost every work which is adorned *with the lustre of novelty*.

The *tenth Muse*, (as we have somewhere seen it called,) who seems to inspire the writers as well as readers of the present

day, we trust will ere long loose her influence. The time we hope, is not far distant, when the nine will again appear to the view of mankind, clothed with the majestic melody which distinguished the writings of the poets who flourished during the reign of Lewis XIV. Although these favourites of the nine, have been consigned to a temporary oblivion to make way for the children of the tenth, still we believe that they will again find admirers who can fully appreciate their merits, and that their reputation will be *ære perennius*. Whenever they again rise above the horizon, these poets of the sixth magnitude will be lost amid the splendour of that brilliant constellation.

To whatever cause it is owing, it cannot but be a source of regret to the admirers of these authors, that the blaze of genius which illumines their pages, should shed but a feeble glimmering on the majority of readers. He who has soared upon the elevated wing of Milton, through creating and created regions—has been delighted with the finished melody of Pope—or has felt the nervous influence of the majestic numbers of Dryden, cannot but be struck with the want of regard to their own happiness, they manifest, who, when so rich a harvest is continually presented to their view, have not been induced to inspect their pages.

Of all the poets who have filled a conspicuous place in the public eye, there is none whose writings at this time are so little perused as those of Dryden. He is often and justly styled the great father of English verse. By the force of his genius, and the extent of his reputation, he was able to divest poetry of the hoarse and rugged style which characterised the writings of most of his predecessors. He introduced, notwithstanding the prejudices of the age, that finished and melodious versification, which has been the delight of his readers. Amid all the evils which surrounded him, and the depravity of taste that was so conspicuous in the age in which he lived, he was enabled to burst the shackles of precedency that had so long restrained the muse, and to attract the envy as well as the admiration of his contemporaries.

☞ The preceding remarks are intended as an introduction to some observations we wish to make, on the character and writings of Dryden. The subject will be resumed in a future number.

Messrs. Editors,

THE majority of your readers have been entirely satisfied with your determination to be silent upon political and polemical subjects, and do not wish to be obliged to read any reply to the queries in No. 2. With wishes for your success, yours, A Subscriber.

Notwithstanding the above friendly request, we feel bound to redeem our pledge: We trust however, that the spirit of the reply will be satisfactory to the author of the above note.

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In reply to *Querist*, we remark that we had not before a doubt, but we were, in the first number, sufficiently explicit in disclosing our views. We cannot but believe he will himself think so, if he re-peruses with care what is there written. At any rate, it is impossible to speak more intelligibly, without alluding to subjects with which we will not interfere. It is not our pleasure to express any opinion respecting the merits of the various political discussions of the day. Nor is it *material* for our readers to know to *what* party or sect we belong, if to any.

We desire, at the same time, to be as full and as frank on this, and every other subject, as discretion and expediency will permit. Like most of the inhabitants of the State, we feel an interest in its welfare. When the political ferment is at its highest flood, no one that is not destitute of sensibility, can abstain from lamenting that the tenderest ties of friendship and affection should be thus wantonly and uselessly torn in sunder—that the most hostile and embittered feelings should be harboured, even by the good against the good—and that the worst of passions should be let loose to make such melancholy havoc of the fairest and brightest characters. But surely *neither patriotism nor religion* make it *our* duty to plunge into the contest. We do not believe that any of the actors in this mournful drama are *entirely* right: it is not however for us to say who are the most so. Nor do we profess to be able to determine what religious sect possesses *most* of the humility of the

Gospel. Our wish is that all denominations may be less occupied in condemning each other, and more intent upon exhibiting, in their lives and conversation, the genuine fruits of piety.

We fully concur with *Querist*, in the assertion that much folly and vice are visible in the conduct of zealous partisans. "These," we have said, "we shall consider our lawful game," and we shall not hesitate to approach them when inclination prompts, provided it can be done *without manifesting partiality*. But we wish *Querist*, and others, distictly to understand, *once for all*, that *we will not meddle with sectarian or political controversies*. Those, whose interest is wholly absorbed in such things, need not give themselves the trouble to peruse the pages of the Microscope, for they will certainly find nothing here to delight them: Any future attempts to draw out our sentiments on these subjects will be entirely unavailing.

Messrs. Editors,

*Gentlemen*—I am much obliged to you for the partial translation of the phrase *bas bleus* in the fourth stanza of my communication in the second number of your paper—but, with due deference to the superior judgment of others, I am doubtful whether the fifteenth stanza is improved by the substitution in the first line of "*conclusion*" for "*conclusive*," and the insertion of the preceding *colon*.

Yours, &c. SMOKER.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Amator's* address to Miss ******, exhibits so little of the spirit of poetry, that we cannot admit it. It is not deficient in thought, but its versification is so rough, that unless we mistake the name, it bears a striking contrast to the subject of his verses. As the human mind is progressive, we should advise him to continue manufacturing jingle—remembering the old

adage, that *diligentia vincit omnia ;* or to make it intelligible to our correspondent, that "Rome was not built in a day."

His rugged verses remind us of a country clown, who being smitten by the bright eyes of a fair Daphne, determined to make known his love through the medium of the Muses. Not finding them very propitious, he resolved to solicit the aid of a gentleman in the vicinity, through whose assistance he fondly hoped, he should find an avenue to her affections. Calling at his office, he informed him that "he had come to request him to write some varses to a gal." Upon enquiry why he did not clothe them in his own language, warmed as it would be by his present flame; he replied that "he had the menins in his head, but that he could not poefy them."

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*Flora's* description of the rose, is so much inferior to that flower, that it would require the skill of a botanist to discover the resemblance. The verses are melodious, and indicative of some refinement, but cannot for the present be admitted. We may at some future time when the season is more verdant present it to our readers. We should advise Flora to peruse a poem on the same subject, written by Casimin Sarbieuski and translated by Mr. Harvey.

*Taciturnity* and *Drucilla* doubtless did not intend their letters for publication: We thank them however for their kind advice, and hope to make a proper use of it.

*Susan Orphanos* had, we think, better become a little more familiar with her English Grammar before she writes for the press again: the perusal of Euclid would also serve to give a much needed clearness and point to her ideas. Her epistle shall be destroyed forthwith.

*Azrael* is received, and will be inserted.

*Simon Lookout* shall also be admitted.

*V*, *A* and *E*, are under consideration.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

No. 4.] FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1820. [Vol. I.

"Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintery main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
*Others on earth o'er human race preside,*
*Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide.*"

*Pope.*

*To the Editors of the Microscope,*

PROUD, presumptuous, weak, yet highly favoured mortals! you foolishly imagine that you are about to enlighten the humble beings around you, by exhibiting the deductions of your own reason—the fruits of your own information! You have climbed a few inches higher than some of your kindred emmets, and forsooth you take airs of superiority, and look down, with a benevolent sort of contempt, upon the insects that you condescend to instruct. Wretched vanity! how childish, how pitiful! yet it is characteristic of your degraded race. You are the meanest of all intelligences, except those lost spirits, who, by the indulgence of that same temper which is at once your boast and crime, forfeited their place in heaven;—and even they, degraded as they are below you by their turpitude,

surpass your utmost mental energy, far more than you excel the ant and the earth-worm. Poor relatives of the beasts that perish! like them confined to one little spot in creation,—like them the slaves of appetite,—like them deriving knowledge through the gross medium of sense,—and like them destined, at least in part, to decay and return to your native dust;—I do not despise you,—for the unhallowed passion of contempt enters no celestial mind,—but I compassionate your ignorance, and I have gained permission to impart to you some small degree of those intellectual powers, which distinguish higher existences.

Know then, you who are so elevated in your own estimation, and who will soon win the stupid praise and gratitude of mankind, that you are mere instruments—the insignificant, yet honoured means, by which some real wisdom shall be brought down to the level of human capacity. While you were consulting together about your intended publication, not a thought occurred to you of any extrinsic influence. You did not once imagine that your plans came from any other source than your own invention. You were so entirely blind as to believe that the very name, under which your lucubrations were to appear, was suggested, in a happy moment, by the genius of your youngest confederate. Dull compounds of intellect and sordid matter! you are unconscious of our presence, while we read your thoughts, and mould them to our purposes!

But it is time to let you understand, so far as your poor faculties will allow, who it is that addresses you. In common with most men, you are aware that there is a vast number of intelligent beings, who are not, like you, imprisoned in corporeal shapes. Most of these have powers and employments, of which you cannot be informed, for your imaginations would in vain attempt to grasp the idea of their excellence; and your pitiful language, half material and dependant for its birth and continuance on the organs of your vile bodies, contains no terms appropriate to the more peculiar and exalted properties of spirits. In truth I myself, though more elevated above you, than you above the meanest thing to which vitality has

been given, can by no means comprehend the nature of those higher orders of immaterial essences, which stand at the head of derivative existence. You may however gain some slight and inadequate notions of the humble ranks, among which my species have been placed.

Know then that we are ever active in producing happiness, and averting sorrow. Within and about you, unseen and unfelt, we observe all your inclinations,—we deter from evil,—we urge to good,—we prompt your best desires,—we subdue your wicked propensities. Yet do not suppose that you attract the whole attention of any one of your superiors. In our occupations there is a continual variety, and each of us is employed in many ways, which will not be revealed for the gratification of your idle curiosity. The protection of you, feeble mortals, constitutes one small part of our unceasing activity; but to gain and communicate knowledge employs and exhausts our utmost powers. For this purpose, some of lofty endowments traverse regions, which your seeming sciences would never measure, nor your little lives last to number;—visit systems, whose light has not yet travelled to this remote corner;—explore other kinds of worlds, of which you can have no conception;—and bring back accounts of new creations, where infinite energy produces varieties of beauty, happiness, and virtue to angel and to arch-angel before unknown. Others of humbler faculties are confined within comparatively narrow circuits. Their walks and observations are limited by the extent of a few planets or systems, for their meaner talents are best fitted to examine in detail, the works of the Creator. They can distinctly view the worlds within worlds, that lie concealed under the exterior of an atom; and enter into the acts and affections of the smallest animated particle, that plays upon their surfaces.

The acquisitions of angels are not made for the selfish purpose of individual aggrandizement. Among them, all that is learned is diffused; and as their apprehensions are quick, and their modes of intercourse perfect beyond your imagination, whatever knowledge is gained by one, is afterwards imparted

to others, with all the distinctness and reality of actual observation. You, half-reasoning masses of earth, will be ready to suppose that, possessed of such happy means of discovery, spirits might soon exhaust the wonders of the universe, and learn all the ways of divine operation. Short-sighted men! we are not like you, content with loose deceptive generalities. We discern differences where you can only see resemblance. We know that not only the destiny, but the very form and character of every object are dissimilar in some respects to those of every other. We choose to gain real science; though you are satisfied with its semblance. You sometimes fancy that you have learned the whole nature of the appearances, to which your miserable optics are directed; we every where find new wonders to excite admiration,—strange qualities both of material and of spiritual substance,—kinds of existence which from the first have eluded finite discernment,—and revolutions which alter the face and condition of collected worlds. Every globe which we visit,—every portion of space that we cross,—every series of events that we are able to follow;—every act of intelligence and motion of matter that we are allowed to examine,—and every narrative of distant discovery which is brought home to our ready perception,—unfolds, for our astonishment, delight and gratitude, innumerable diversities of beneficence, productions of creative power, or operations of controlling wisdom.

Your haughty race has arrogated for itself the praise of numerous inventions. "Be humble and be wise." Passive recipients of undeserved good! all that you know has been taught—all that you seem to discover is suggested by those who abhor your guilt, but pity your infirmities. Your most useful arts and instruments are humble imitations of some of our methods of proceeding, bearing much slighter similitude than the sports of children to the business of men. You vainly suppose that the means of examining distant or minute portions of matter, which your unassisted sense cannot reach, are the product of human genius;—while in truth your admired inventors were benevolently prompted by us, that you might in

some poor and lowly manner, copy the investigations of ethereal philosophy. But we are yet to go farther. In future better days, some microscope of the mind shall show to man the origin of thought, and its connection with the brain and nerves and muscles;—some intellectual telescope shall carry his mental vision into the regions of distant immateriality. He shall not merely discern the form and motions of minute insects, but shall analyze their passions, and learn the nature and the destiny of their souls, He shall discover not only remote spheres—the residence of animals; but those purer, nobler systems, imperceptible to corporeal sense, which crowd what you esteem blank vacancy, and fill all space with life, action and enjoyment.

Such are some of the privileges reserved for a more advanced stage of human improvement. But even now, for the benefit of unworthy men, your association shall be empowered to exhibit a faint resemblance of heavenly skill. You shall be taught to penetrate the secret thoughts of your fellows;—to weigh the few elements of good that have been infused into the hearts of the abandoned, and trace the ramifications of evil that spread through the best desires, intentions and conduct of the pious; to detect infidelity under all its disguises, and hypocrisy in the garb of saint or sinner;—to expose the smaller habits of unkindness which wear away the peace and life of the afflicted,—the modifications of revenge and pride that mar the highest human characters,—and the hidden selfishness that destroys the purity of the noblest performances. Thus you shall shew your countrymen the minute springs which give motion to the mind,—you shall convey to them the means of that most necessary knowledge, an acquaintance with themselves,—you shall present them with a complete MORAL MICROSCOPE.

Be grateful for the honor that you have received—act up to the promises which I have induced you to publish, and you shall have the benefit of my continued instruction. I may be forbidden to make any other direct communication, but if you shall be faithful in the high office bestowed upon you, my secret, yet powerful influence on the minds of yourselves and

your correspondents, shall amply fulfil all my engagements.

I am,

Your guide, guardian and friend,

AZRAEL.

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Dear Mic,

I am one of that class, whoare invidiously termed Old Bachelors. By the by however, I have for sometime been just on the point of proposing myself to a fair lady. There is but one thing that prevents Florella from being precisely what I wish, and this is that she is in the habit of *rising late* in the morning. I beg of you not to call me an odd fellow for this singular notion, before you give me a short hearing. It is, I know, in the polite world deemed a very unfashionable thing for a young lady to be up betimes, that she may assist in putting the house in order and in preparing the morning repast. But for myself I have arrived at such an age, that I have become divested of some of the lofty romantic views of youth, and therefore am on the lookout for moderate substantial comfort, rather than for imaginary ecstacy. The last cannot be attained here below under any circumstances; while the former is enjoyed by many in every walk of life. To this end scarcely any thing is more conducive than punctuality and systematic regularity in conducting our matters. But these can never exist in a family, where the female who presides over its concerns, is to be found asleep, when she should be up and be actively engaged in arranging her household affairs, that the business of the day may be both commenced and concluded in good season. The harrassing perplexity, arising from such—shall I venture to call it—laziness, is easier felt than described, as all husbands jaded in this way very well know. Like what is said of poverty; it, in the end, usually causes love to jump out of the window, that it may make its escape from their dwelling. Thus you have the reasons for my delay; and are they not substantial? What say you? Your well wisher,

SIMON LOOKOUT.

We must say Simon's remarks teem with plain good sense. Though he may not be deeply read in the sentimental works of the day, nor be much acquainted with the more fashionable circles; he is certainly no ignoramus in the every day concerns of domestic life. We do not see but Simon and Florella must continue to be two, if she does not, in the desirable particular, mend her ways. He is certainly reasonable in his request, and we hope this hint will be readily attended to, that the matter may speedily be brought to a happy issue. For ourselves we cannot forbear adding that we think the quality upon which he insists, though insignificant in itself, is still in its consequences of prime importance—many times more valuable than all your accomplishments and elegancies—your skill in drawing, your proficiency in music, your smattering of the French, and a thousand such like trifles.

We might go on to remark on the peculiar importance of *regularly* rising early, where family-worship is wished to be maintained. We might also dwell on the value of this kind of regimen, in preserving and confirming the health. But we leave these considerations to some future occasion, and conclude for the present by expressing a hope, that such of our fair readers as have no objections to making themselves acceptable to the active and promising among the other sex, will remember Florella's example.

*To the Editors of the Microscope.*

GENTLEMEN,

Permit me to take an early opportunity to tender you my sincere thanks for the pleasure and satisfaction I have received from perusing your three first numbers. I have been particularly gratified by your independence in daring so far to burst the shackles of precedence, as to introduce *English* mottos. You have indeed used one Latin phrase in your title-page, but this is perfectly excusable, being, as a learned friend informs me, pat to your purpose. Nothing strikes the mind with more pleasure than an appropriate and *intelligible* motto;

it serves, like a bright gem, to set off and give lustre to all that follows. On the other hand, nothing is more vexatious and provoking to a plain English reader, like myself, than to be obliged to start with three or four lines she does not understand, and then, every few sentences, to be compelled to fall pellmell upon a Latin or Greek quotation.

This practice was very pardonable in the writers of the two or three last centuries. The works of the great masters of ancient learning, having been for ages locked up within the walls of the cloister, had at the beginning of this era just burst forth upon an astonished and admiring world. Every author then very naturally wished to enrich his own pages by something drawn from these treasures. Few English writers of standard merit had as yet appeared, and those that wrote at that day, if they alluded at all to the sentiments of others, were *necessitated* to quote the ancients.

At the present time, however, our own literature has arrived at such a state of cultivation, and so many well-written volumes upon almost every subject have issued from the press, that there is scarcely, I am told, an important sentiment in any ancient author, that is not to be found expressed with equal elegance in some English classic. But notwithstanding this, each new writer seems determined to tread exactly in the footsteps of those who have gone before him. And such is the servility and classical pedantry of some that they seem absolutely to *lug in* the language of antiquity on all occasions, and for every purpose, and that too even when they well know that it is entirely unintelligible to most of their readers. How strikingly is one, in such cases, reminded of those words of the inimitable delineator of the human character: "He has been at a great feast of languages, and stolen all the scraps."

Your friend and well wisher,

RUTH HOMESPUN.

☞ To Correspondents.—*Lucy* and *Honoria* shall have a place: We feel obliged to *Leuwenhoek*, jr. for the results of his *acute* vision: It would give us much pleasure to hear from him again. The request of S. cannot, we fear, be complied with.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

No. 5.] TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1820. [VOL. I.

"Neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom;—
and still he smil'd, and talk'd."

*Shakspeare.*

HAVING recently received the following letter, we hasten to lay it before our readers:

*To the Editors of the Microscope.*

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to belong to the class of community, usually styled Dandies. This was originally a name of reproach; but no matter for that: we are not particular about what we are called, if folks will only keep their hands off our clothes, and let us peaceably follow our own noses, wherever they may chance to lead us. It gave us great satisfaction to find in your first number, so much of the milk of human kindness; hence you learn the motive to this epistle. We cannot doubt that you will be interested with a slight sketch of the great principles of our conduct and the leading traits of our character.

You must understand then that *humility*, or a modest estimate of our own merits, lies at the foundation of all our actions. It is indeed the clue to the whole mystery, as you will soon perceive. That *every man should in some way be busily employed*, in order to prevent Satan from using his cranium as a workshop, and that *every one should endeavour to turn his measure of talents, however small, to some good purpose*, we hold to be self-evident propositions. We say "*however small*" his talents are, for certainly a wide difference exists

among men in this respect. There is no one characteristic in every thing around us more marked than that of gradation from lower to higher, until you arrive at the last link in the chain of created existence. If you begin at the most shapeless mineral and pass to the most imperfectly organized vegetable body,—and then if, after inspecting in succession the different species of this kingdom, you make a transition to the animal world and rise step by step up to man—that *tailless* paragon of animals, as my Lord Monboddo will have it;—how regular and how evident is the ascent? So also, if you look around you, and compare your fellow-men with each other; how marked is often times the difference, and how much do some surpass others in intellect? To borrow the poet's language:

> "*Order* is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
> *Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,*
> More rich, *more wise.*"

Now it is our desire to get into precisely the nich we are, in this world of gradation, designed to fill. Most of us have, in our bosoms as well as in our past lives, mournful evidence that we are not qualified by our abilities for any useful employment, either mercantile, mechanical or agricultural. Nor have we, as we have pretty good reason to know, such talents as would enable us to excel, or even to keep our heads above water, in any of the professions. Since, therefore, we have not the power to instruct, nor benefit mankind; it is our more humble aim *to please the fashionable world*, intending by all means to include in this phrase ourselves and most of the ladies. To please the last is a particular object, and this is the key to most of our movements.

Inasmuch as it has been said that women are disposed to regard external appearance more than any other qualities, and as they are usually best pleased with what looks most like their dear selves; it is our desire to excel in beauty of person and to resemble the female world, as much as we can, in dress and form. Unyielding nature seeming to detest this metamorphosis, as much as philosophers say she abhors a vacuum; we have been obliged to call in art to our assistance, and thus

we carry on a kind of approximating process. Hence the origin of Corsets, Stays and Bracers—Hippers, Bishops and Plumpers, and all other machines calculated to increase the beauty and elegance of the form. To give delicacy to the fingers, where nature has not been propitious, the use of *long thimbles* made for the purpose, and the ingenious expedient of tying up the hands above the head over night, are resorted to with great success. The blood in this way descends into the trunk of the body, and leaves as fine a hand as eyes can wish to look upon. The laudable desire of having a slender and upright neck will explain to you at once the reason why those delightful things—your patent whale-bone Cravat Stiffeners, are so universally sought after by all who have even only a tinge of dandyism in their characters. The above mentioned machinery, being duly balanced and harmoniously set in motion, constitutes that *ne plus ultra* of action—that desirable of all desirables—the real DANDY SWING.

I feel bound, by a sense of justice, to allude here to one or two slight inconveniences connected with our style of dress. In the case of a person completely accoutred, there is a physical impossibility attending an effort to bend the body in the least degree in any way. Indeed one of the gentlemen, having quickly and incautiously darted his head around to see some object immediatetly in the rear, was absolutely unable to get it back again; and thus, he was, until relieved by a brother, obliged to furnish to gazing by-standers the uncommon spectacle of the nose directed backward, while the feet continued their forward course; for you perceive we cannot always govern our motions, but must at times patiently wait the pleasure of our machinery.—Another little difficulty arises from the violence our armour does to the dominion of the throat and stomach. The man who wishes to follow in our steps, must be sparing in his diet. Whoever is determined to eat on all occasions as much as appetite and nature crave, and is also unwilling to suffer a trifling inconvenience in the articles of swallowing and breathing, had better let our trappings alone.—In warm weather also, it is very trying for delicate frames to

sustain the burden of so much padding and wadding and stuffing as is absolutely necessary to our proper appearance.

I must relate to you an accident that befel me not long since which, (notwithstanding all the *sang froid* we profess to have respecting every thing of the kind ;) I must say, caused me in expressible chagrin and mortification. I was tripping gayly, down Chapel-street, conscious that I was the subject of admiration to two elegant young ladies who were walking just behind me. The ground was covered with ice ; but thoughtless of danger, I practised the true Dandy swing with all my might, but alas, sir, in an unlucky moment my feet slipped—I lost my balance, and in a twinkling found myself flat upon my back. I could not bend my body an inch, my bracers rendered my arms almost useless and, my cravat-stiffener being new and firm, I could not raise my head from the ground. I lay sprawling in this woful predicament, throwing my feet into the air and using my arms as well as I could, till fortunately I bethought myself of a plan which finally succeeded. This was no other than to roll till I could get to something to assist me in rising; accordingly I rolled over and over till I came along side of a fence, where I at last made out to my inexpressible joy to place myself once more upon my feet, having received no other personal damage than breaking two or three ribs—of my corsets. But I have not yet told you the horrible extent of my mortification. As the young ladies (charming, looking girls,) passed me, convulsed with laughter, I heard one say, "Pride never had a more complete fall." The other replied, "I suspect there is very little ballast where any thing upsets so easily. Poor fellow, I hope his bush of hair behind, has kept his head from *smashing*." But I forbear to disclose to you the whole of this ugly matter, and you will excuse me for desiring to hasten back to my principal subject.

It has been often observed in our company, that females are prone to like light talk ; or in other words, that no beaus and husbands are, in their view, more neglectful and inattentive to ladies than your mere matter-of-fact business-men ; and that

no visitors are more irksome and absolutely intolerable than your learned book-worms, who are constantly broaching ideas. Hence loquacity, or the power of talking *ad infinitum* on nothing; and the faculty of rarifying and spreading the smallest possible quantity of sense over the greatest possible surface,—are considered indispensable to all who aspire to our desirable rank in society.

Thus much for our efforts to please the fair. As a slight corroborative evidence that we are a well disposed and an inoffensive class of people; we would here mention that we are all to a man applicants for admission into the peace-societies, which have been so happily set on foot in our land. We lay no claim to the evangelical and highly benevolent motives that originated these institutions; our interest in them being of a more personal character, and having a direct reference to our own dear selves: What can be more ungenteel, masculine and savage than for gentlemen to be employed in soiling and tearing each others clothes, or in scratching and disfiguring each others faces? It is well enough to splutter and bluster, and even quarrel a little; but away with your fighting.

It is an old and true remark that women become more refined in proportion to the advancement of civilization in a country. Now in what terms shall we be able fully to describe the height of civilization to which that nation must have arrived, which can give, not only among its females but among the men, such specimens of refinement as we can furnish? We shall not surely hereafter hear any more European inuendos about American barbarism.

Well now, dear Mic, after this exposition of our views and principles, we shall be anxious to hear what you have to say. Can we possibly fail of pleasing fashionable women in the highest degree?

Your friend, &c. CONCINNUS.

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Messrs. Editors,

Although wit has often been shown to be a dangerous possession, particularly to females, yet, I hope the following little narrative will not be wholly uninteresting to your readers.—

Euphemia, was the daughter of wealthy parents, whose affections centered in her their only child. She early discovered an uncommon degree of shrewdness, and a remarkable quickness of apprehension. No pains or expense were spared to render her education complete. She acquired with facility whatever she attempted, and generally left those, who were treading the path of science with her, far behind. Her imagination was lively and daring, and her language brilliant and elegant. Euphemia with all these intellectual advantages, possessed a commanding person; and her face, though not beautiful, when lighted up by intelligence, or sparkling with good humour, seemed one of the finest in the world. Her large dark grey eyes were shaded with jetty lashes, which, when cast down, gave an expression of mildness and softness to her countenance, that vanished as her piercing glance met the beholder. Her mouth was capable of an astonishing variety of expression; the under lip naturally curved into, what might not inaptly be termed, a line of contempt, and this expression predominated. It spoke however an independent mind that dared, regardless of consequences, to think and act for itself. But above all her other qualifications, she prided herself upon being *witty*. Her wit was not of the innocent and pleasing character which like a gentle ray warms and illumines, but more resembled the scorching blasting beams of a tropical sun. She appeared to be ardently attached to her friends, but where she could satirize she never spared, and consequently was not long trusted or regarded by them. Her female associates felt her superiority, and dreaded to fall under the lash of her unbridled tongue. The gentlemen of her acquaintance equally feared her censorious remarks, and, though they admired and followed her, were often disgusted and offended by her boldness. Adolphus K. was her devoted admirer; he felt the exalted character of her mind, and valued her acquirements; he was charmed with her appearance and wished to possess so valuable a prize. He hoped that time, and the serious remonstrances of an ardent and sincere friend, might eradicate her fondness for ridicule. With this hope he

had so far consoled himself, that he was on the point of offering Euphemia his hand and heart, and only waited for a favourable opportunity. At this time he consulted me, (for he was a dear and only brother,) and frankly stated all his fears and difficulties. "I am," said he, "perhaps going to sacrifice the peace and happiness of my life; I love Euphemia; she is every thing that I could expect or wish in a wife, excepting her propensity to sarcastick wit. But I am sure she has too much good sense ever to play it off upon a husband, and I know if she were attached to me, I could alter her entirely."—Observing an incredulous smile on my countenance, he continued: "Well Honoria, you look doubtful; I hesitate myself, and almost fear to risk my happiness; I wish for your candid advice." I replied that I felt unwilling to advise in such a delicate and important matter, but hoped he would act for himself in the way that would result in his best good. He was for a few moments lost in thought, and observed, "I shall meet her to-night at Mrs. W's. and shall make up my mind."

He said no more, but I thought I could see he was firmly resolved not to give up this dangerous girl. In the evening we met in a large party at the expected place. Euphemia looked more brilliant than I had ever before seen her. I saw Adolphus approach her, glowing with admiration and hope; I trembled for him, and feared all was lost. After anxiously watching them for some time, I perceived a look of disappointment had succeeded the animated and happy expression which had lighted up his countenance when he first addressed her.

I was so curious to know how affairs proceeded, that I took an early opportunity to gain a seat as near the scene of action as possible without being engaged in it: Euphemia was in uncommonly fine spirits, and disposed to dazzle with her wit and wound with keenest satire, all who approached. I plainly perceived that poor Adolphus had not been spared. A young lady, every way inferior to this fearless fair one, excepting in a mild amiable disposition, and a retiring winning modesty of behaviour, was seated next to her. Upon this unoffending girl, Euphemia lavished her sarcasm, and teazed her

without mercy. She had neither courage nor inclination to retort, and, although it was evident her feelings were deeply wounded, she bore it with much patience and good humour.

Oh foolish Euphemia, thought I, if you could know how narrowly you are watched, you would be upon your guard, but I am glad it is so; may you vent all your most malicious stings to-night, that the poison may work an effectual cure in my deluded brother's heart. Adolphus looked chagrined and melancholy; he appeared at a loss for conversation and stood meditating for a moment with his eyes cast towards the ceiling. "What are you looking at?" asked Euphemia. "Nothing," replied he, "I was trying to think of something to say." "Then you had better look at something; blank to blank won't produce much I suspect," was the retort. The poor fellow appeared almost discouraged; he had a habit when a little embarrassed, of twirling his watch-key; and now I assure you it flew round rapidly enough. "Really, Mr. K." said she, "if your mind was half as active as your fingers, you would not be so much at a loss for conversation; but the Jacko class of gentry, so famous for nimble fingers and antick tricks, are not, I presume, over stocked with ideas." This was too much. He turned in disgust, and I could read in his countenance: "I am resolved; you are nothing to me." That very night he attended the young lady home, who had so patiently endured provocation. In time he became sincerely attached to her; and finally married her. She has made him an excellent wife, and never for a moment has he repented his choice. Not long after the evening above mentioned, I called to see Euphemia. While waiting for her to make her appearance, I took up a volume of history which lay upon her work table: On a blank leaf I glanced at the following lines, written with a pencil in her own hand writing:

Oh, look not so; I cannot bear
The speaking glance, which does declare
That neither love nor hate is there.

Oh, look not so; for did you know
The silent tears, that nightly flow,
Your heart would melt to cause such woe.

Alas! that heart I might have gain'd
Which now another has obtain'd,
Had I my foolish tongue restrain'd.

You may judge of my feelings on perusing this. Euphemia then really loved the man she had so wantonly thrown away, and was perfectly conscious of the cause of his neglect. After this time she grew more sarcastical and censorious, and gradually lost the affection of her friends. She never married, and is now a peevish, meddlesome old-maid—neglected and forsaken.

Yours, &c. HONORIA.

# THE MICROSCOOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

No. 6.] FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1820. [Vol. I.

" Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestick march, and energy divine."

*Pope.*

WE have been accustomed to connect the name of Dryden, with our earliest recollections of poetry. We have long been delighted with the melodious energy of his style, and have found our admiration for his genius continually increasing, since we first perused his writings. We do not view them through the medium of time, and attach a fictitious reverence to his writings—we value them because they are replete with majesty and glowing with beauty. In them is displayed, all that

" blaze of genius, and that burst of thought,"

which excites, in the mind of the reader, delight and astonishment. It was with this admiration, that Pope (whose great desire was to excel him in reputation,) described him in those just and admirable lines which we have selected for our motto.

With such talents, and able to exercise the greatest influence over the minds of his readers, he might have arrayed his numbers, and devoted his pen to the promotion of virtue. Oppressed by poverty, and dependant upon the applause of a vicious age for subsistence, he sometimes " prostituted his pen," to relieve himself from the pressure of want. Had he lived in any succeeding age, when the publick taste had been refined by the increasing influence of religion, he would probably have never disgraced his reputation, by a sacrifice of his

principles. It will be a source of continued regret to his readers, that he should have been overcome by these temptations, and have lent his influence to the promotion of vice, and the destruction of virtue.

The profligacy of the life, and court of Charles, II. ought not to be imputed, as it often has been to his residence at Paris. It should be remembered that while there, he was an exile from his throne and country. During his residence in that city, he with his mother was entirely neglected by the French court, and finally departed to Cologne, fearing he should receive a command to leave the kingdom. The embarrassments the French ministry laboured under, induced them to treat the English king with neglect, rather than incur the censure of Cromwell.

Charles possessing an uncommon share of affability, engaging manners, and a sprightly mind, was compelled to submit to the mortification of becoming an exile from his throne. He wandered from place to place, dependant upon the gratuitous generosity of a few of his loyal subjects for subsistence. Suspected by all who feared the power of the Protector, his life for many years was but little better than that of a wanderer. The gayety, which was a striking characteristick of the life of this young monarch, was clouded with disappointment while scarcely a ray of hope beamed upon his future prospects. In this situation, he was restored to his throne. The change from the life of an exile, to that of a monarch swaying a sceptre over millions, was so great as to intoxicate him with joy. His subjects, who a short time before had pursued and driven him from his throne, now received him with open arms. Universal joy was soon diffused through the nation. His pleasing address and generosity to his enemies, rendered him in a short time the idol of his people. Not influenced by principle, he soon gave way to every indulgence. His example was followed by his courtiers, and by them vice was diffused through the nation previously corrupted by a long civil war.

To please this taste, the writers of that age lent their influence, and the Poet and the Painter became votaries at the

shrine of corruption. The literature of the day soon fell under this malignant influence, and the only avenue to distinction or patronage, was by a conformity to the tastes of those, who reflected the sunshine of royality. Virtue and morality rapidly mouldered under its malignant influence.

Among this number was Dryden, who was courted and caressed by the powerful and opulent. Destitute of that stern integrity, which would have enabled him to stem the torrent of vice, he occasionally sacrificed his principles to the corrupt taste of the age. Without religion to shield him from the dangers which encompassed him—emulous of the praise which envy had denied him—patronised by those who had it in their power to relieve his necessities, he beheld the tide of public sentiment rapidly undermining the few remaining props of virtue. Surrounded by these dangers it is not surprising (considering the depravity of the human heart) that he should have yielded his principles, and have been borne on by this irresistible current. In the latter part of his life, he evidently lamented the licentious character of his works. In the preface to his fables, he mentions that he had taken care to select such fictions, as contained an instructive moral. "I wish" says he "that I could affirm with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, *Versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae.*" This we do not offer as a plea for the licentiousness of his pen—it would be a poor apology for one who had spread around vice a fascinating beauty, and exerted his energies to lure mankind to ruin. How much soever of a different character he may have written, the stain will forever exist and no after repentance can efface it from the memory.

Happily for his reputation, as well as for the lovers of his muse, many of his works are of a more elevated character. He evidently appears to have delighted to rove in a nobler field. When his subject was commensurate with his genius, it

gave an impulse to his wing which it never received under other circumstances. Among his writings, many are left that will furnish delight to his readers; exhibiting a variety of imagery and vigour of expression, which have never been equalled by those who have succeeded him.

Within a few years a very copious edition of his works, has been presented to the public, compiled by the celebrated Walter Scott. This edition contains most if not all of his published pieces. His writings of a licentious character were most of them obscured from the publick eye, when that compiler with the avidity of an antiquarian, or from motives much less honourable, was induced to collect, from the musty magazines of the last century, these unhappy mementos of Dryden. He has searched oblivion for blemishes in the character of this poet, and held them up to the view of posterity sanctioned by his name. How unlimited soever his admiration for the talents of Dryden may have been—how desirous soever that the world should not lose a couplet of his writings, this compiler merits the censure of all those who discover a deformity in vice and a loveliness in virtue. He who barters corruption and sows a poison, which is to destroy the morality of his readers, should not be shielded from the reproach of the good, by the greatness of his reputation.

Dryden was naturally indolent, and wrote only as necessity stimulated his pen. His pieces were seldom if ever corrected. Had he devoted to them the care and attention which their merits deserved, they would unquestionably have been arrayed in a more finished attire. Still they might not have exhibited more of that masculine and nervous expression, which is characteristick of his writings. He wrote to satisfy the exigencies of the present. Although acquiring knowledge with great facility, he never made the severe application of his mind, which would have added so much to the richness of his numbers. His reputation during his life was so great (as stated by one of his biographers,) that to ensure the success of any new work, it was necessary to obtain a recommendation from his pen. This elevated rank among the literati of the day,

drew upon him the attacks of the snarling criticks of the age in which he lived. One stimulous to exertion, was the pleasure of chastising these waspish beings, whose buzzing called off his thoughts from more elevated subjects, to an inspection of their nothingness. When exercising his mind on a subject worthy of his exertions, there is apparently spread before him a collection of images of the brightest hue. From these he culls with a hasty hand, and without that care which most poets have manifested. His comparisons are many of them striking, and replete with beauty. They are usually moulded into powerful and elevated versification. If presenting to his readers objects that are familiar, he exhibits great accuracy and vividness in his descriptions. His poems do not display the finished beauty of Pope's, but they surpass them in vigour. In Pope we see the silver light of the moon shining through a clear atmosphere; while the sun of Dryden, although occasionally obscured by a cloud, soon breaks through it with a brilliant splendour. Pope resembles the soft lustre of a cascade, while Dryden partakes of the thunder of the cataract.

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*To the Editors of the Microscope.*

GENTLEMEN,

ON the appearance of your first number, I consented to lend my name and influence to the paper, confidently expecting however, that nothing would be inserted which could "justly"—to use your own language—"call forth the condemnation of the pious." To this promise you have, I confess rigidly adhered, except in one instance. I refer to the piece signed *Azrael*. This communication, though ably and handsomely written and abounding with elevated thoughts, still clearly *borders on irreverence*. You can I know, plead the example of the poet, who penned the motto prefixed to that paper. You can also, I am well aware adduce the name of Milton, who is thought by many to be high authority. But for myself I must say, I have always considered many parts of

Paradise Lost, as inferior in sense, and in morals absolutely blasphemous. Who can fail to be shocked at the dreadful impiety of representing angels, as being in human form and sitting in counsel assembled and each in his turn delivering a formal oration. The same author afterwards describes them as like so many bullies, mingling in tumultuous battle, and hurling rocks and mountains at their antagonists. In other places they are made to converse with man, and to unfold to him all the minute particulars of his future destiny.

Many of the successors of Milton, seduced by his splendid name, have attempted to soar with him in these daring flights. But for my part I cannot conscientiously permit the works of this great leader, nor of any of his followers, to occupy a place in my library, lest they should fall into the hands of those who are unable to distinguish between fiction and reality. Such being my sentiments, you will excuse me for adding, that if any thing of the kind hereafter occurs in your pages, I shall feel it a duty to withdraw my patronage from the work.

I am yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

We are not a little surprised at this exhibition of the acute conscience of our *subscriber*. He reminds us of many philosophers, who are represented as bottling moonshine. His mind we fear is blinded by prejudice, or else superstition has involved him in a cloud, through which his weak ken cannot penetrate. That he should in this late day discover any thing in Paradise Lost which shocks piety, or is "inferior in sense," excites our astonishment. This microscopic vision is to be imputed either to a taste of anamalculine refinement, or to a sight that is limited to the length of his nose.

Notwithstanding the scruples of the writer of the preceding letter, we believe that elevated poem, which has stood the wreck and ruin of most of its contemporary works, will long continue in the zenith of genius imparting its luminous rays to myriads of readers. Still its sublimity will be felt, and the light will still be perceived, which Milton's majestic intellect,

and variegated fancy has poured into the regions of creation. When the critical skill or piety of our *correspondent*, shall surpass that of Johnson or Addison, (whose analyses of this poem we should advise him to read,) then we will acknowledge that our admiration for this immortal work may possibly have been unfounded, and then too we will give it a re-perusal and see, if with the assistance of our *subscriber*, we can discover any thing *bordering upon blasphemy*.

We should advise the gentleman to curry his ideas, and see if, after he has scraped off the cob-webs which now surround his cranium, his intellect (or perhaps we ought to term it *instinct*,) will not generate something a little more in unison with the taste, as well as the piety of those, who have from time to time passed the highest encomiums on this first of poems. The Paradise Lost has been the delight of all lovers of poetry, since its vivid beauties were first exhibited to the world by the pen of Addison, in a criticism that is second to none of which the English nation can boast, and in talent is an approximation to the work which he reviews. The thoughts of Milton have been introduced into the writings of thousands who have succeeded him, and have reflected a meridian splendour upon their pages. If our *correspondent* can find any avenue leading into his brain, we hope he will contrive to introduce some of the fruits of Milton's intellect. We would however desire him to support himself by some artificial props, as there is great reason to believe that a small number of ideas from that work, would at once bring him to the earth—his proper element. Such a fall would, it is feared, produce an unhappy catastrophe, as gravitation has always had for *lead* a strong attraction.

The sapient remarks contained in the preceding epistle, put us in mind of a young lawyer, who sometime since speaking of men distinguished in his profession as being destitute of talents, and with all the oracular confidence of Apollo, was weighing intellects which he could not fathom, was informed by an eminent judge that he had still to learn, that "*it required a man of sense to judge of a man of sense.*" This truth which

we hope our subscriber will lay to heart, is very difficult for minds of a certain stamp to comprehend. Our correspondent is not the *only* one, whose ignorance of it, has of late appeared to the view of his acquaintance. If he will engrave it upon the tablet of his memory, and recur to it frequently, he will find that it will add to his present stock of wisdom, the important item, that the intellectual infant must creep before he can run. In it he may also discover a mirror that will exhibit to him a reflection of that old adage (which will be worth to him more than rubies) *know thyself.*

Our lucubrations being intended for readers of *common* discernment, we despair of edifying the writer of this epistle. Therefore if he will give the publishers his name, it shall be erased from the list of subscribers. He shall also be permitted to withdraw the subscription of a half dozen of such of his friends as may be equally fastidious with himself. Should he be unwilling to consent to this request, he is hereby informed that the first quarter will terminate at the completion of the 25th number, when he can discontinue *his patronage* without being known.

## THE LATE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

His glance was fix'd on pow'r alone,
His breast was steel'd to woe,
He car'd not for the dying groan,
His tears could never flow:
Hard as the rock, his flinty soul
Sported with life and blood;
Impatient of the least controul,
Above the world, he stood.

O'er Europe's plains he march'd to slay;
He spoke—and empires fell;
Destruction's gory path his way,
His voice—a nation's knell:
Kings bent their necks beneath his rod,
And own'd his iron sway;
On crowns and thrones he proudly trod
Or threw the toys away.

"Be free," the lying despot said—
"Be free"—and they were slaves;
Before him every virtue fled—
He dug their dreary graves:
Madly he hop'd to be obey'd
By realms in ruin hurl'd,
And 'neath his banners awful shade
To gather in the world.

ALFRED.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

No. 7.] TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1820. [Vol. I.

"Ten censure wrong for one who write amiss;
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well."

*Pope.*

IT gives us great pleasure to be able to present to our readers, the following relish of genuine criticism.

*Messrs. Editors,*

I have long cherished the fond hope of being accounted one of those

"Who seek to give and merit fame
And justly bear a critic's name."

With this constantly in view, I have uniformly condemned every modern, and particularly ever vernacular, literary production. By pointing out the faults with which these works abound, I have at last attained the *ultima thule* of my wishes. Having established the character of a man of discernment and a sound critick, I find myself surrounded by numerous opaque bodies who are eager to appear luminous by borrowed light. I have taught them a few general terms, which may be applied on all occasions, but on pain of my displeasure they dare not, if they could, point out one specifick fault until they have received their cue.—Hence you will hear them in speaking of every work, use some one of the following phrases, viz. "The ideas in it are altogether common place"—"It has no variety to recommend it"—"It is entirely destitute of fun"—"The style is miserable"—"The plan is ridiculous and the matter puerile and flat"—"The admirers of the British Classics need

not be alarmed at such a rival." Such remarks as these (for to enumerate them all is almost impossible) are sometimes enlivened by ironical ones; but to use irony is not permitted to insignificant followers, lest their observations should be mistaken for the plain import of their phraseology. United together by the similarity of our pursuits, we are the more closely connected by being fellows in persecution. Yes gentlemen, we who devote ourselves, not less than authors, to the good of the public, are branded with the epithet snarlers—Nor are we solely stigmatised by authors whose works we condemn, but every witling who can read a page in the Testament is exclaiming against these "pests of society"—Pests of society as they would fain make us believe we are: envy prompts their puny efforts to wrest from us the sceptre that controuls publick opinion.

It is this spirit that excites the enquiry that is often triumphantly made, "Why do not you, who are so able to point out the faults of others, yourselves become authors?" To this question we now, once for all, reply in the language of Pope (who cannot be suspected of being partial to our cause,) in his Essay on Criticism:

> "Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
> These born to judge, as well as those to write."

But notwithstanding these endeavours to injure us, our fraternity is rapidly increasing, and to you gentlemen are we indebted for no inconsiderable accession of *numbers*, if not of talents. Gratitude therefore impels me to furnish something for your pages, that shall amply repay you for your assistance to us. A different motive was no inconsiderable auxiliary in producing such a resolution: a comparison disparaging to your productions will be made between mine and yours, by our fraternity, and the manner, in which I shall treat the subject I propose to animadvert upon, will serve as a model to some of our tyro's in reprobating the Microscope.

That compared with their predecessors, the authors of this age are a degenerate race, is not more hacknied than true. This degeneracy has been accompanied *pari passu* by that of taste. Hence we find the poetasters of the present day en-

joying an unparallelled celebrity. To waste much time in exposing the faults of such writers would be the heighth of prodigality : to correct a page would be only to blot it out.

Campbell's Hohenlinden is one among the number of ditties that proves the lamentable decay of taste. It is recited, with the embellishments of oratory, at our schools and colleges; sung at the fire-side, and the theatre; selected for the commonplace book of the lady, and the chirographic specimen of the school-boy; and is quoted and lauded by the sage and the simple. Let us for a moment examine its claims to such attention. Had it not more harmony of measure than depth of thought, it never would have found its way this side the Atlantic. In attempting to prove this, I shall, contrary to our usual practice of condemning *en masse*, examine Mr. Campbell's *chef d'œuvre* by stanzas. Aware that Hohenlinden by frequent re-printing has various readings, I have (as I think generously) selected that reading which the editor of Mr. C's poetical works, considers as the " most spirited and elegant." This instance however, is not to operate as a precedent, since we consider typographical errors, " as our fair game". And without entering into a discussion whether " the most spirited and elegant reading" was the original reading or whether suggested by some member of our fraternity, *we* (a reviewer or a king always says *we*) now take the subject in hand, commencing with the first stanza :

" On Linden, when the sun was low
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly."

The second line of this stanza commences with an expletive, that is now often resorted to, that the proper number of syllables may be contained in the line. We have some where met with a doggerel ditty, of domestic manufacture, containing the following line where the word *all* is twice introduced for the same reason :

" From home *all* for to go, *all* for to fight."

Mr. Campbell is extremely unhappy in introducing winter as darkness personified. Does he suppose that we have

forgotten the "all bloodless snow" in the preceding line, with which winter is generally clad; as Thompson expresses it:

"The cherish'd fields—put on their winter robe of purest white."

But dark as winter, conveys the same idea as dark as snow. This is not the only heterogeneous idea contained in these four lines. To flow or "glide smoothly," is rather incompatible with "rolling rapidly." I should exceed the limits I prescribed myself to dwell any longer on this stanza, but shall proceed to the second, where Linden "peeps through the blanket of the" snow to see "another sight." Now "the *darkness* of her scenery" is by command of "beat of drum" lighted by "fires of death." We often read of "the arrows of death," but it was reserved to Mr. C. to furnish death with powder and ball. As death is thus armed, it would be hard if the horsemen that, in the next stanza, are brought to the combat, should be left to fight *pugnis et calcibus*:—to remove our apprehensions, we are informed "each horseman drew his battle blade." This one line of eight syllables not only tells us that they had swords, but that they drew them in season, viz. before the horses "neighed to join the dreadful revelry."

The fourth stanza deserves to be written entire, *verbatim literatim et punctuatim.*

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery."

That "the hills" should shake is not by any means as strange as that *thunder* should rive them, or that artillery should *flash louder* than the bolts of heaven. Thunder and lightning appear to have changed characteristicks, and if the hills are susceptible of fear, this might account for their shaking. We would suggest the following reading, which if not "more spirited and elegant" is less absurd.

Then shook the hills by bullets riv'n
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
*While* louder than the bolts of heaven
*Thunder'd* the red artillery.

The "most spirited and elegant reading" of the next stanza would be with a quick and a low tone of voice," and we would recommend to future publishers to include it in a parenthesis, as it is of that negative character, that nothing more need be said of it than that it makes the poem one verse longer than it would otherwise be. We cannot penetrate Mr. Campbell's motives, and should not wish to if we could; but we have thought that this was placed where it is, to give effect to the succeeding stanza, for the same reason that dead colours placed next to bright ones, increase the effect of the latter. So the coming verse opens, bright as Aurora, announcing the important fact "tis morn," and consequently, that warriors who have been fighting when 'twas "dark as winter," can now see to take better aim than then. The result of this we are told in the next stanza is, "the combat deepens"—the "war clouds rolling dun," almost make it as dark as it was before sun rise, for we are told "the sun can scarce pierce" them—And the next line corroborates the idea that it is but little lighter than before, for no one can imagine that "furious Frank and fiery Hun," (who we suppose are the two leaders in the engagement,) would be content to "shout" if they could see to fight—To "shout in their sulph'rous canopy" is sheer nonsense. A canopy, if we understand the word, is "a covering spread *over* the head," and if they had brimstone canopies the moment they are used as trumpets, they cease to be canopies. "Shout in their sulph'rous" conck-shells would be vastly better.

> "The combat deepens; on ye brave
> Who fight for glory, or the grave;
> Wave Munich, all thy banners wave
> And charge with all thy chivalry."

It would seem by this stanza that one party fought for glory, the other for the grave; and as they are so unlike, we should suppose that each would respectively abandon to the other all claims. Who Munich is we are not informed, but from the use of the pronoun "thy" we are inclined to think he is a Quaker, who wants a great deal of urging to mingle in the combat—although the last line rather discourages this idea,

since chivalry was never (as we have heard) imputed to this sect. Mr. Campbell, however, may be better acquainted with them than we are. We are not told how "the dreadful revelry" terminated; but we are of opinion that Frank's party and Hun's both claimed the victory. There were however, a great many killed on both sides. The last stanza informs us of this in a very impressive manner—in a manner which must convince every one that a battle is an "all bloody" scene. We would recommend this last stanza to all the peaceable readers of the Microscope:

"Ah! few shall part where many meet
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

The snow shall be whose winding sheet? Winding sheets are generally for the dead, but in this passage the obvious grammatical construction necessarily implies that those here spoken of, are for such as "part," by which we understand such as are not killed. But suppose it to be really ascertained to whom these winding sheets belonged; there would still be the objection that the snow which is to be the winding sheet is *above* their sepulchres—the turf. And further, there is great probability that amid so much lightning, fire and brimstone, the snow had all melted away before this time.

Did not your limits forbid, we should have mentioned many other defects that have occurred to us, in a piece which has been selected only on account of its great popularity. The same proportion of faults are to be seen in every modern poem. Would not criticks therefore grossly neglect their duty by encouraging works of this description?

Yours, &c.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, jun.

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*For the Microscope.*

AN ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY! blue ey'd maid,
Clad in simple russet stole,
Thou who lov'st the silent shade
And weep'st where murmuring riv'lets roll,

Thou who sooth'st the throbbing breast
Heaving wild with passion's throe,
Thou who lay'st the heart at rest
And cool'st distraction's fever'd glow;
When thou leanest o'er the rill
And minglest with its wave thy tear,
O! what sounds the woodland fill
And softly whisper in my ear.

Come then enchanting Melancholy—
Thou sweetest mistress of my heart,
Come let us leave the haunts of folly
And taste the joys that ne'er depart.

Melancholy! maid of Heaven;
Thine are pleasures known by few—
Joys to favourites only giv'n—
Joys that soothe like summer dew;
Thine the harp, whose golden wire
Bids Heaven's sweetest music roll,
Kindling with a Seraph's fire
And softly stealing to the soul.
When thou pour'st the dying strain
Naiads smile along the wave,
Shepherds listen on the plain
And hermits in the mountain cave.

Come then &c.

Melancholy! Pity's child;
Turn on me thine eye of blue,
Soft as when affection smil'd
Or wept compassion's purest dew;
Wake thy voice that charms the grove,
Breathe thy calmest—sweetest lay,
Strike thy silver chord of love,
And drive the cruel fiend away;
For thou sooth'st the tortur'd heart
To a holy heavenly calm,
And gently heals't affliction's smart,
With thy music's soft'ning balm.

Come then &c.

Angel of the green-wood shade,
Let me lie on moss reclin'd
When the hues of evening fade

All calmly blows the fragrant wind—
Let me lie beside the rill
And view the stream that ripples by,
Till my soul shall drink its fill
Of thy delightful melody.
Oh! how soft—how sweet—how mild
All the sounds that kiss thy string—
How they echo from the wild
And in the flow'ring vallies ring.

Come then &c.

Melancholy! dearest maid,
Bending low thine eye of blue,
Roam the gently opening glade
And thickets gemm'd with morning dew;
Seek the cool sequester'd cave
When the noon is glowing bright;
Rest where forests slowly wave
And floats a faintly trembling light.
Where'er thou rov'st at early dawn,
Or sit'st, when glows the noontide sky,
Dearer at night than quiet lawn
And winding rill that ripples by.

Come then enchanting Melancholy,
Thou sweetest mistress of my heart;
Come let us leave the haunts of folly
And taste the joys that ne'er depart.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should like to see the other essays to which *John Locke Gent. & Co.* allude, before we pledge ourselves to insert the one now on hand.

The Epistle of one of the *Sisterhood* is received, and is under consideration.

*Laura* has this moment come to hand. She shall soon have a place, and with a hearty welcome.

It would give us pleasure to hear from *Concinnus* again.

*Honoria* also was so well received, that it would gratify us not a little to be able to present our readers with more of the fruits of her pen.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

No. 8.] FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1820. [Vol. I.


" All zeal for a reform, that gives offence
To peace and charity, is mere pretence."
*Cowper.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

I am an honest, well meaning sort of a man, and a constant reader of the Microscope. I have moreover the honour to be a peaceable inhabitant of this your city. I have however an unconquerable aversion to certain practices even of those who are, in some respects, much better than myself. As a specimen of what I have frequently observed I am determined to send you the following paper. It is in relation to the subject of slander. I happened to be in a small circle a few evenings since where a number of my old acquaintances were assembled, of whose characters I will first give you a general outline.

*Polonius* is a good, consistent Christian. He loves to dwell on the bright traits of character which his friends possess, and to draw a veil over those of a darker hue. If the conversation of the company turns on some indecorum or even sin of which another has been guilty, he will most assuredly descant on the excellencies which that man has generally appeared to possess, on the faults of our common nature, and conclude the whole of his harangue with a scripture quotation, such as, " Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." He always takes good care however not to stand on the side of vice or irreligion by seeming to defend the

faults, which may be mentioned in his presence. He gives no quarter to any body who makes an attack on religion or its professors. In short, he seems to be generally influenced by that happy maxim of our Saviour, " Do to others as ye would that others should do to you."

*Antonio* is entirely of an opposite character. He never can listen with any patience to an unqualified approbation of any man. When he hears the general conduct of a person well spoken of, he will rake up some old scandal which had slept for many years, and endeavour to use that as a weapon against him. If an action is commended, he will begin to talk of his knowledge of human nature ; and on this principle, will scrutinize the motives which led to it, and by a dexterous comparison of circumstances, will succeed in shewing to the satisfaction of some, that the action is not praiseworthy, although it has so good an external appearance. He counts much upon the maxim, " All is not gold that glitters ;" and from this text I have heard him deliver many a discourse, which, if the reasoning of it were correct, would prove that there is no such thing as virtue in the world.

*Francisco* is still different from these. He will allow the excellence of any action which appears to possess that quality, and never questions the rectitude of the motives. The difficulty with him however is that he is perpetually interposing his *buts* and *ifs :* so that you cannot help seeing he does not fully assent to what he appears at first so heartily to do.

*Lysander* is a professor of Christianity ; and for aught that I know is sincere in his profession. He has one habit however which I dislike, and that is, measuring every one else, no matter how different the natural disposition, by himself. This I have often told him was wrong ; and he acknowledges it is so ; but he is perpetually forgetting himself, and acting as though it were right.

" What a noble instance of Christian charity was exhibited the other day by Mr. B.," said Polonius, as he was reclining in a neat elbow chair, perfectly at his ease, in this our circle. " I always loved that man. His solemn devotion at Church,

his kindness to the poor, and the universal amiableness of his life, have often excited very warm feelings in my breast." "Yes," replied Francisco, "this is all very true. All good people of his acquaintance seem to be of a similar opinion; but," knitting his brow and looking down with a contemplative air to the ground, "he is said to be irascible in his family." "That he is," quoth Antonio somewhat animated, "and I have no idea of giving him such a heap of praises neither as Polonius has done. As to the charity mentioned, how easy it is to see that he wishes to gain popularity by it! And pray what does his devotion at Church amount to? That is very easily put on. The ancient Pharisees worshipped God with a very sacred external appearance while they only wished to gain credit among their fellow men. Who can believe that a man who is so deficient in the family circle, the place where of all others religion ought to be found, is influenced by good motives elsewhere?"—"But then," rejoined Polonius, "here are facts which you know about this man, and they are good. Now is it fair to reason from what you do not know, as his irascibility and his motives, and condemn him?" "But I *do* know" resumed Antonio, Tom Jericho who was employed to do a piece of work for him, told me what a violent temper your saint fell into because something was done by one of his domestics not according to his mind."—"Did Tom tell you the whole story?"—Here Antonio rather hesitated, but at length replied, Tom told me enough"—and he was going on to give out an abundance of malicious hints as appeared by his eyes, when he was suddenly interrupted by the coming in of Varo, of whom I shall give no general character for the obvious reason that he has none. He has such an infinite number of oddities that I am unable to fix upon any particular things by which to describe him. One thing however may be called his hobby-horse, upon which, when he is fairly mounted, he rides off at such an intolerable gait that it is difficult to keep up with him. As soon as he ascertained the subject of the conversation he set out:—"I know nothing of the irascibility of Mr. B.—Indeed I do not, from the accounts

I have had, believe he is guilty of it. I take him to be an almost unexceptionable character." Here Polonious brightened up, expecting to find one ready to assist him in the defence which he had so generously undertaken; but to the no small delight of some of the other gentlemen, Varo proceeded:—"He has however a habit of *levity* in his conversation which is really a great blot on his Christian character." "Pray what do you mean by levity," quoth Polonius, "which you so often talk of?" By Varo's countenance and apparent confusion, I thought he began to suspect he did not know the meaning of the word, or else had made some more extended application of it than he ought to have done. He collected himself however after a long pause, and replied, "It is an appearance of gayety in one's manners." "But rejoined Polonius, "you do not expect that a man of such natural vivacity as Mr. B. should be always grave?"—"Yes, if he professes to be a Christian." "Then resumed P. you would have him play the hypocrite sometimes." "That does not follow. At any rate let him keep up a seriousness of air at all times, laugh seldom if ever, and be as far as possible from taking an interest in things of a worldly nature that are going on about him"—"That is," interrupted Lysander, (who had sat silent all the time,) "he should, as a celebrated author remarks, keep up "a mysterious carriage of the body to cover defects of the mind." Varo, nothing daunted, and not deigning to reply on account of the apparent merriment with which his friend accosted him, continued—"I am exceedingly grieved that such a man as Mr. B., possessing so many excellencies of the understanding, and of the heart too, should be so imprudent as to pass off such an appearance of levity as he often does. The world must see these things and remark on them." "Well," quoth Polonius, "he that will remark on such little matters, when they are counterbalanced by so many good things,"—here Polonius paused, evidently in some agitation: at length with a smile indicative of the utmost contempt, added,—"let him remark." Then looking Varo in the face and smiling with infinite good nature, as if he had

by one sudden effort turned the drift of his feelings, he went on:—" I am sorry to see you so ready to spy out these defects of character, and report them even before the world gets the knowledge of them. There is a species of detraction among us which levels its artillery against the most unexceptionable characters we have. Throwing around itself the mantle of great solicitude for the cause of religion, it makes havock of the finest feelings of society by whispering its *fears* and *regrets*. If a professing Christian has freely talked for an evening on other subjects than religion, especially if some humour be mixed with his conversation, these people zealous not according to knowledge, have their doubts that he has acted inconsistently with his profession. This spirit, of detraction is so covered up by a supposed regard for Christ, that it is all laid to the account of piety; and the man that is guilty of it blesses himself that he has so tender a concern for the welfare of religion. Many are fond of giving *hints* resulting, as they would have it appear, from the deepest grief that things are so, when if they examined their hearts they would find that they take pleasure in talking as they do, to blacken another's character either for its own sake, or in order to excuse their neglect of duty. I heard a man greatly commended the other day for his general character, when a female hinted that she was sorry not to give a full assent to what had been said: she knew some things which she was under obligation not to tell. No intreaty could prevail on her to divulge the dreadful secret, and the company dispersed with an impression that the man, who was the subject of conversation, was in the habitual practice of some great sin which must forbid the charity of his neighbours. I afterwards accidentally learned what this wonderful thing was, and it is absolutely of too little consequence to mention." "Deliver me" assuming a more resolute air "from these assassins that stab in the dark. If I must be slain, let me have the chance of defending myself, and let me die like a man, not receiving one wound after another till I perish by piecemeal. If a man has any thing to say against me, let him tell *me* of it,

that I may reform, and not prejudice the minds of others against me."

This long speech of Polonius was received with no little chagrin, Messrs. Editors, I assure you. The only man that enjoyed it was myself. Although in the course of my life I have sometimes indulged in a spirit of censoriousness as well as others; yet I have always condemned it in myself, and have now got the better of it. I therefore did not suppose that Polonius meant to attack me. It is a very excellent part of Polonius' character that what he says against a man is said to his face: so that there is ample room for self-defence. With respect to relating the faults of others behind their backs, I have often heard him lay down this principle: "All have their faults. I bear with those of other men, and they should bear with mine. God has probably placed us in a state where mutual forbearance is necessary to shew us whether we possess the mild spirit of the gospel which forgives and forbears, and treats every one with kindness." This principle, Messrs. Editors, is undoubtedly a correct one. I will illustrate it by a single example. Mr. A. is very impatient of contradiction. He will sometimes almost kindle into rage when a sentiment he has advanced is disputed. Now this surely you will say is very unchristian. And so it is; but he is possessed of many excellencies which, notwithstanding this defect, prove to the candid mind that he is a sincere follower of Christ. On the other hand, *I* am not often guilty of this sin, probably because I have little temptation to it. But I do other things of an unholy nature of which there is not the slightest appearance in Mr. A. and which are the subject of my deepest regret in my closet before the eye of the omniscient God. As Mr. A. must bear with my imperfections then, I hold it no more than just that I should bear with his.

I have certain persons in my eye, who have such an intolerable habit of slandering their friends that I am actually afraid to be often in their company. I am conscious that I am far, very far behind the attainment of perfection, and therefore I know that some of my faults will be marked and reported.

Some of these backbiting gentry are not confined however, to the domestic circle. They are found in the splendid party, in the street, and even in the church. Not disposed, in the latter place, to guard the interests of their own souls, they sit in judgment on their fellow-creatures when before the mercy-seat of heaven. Forgetting that they have come to that sacred place as sinners who are to seek the pardon of their own numberless transgressions, they are looking out for indecorum in the behaviour of others. They sit in the church with an evil eye towards those who have come or ought to have come on the same errand of humiliation and confession. Instead of looking up to their Father in heaven as they profess by their very presence in the house of God, they are watching what impropriety this person or that may be guilty of, either during the service or after it; and if they are so happy as to find one, it is the subject of their remarks through the week which follows. And I blush to repeat it, gentlemen, these remarks have been known by your correspondent to be made under the pretence of anxiety for the honour of that sacred religion, the essence of which is, "*charity—which hopeth all things, and endureth all things.*"

But I have unawares fallen into observations of my own, and forgotten my original design of giving an account of our circle. Polonius explained himself on the subject of levity. He did not intend to defend it by the argument which he carried on with Varo. He only wished to guard against a too indiscriminate use of the word. He went on to shew that innocent pleasantry was not of course levity, and that mere liveliness of air was not levity, and after all it was more easy to tell what it was not, than what it was. "Certainly" said he, "a *studied* gravity of manners is as much to be blamed as levity. There is to the former a stiffness which disgusts a man of refinement, and bars up the way of access to the one who possesses it."

After many remarks from the various persons present which, as my communication has been already too long, I must now omit, Polonius dropped this maxim on the subject of slander:

"Let every man pave before his own door;" by which I humbly conceive he meant, let every man see that his own character and conduct are correct, and not give himself so much unnecessary trouble about others.

I have given, as you perceive, but little account of what was said in our circle by any except Polonius; and the reason is, that I thought his observations would be a very salutary lesson to some of the gossipping ones of both sexes with which our city is infested.

I am yours, &c.

ANTICALUMNIATOR.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The interesting memoir of *Gabriel Gap* shall appear as soon as possible.

We were so well pleased with *Z.* A. that we should be gratified to receive from him any other communications, displaying as much mind, but breathing a somewhat different spirit.

The verses of *X. Y. Z.* are under consideration.

*I. L.* merits our thanks for his kind suggestions. As to the expediency of devoting the paper *entirely* to light and humorous pieces, we are decidedly of an opposite opinion. We relish a good joke as much as he does; but hope to be excused for sometimes, at least, addressing the *intellect* of our readers. At all events, we have not set up for *merry-andrews*, nor *kings-fools* to the community.

We feel grateful to the author of a note, dropped into the box on Tuesday evening last and signed "*A Subscriber*," for the precious discovery that *Munich* is verily a *city*. It is to be hoped that he will forthwith direct his lucubrations to the investigation of the equally obscure and perplexing item, *who Messrs. Frank & Hun* were. Hereafter when we publish any thing similar to the critique on Hohenlinden; it shall, for the benefit of such wiseacres, be our special care to preface it with the caption: THIS IS IRONY. The gentleman has constrained us to become thorough converts to Lord Monboddo's theory; and as we more than suspect this identical correspondent furnishes a striking practical exhibition of its truth, we wish him to call on the publishers, as early as possible, for the sake of gratifying an eager and innocent curiosity: Should he really be found destitute of *an important article;* they will, at our request, supply the defect by presenting him with one, formerly worn by an ourang-outang.

# THE MICROSCOOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 9.] TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1820. [VOL. I.


Of all kinds of reading, Biography is the most instructive and entertaining.
*Leuwenbergius.*

*The affecting history of* GABRIEL GAP, *with a striking and elegant full-length Portrait:*

Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd sweetly.
*Modern Song.*

GABRIEL GAP was as honest and as ignorant a wood-chopper, as ever popped his head out of bed in a raw frosty morning. Those who lived in the village of —— about the year 1799, will remember the white eyes and straight hair—the broad and grinning mouth—the felt hat, wanting a top—and

the coat, lacking a sleeve and a skirt, which made up the exterior of this personage. His mind was equally well garnished with his outward man. He could read, it was true,—but that he was much *edified* by any, even the most profound, of his studies—is more than his impartial biographer will venture to affirm. He once could write—but the characters were equally mysterious to Gabriel and the reader. At a free school, when a youth, he could make a *caricature* of the master's copy, dimly discernible through blots and dirt,—but having never been taught to read writing, the profound sentiment which the said copy contained, like the jewel in the toad's head, was concealed from a curiosity not the most eager to discover it. An injudicious application of a small willow stick to the back of this hopeful pupil perfected his dislike to such abstruse literature, and he could not understand why he should be flogged for having attempted—when the fingers of his right hand were cramped by holding his pen—to finish his *fac-simile* with his left.

The death of his mother—the only parent he ever knew—released him from his mental and bodily thraldom; and with his axe on his shoulder—the only *heir-loom* he inherited and the only implement he could use (not excepting even his pen,) he sallied forth into the wide world. I say *wide* world, because it was as wide to him as to any poor hero or cast-off damsel of romance. But as high-minded poverty, with the world before it, soon gets into a Gaol, and as sentimental misfortune with its wholesale breeze of sighs is usually soon snugly shut up—so Gabriel's consciousness of independence and reveries of bliss were, like the buoyant vapours of a steam-boat, suddenly condensed and reduced to a drop—that drop was a drop of whiskey.

Now "ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy"* &c. &c. attend to the History of GABRIEL GAP.

The conduct of the Turks did once—as every body knows—draw the United States into a war with Tripoli. The little navy of the country was ordered to be fitted out for the Medit-

* The Commencement of Johnson's *Rasselas.*

terranean. The brave Captain Cartridge of the Marines on board the Essex had sent an indefatigable drummer—a fifer of eminence—and a serjeant of marines, to whom no adjective can do justice, to beat up for volunteers on shore.

To a New-England man Yankee Doodle is the most inspiring musick that ever imposed on the ear, or elevated the soul of rustick simplicity. This national air of his country, together with the white pantaloons, black gaiters, tasselled caps and leather queues of two journeymen tailors, three blacksmiths and a shoe-maker—all of whom had been regularly inducted into the marine corps—dazzled the rarefied imagination of this last representative of the Gap family. The experienced eye of Serjeant Belt failed not to observe the delighted astonishment, and the broad shoulders of Gabriel. He spake kindly to his men—dismissed them for refreshment—and, enquiring of this "raw material" of a soldier the time of day, invited him in to drink success to the glorious enterprize in which his jolly gang were engaged. Pleased with the first civil words which had ever been directed to him—grateful for the kindness of a well dressed man to one who had experienced nothing but the contempt of the little world with which he was acquainted—a poor and pennyless lad to whom misfortune had never taught prudence and on whom attention had never before, either for good or bad purpose, been bestowed,—with a blush on his cheek at his own pitiful appearance, and a drop in his eye, not in reality but in *prospect*, he followed the bold serjeant into the grog-shop. The mirth of the company completed what the politeness of the officer had begun—and about "three fingers" of gin with the requisite quantity of water so refined the naturally classick mind of Gabriel, that he relished with great glee the following Song, sung by one of the marines:

THE TOP OF THE WAVE.

I.

THO' now we are sluggish and lazy on shore,
Yet soon shall we be where the wild tempests roar,
Where the winds thro' the hoarse sounding cordage shall rave,
And fling the white foam from the *top of the wave*.

II.

Yes, soon o'er the waters the Essex shall sweep,
As she bears all the thunders of war o'er the deep,
While the hands that are hard and the hearts that are brave,
Shall give the bold frigate the *top of the wave.*

III.

And tho' some one among us may never return,
His comrades shall sorrow, his mess-mates shall mourn;
Tho' his body may lie in a watery grave,
His spirit shall rise to the *top of the wave.*

IV.

Then a health to John Adams, and long may he reign
O'er the mountain, the valley, the shore and the main;
May he have the same breeze, that to Washington gave
In his cruise o'er the waters, *the top of the wave.*

(*To be resumed hereafter.*)

*Messrs. Editors,*

Ever since the invitation you gave us in your first number, I have had a desire to become one of your correspondents. I have been one of the very first to get hold of your numbers as they came out:—have read all the poetry,—the piece about Euphemia,—the letter by somebody who calls himself Concinnus,—the paragraph about Walter Scott,—and I don't know but some other parts of the prose pieces. Sincerity obliges me to tell you that although you have some things that are well enough, yet on the whole, the Microscope has not been what we had a right to expect from gentlemen of your pretensions. Your sober pieces are shamefully intellectual. One might read such things a month, I had almost said, without getting pensive,—certainly without half as much agitation as in running over the tamest scene in any romance on my shelf. Not a word about marriage—and scarcely a single reference to any of the authors that we know any thing about. Why need you have gone back half way to the dark ages for poets to shew your critical skill upon? You admit that Milton and Dryden and all that tribe have gone out of fashion; and you had better have let them remain so. If your two

critical papers had been employed in pointing out the fine passages in the Tales of the Hall, (by the way, are not these most beautiful?) or even in interpreting some of the broad Scotch in Old Mortality, I should certainly have read them. This Scotch is delightful, as it is; but I have no doubt it would be a great deal more so, if you could put us in the way of understanding it. The next time you undertake to criticise, do let us hear something about Hogg's Brownie, and Giovanno Sbogarro.

You must give me leave, Messrs. Editors, to speak my sentiments with some freedom, in regard to that letter of Concinnus. It is my serious belief that he has grossly imposed on you. It will be but too apparent, at least to readers of discernment, that he has concealed an attack under the mask of vindication. How could you, after such sober protestations that you are no "women-haters," lend your aid in branding with an odious epithet, already too current, almost the only young gentlemen in town who treat us with any sort of civility,—perhaps I might say, who devote a single thought to us? Certainly on reflection you must feel that this conduct is ungenerous, and demands an apology, not only to the injured persons who are the immediate objects of it, but to all the fashionable part of your fair readers. I shall at least insist on your publickly avowing that among all the indirect abuse in that letter, there was nothing pointed at Mr. ***. If you do not, I and half a dozen of my acquaintance are determined to have nothing more to do with you.

I understand perfectly what he means by those insinuations about "loquacity," and "liking light talk;" and declare once for all, that it is none of his business. Very probably he is himself one of those "learned book-worms who are continually broaching ideas;" but if he will broach things that we know nothing about, who is to blame if we *do* give him to understand, that we are better pleased with other company? There was one of this stamp, who called at our house the other evening. He had not been in conversation fifteen minutes, before he introduced a quotation from Dr. Young; and actu-

ally asked sister M. which she thought the most nervous,—the style of Junius (this is the name, is it not?) or that of the Rambler. Was not this insufferable?

But there is another and surer blow which I fear he intended to aim at us through the sides of his own sex. In publishing that catalogue of —— decency forbids me to repeat *what*, on the top of p. 35, and that too with glaring initials, does he not know that he has been a shameful betrayer of secrets? That he has excited a curiosity about what nine people in ten (I mean among the gentlemen,) would otherwise never have known the existence of? A curiosity which, if once raised, nobody can tell where it will end?

But I am frightened to see to what a length this letter has grown. There are several other subjects on which you may expect to hear from me hereafter; but I shall have no time to attend to them till after Election. There is a great deal to do, you must be sensible, before such times. Mr. *** is one of the managers: he says we shall beat the students in point of numbers; and we certainly shall in every thing else.

I am &c.

LAURA.

*For the Microscope.*

## THE PARTING OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

" We part, perhaps to meet no more—
To distant lands from thee I go;
Far-far beyond the ocean's roar
For thee my tears will ever flow.

An exile from my native land,
I long must plow the raging main:
Alas! no Mary's gentle hand
Shall soothe my bosom's inward pain.

Thou weep'st, my love;—how dear these tears
What treasures to thy William's heart:
They banish all his anxious fears—
They blunt the point of sorrow's dart—

They tell me Mary loves me still
And grieves to bid her last adieu.
Oh, guard her, Heav'n! from ev'ry ill
And keep her to her William true."

"And wilt thou, William! think no more,
When far beyond the raging main,
How Mary lingers on this shore
And strains to catch thy sail in vain.

Oh, William! let thy wishes rise
And send them o'er the wave to me:
The Pow'r, that rules in yonder skies,
Will hear the vows of constancy."

"Yes! I will think when far away
How thou art weeping on this shore;
Dark be the hour, and curst the day
When I shall muse on thee no more.

But hark! the signal! we must part:—
While life remains let us be true;
Yes! tho' I feel a bursting heart,
I now must bid my last adieu."

Her drooping head his Mary laid
Upon the youth she lov'd so well;
He gently kiss'd the sinking maid
And breath'd upon her lips *farewell;*

Then tore him from her fond embrace
And dash'd the tear-drops from his eye—
Just gaz'd upon her angel-face;
Then turn'd and mark'd the streamers fly.

He shouted, as he leap'd on board,
To hide his bosoms inward pain:
The sails were set—the loud winds roar'd—
The ship plow'd foaming to the main.

C. E.

## *For the Microscope.*

### A TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE.

Tho' furl'd be the banner of blood on the plain
And rusted the sabre once crimson'd with gore,

Tho' hush'd be the raven that croak'd o'er the slain
And calm'd into silence the battle's loud roar;

Tho' Peace with her rosy smile gladden the vales
And commerce unshackled dance over the wave,
Tho' music and song may enliven the gales
And Joy crown with roses and myrtle the brave;

Like spirits that start from the sleep of the dead,
Our heroes shall rouse—when the larum shall blow:
Then Freedom's broad flag on the wind shall be spread
And Valour's sword flash in the face of the foe.

Our Eagle shall rise 'mid the whirlwinds of war
And dart thro' the dun cloud of battle his eye—
Shall spread his wide wings on the tempest afar
O'er spirits of valour that conquer or die.

And ne'er shall the rage of the conflict be o'er
And ne'er shall the warm blood of life cease to flow
And still 'mid the smoke of the battle shall soar
Our Eagle—till scattered and fled be the foe.

When peace shall disarm war's dark brow of its frown
And roses shall bloom on the soldier's rude grave—
Then Honour shall weave of the laurel a crown,
That Beauty shall bind on the brow of the brave.

ALFRED.

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## *For the Microscope.*

### HOPE—A FRAGMENT.

There is a form,
Whose brightly beaming eye
Disperses from the sky
Life's gloomy storm:

Around her brow celestial radiance plays;
Her candid vestments shine with dazzling light;
A thousand twinkling gems, like stars of night,
In virtue's ægis on her bosom blaze.
She speaks—and tones of heav'nly harmony
Flow thro' the air and tremble on the gale;
The mourner raises his desponding eye
And the heart-broken maid remits her wail—
'Tis Hope, who bending from her native skies
Bids thro' death's dreary vale delicious beauties rise.

C.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 10.] FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1820. [VOL. I.

The lively fancy of Youth, buoyed up by hope, paints every scene of life in bright and glowing colours—never once suspecting that the dark shades of disappointment, sickness and death are also necessary to complete the picture.

*Leuwenbergius.*

OLIVIA was the only daughter of a respectable Physician. Her father, being himself a gentleman of a finished education, had taken effectual care that she should enjoy every means of improvement. She was well versed in most of the branches pursued in the higher female seminaries, and her mind was enlarged by a familiar acquaintance with a judiciously selected number of authors upon useful and ornamental subjects. To an understanding thus cultivated, there was united in her an amiable and still a somewhat peculiar disposition: she was frank, yet reserved. The former was the offspring of nature; the latter, the result of habit. Her reserve arose not from the fact that experience had taught her to be suspicious of those around her; nor was it because she was naturally unconfiding. Neither was it that she was constitutionally indifferent to passing events; but because she had no sister or other inmate to whom she had from her earliest years been accustomed freely to unfold her thoughts and feelings, as they rose. She was yet however susceptible of the deepest and liveliest emotions and had the keenest relish for society. In her external appearance, there was nothing that would be called beautiful, nor were her features even more than commonly regular; and still the whole expression of the face caused the beholder to gaze and instinctively say *here dwells a noble spirit.* You did not perceive upon her cheek the fresh-

ness of the rose of Sharon, but there was the more delicate and more interesting whiteness of the lily of the valley ; while her countenance was lighted up by a piercing black eye, which, whether softened by affection or brightened by joy, shot forth peculiar graces.

Living in the neighbourhood of a distinguished University, she often happened in the company of the young gentlemen there pursuing their studies. Her father too was himself a graduate of the Institution and, though now descending the vale of years, felt strongly attached to his *Alma Mater*. He was wont to dwell with pleasure upon the interesting scenes of his early days ; and, with a merry heart, would often recount the adventures of a college life : by the most happy strokes, he would sketch the peculiarities and other prominent traits of a Classmate's character; and such was his graphical skill, that for the moment you would think you really saw the person he described. No wonder then that Olivia was partial to those now walking in the paths of literature and science : "They are treading," thought she, "in the footsteps of my father." With a life like theirs, she had naturally been accustomed to associate most of her ideas of happiness : she therefore loved their company and enjoyed their conversation.

Among the number, whom her father had seen fit to welcome at his house, was young *Albert*—possessed of a spotless character, a finished mind and winning manners. His visits, once begun, were often repeated. Mutual partiality was succeeded by friendship ; and friendship, by emotions more interesting. At length, the crisis arrived, and the hand of Albert was proffered to Olivia. I will not attempt to delineate the ecstacy of the blisful, yet awful, moment. While the heart leaps and dances with joy, an overwhelming thought intrudes : she is now to link her destiny with that of another and to determine an event that will give the hue and character to the remainder of her present and, it may be, to the whole of her future life. Her mother had long rested in the silent grave, and with a sister, she had, as I have said, never been blessed ; she hastens therefore, with filial confidence and affection,

to unbosom herself to her father. The experience of a long life having greatly weakened his confidence in mankind, he slightly alluded to what was not unfrequently the result of these affairs: he highly regarded Albert, he said, but the time of their proposed union was necessarily distant and one, or both of them, might in the interim gradually and without great criminality lose their present strong attachment. "Never, never!"—exclaimed Olivia, wounded by the suggestion—"Never shall *our* hearts cease to beat in unison." The affectionate father, overcome by her entreaties, prudently withdraws his surmises and permits her to follow the dictates of her own understanding.

The emotions that had before been suppressed, she did not now care to conceal: the affection, that had hitherto been checked by fear and uncertainty, now rapidly increased and was constantly acquiring new strength, as weeks and months slipt away. Their views insensibly became more and more assimilated, until the very expression of their countenances seemed to be cast anew and plainly to declare that kindred spirits resided within their bosoms. Thus they

> —— "grew together
> Like a double cherry, seeming parted;
> But yet a union in partition,—
> Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:"

Albert's course in the University was at last finished; and it became necessary for him to return to his friends in the State of —— in order to complete his profession and to prepare for establishing himself in life. This was to be accomplished before the happy æra of the consummation of their nuptials.—You need not be told that they seperated with much reluctance and deep regret. But their sorrow was greatly abated by the unshaken confidence each reposed in the strength and constancy of the other's affection: the delightful reflection also that this absence was to be the very means of hastening their union, united to the fond hope of untold years of enjoyment they would yet spend together, disrobed the event of the melancholy aspect it would otherwise have worn.

Albert's father, though without education himself, was de-

scended from a highly respectable and ancient family, and he was likewise a man of great wealth. Property and rank were therefore almost of course circumstances of vast moment in his view—far more valuable, than any moral worth or intellectual acquirements. In the progress of time, he accidentally discovered that letters were frequently sent and others as frequently received by his son from under a female hand, and postmarked with the name of the city, in which the latter had finished his education. On further enquiry, he ascertained that Albert was actually engaged to a young lady without fortune and without family distinction. This was enough: he wanted no other proof of the unsuitableness of the match. He threatened to disinherit his son immediately, if he did not at once break off the engagement and solemnly pledge himself never to resume it.

Albert's composition was of the description that is suddenly struck and easily attracted; and unhappily, he could as suddenly and as easily (as is usually the case) lose the attraction, when other objects arrested his attention. He had, it was true, been most ardently attached to Olivia; but absence had already considerably abated his ardour, and time had moderated his feelings. The magical delusion of affection had begun to vanish. He had mingled in other circles sufficiently to discover that Providence has not concentrated all its charms in any single individual, and he already more than suspected that there were many ladies with whom he could pass his days happily enough. Still he considered himself obligated to Olivia, and could not endure the thought of deserting her. But if he continued constant; he had to forfeit his father's favour, and submit to be turned adrift upon the world. His pecuniary expectations too must all be blasted in the bud. He therefore, though reluctantly, determined to give up his once dear Olivia, and accordingly acquaints her with his determination; and in such a way as to cast all the blame upon his father.

Olivia was overwhelmed by the dreadful tidings, and it seemed as if the hand of death had overtaken her. The intel-

ligence had likewise been communicated in such a manner, as to lay all resentment to sleep—a most unhappy circumstance: Had her indignation only been excited, she could have triumphed over the calamity, keen and cutting as it was. But she soon began to pity her Albert, and lament his supposed sufferings. Her sorrow too was not of the kind, that bursts forth and relieves itself by sobs and tears and sighs, and then flees away. But like the fathomless river, it ran deep and still: it secretly and silently made its fatal ravages. The recollection of her heedless confidence, and of her disregard of the candid cautions of an endeared father (who had died a few months before) was constantly present to her mind. Sorely disappointed and already broken-hearted, she now finds herself without a parent—without her Albert—and without means of support. Her health was gradually undermined; for an unseen worm ceasely (less) gnawed upon her vitals. She pined and wasted away. Being constitutionally disposed to derangement as, according to some, the jet colour of her eyes indicated, she fell a victim to this most dreadful of maladies, and at last died—the unhappy tenant of an Asylum.

DISCRETION.

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*Messrs. Editors,*

A friend of mine now travelling in foreign countries occasionally sends me sketches of the manners and customs of the people whom he meets, and of the different Literary and Scientifick Institutions which he has an opportunity to visit. His predecessors have been so learned, diligent and elaborate in their descriptions of almost every thing worthy of notice, that I find little novelty in some of his letters. In the last I received however is an account of a Society for Criticism on Preaching, which I do not recollect ever to have seen mentioned. Though his letters were not intended for the public eye, I will take the liberty to gratify your readers without his consent—for notwithstanding his excessive modesty, I doubt not when he returns a host of importunate friends will prevail

on him (much against his inclination) to publish at least a couple of volumes. Whether they will all have been written at the time of their date, or afterwards in his closet, is of no manner of consequence to the reader:—description is description still, whether taken from the object itself, or from the impression of the object on the mind,—and provided the traveller is a man of veracity—and a suitable addition be made for the difference between the impression and the actual view, a correct idea of all he has seen, heard and said, may be easily obtained.

I am the more strongly induced to give publicity to the letter I mentioned, that my fair country-women, *who seem very little disposed to this kind of criticism*, may be excited by the example of their foreign sisters to employ their powers of mind in a field of so much usefulness to themselves, and benefit to the world. The utility of the example and the practicability of the design do not require me to tell the location of this Society. On *the veracity of a traveller* I protest that such a society does exist—and may be easily known from its influence on the morals of the people in its neighbourhood. Concerning its origin and progress, my correspondent writes thus: "About eight years since, a number of respectable and enterprising ladies, who had long been in the habit of dissecting every Sermon they heard, being convinced by the numerous Associations springing up around them, that little good could be done by individual, in comparison with united, exertions, formed a Society expressly for the purpose of criticism on preaching. A constitution was adopted, with a suitable preamble explaining the object of their union—the importance—necessity—and practicability of that object—and inviting others to form auxiliaries to the parent Society. I have spent some time in this place to witness the effects of so novel an Association, and from its happy consequences, am exceedingly desirous that similar institutions may be formed in America. To expedite such a measure, as I shall not return to my country for several years, I will, together with a description of one of their meetings, also send you a copy of the Constitution

and the Preamble, which I was permitted, in consideration of the use I intended to make of it, to copy from their records. Do, my dear friend, be active in this object, and I shall hope at my return to find every clergyman a Blair, and every audience an assembly of Athenians."

*Preamble.* "The *object* of this Association is, by candid, judicious and able Criticism on Preaching to improve our own taste, and the style and manner of the Clergy. In all Criticisms, the chief attention shall be turned to the *style* of the composition—to the *sentiments*, as novel or thread-bare—as ingenious or dull—to the *gesture* of the preacher, as clumsy or elegant—as forbidding or attractive—to his *voice*, as harsh or musical—as monotonous or well-inflected—to his *pronunciation*, as vulgar or polite—as careless or easily precise.

The *importance* of our object it will need little argument to illustrate. We rely on these two undoubted principles: that the cultivation of taste refines the moral feelings—and that the Clergy have a powerful influence on the public taste. The former of these principles is affirmed by many able philosophers—and the latter is substantiated by experience. Our efforts then all concentrate in improvement—for while we shall improve the taste of the Clergy by our Criticism, the same process will improve our own—and refine and ennoble our moral feelings.

With bleeding hearts we turn from the importance to the *Necessity* of such an Institution. We cannot look with composure upon the danger to which ourselves and our friends are exposed from the vitiated taste which has entered the desk. Rarely do we listen to a sermon in which there is no incorrect sentence, or mixed figure:—and not a few sermons are entirely destitute of ornament and fancy. But the evil does not stop here—for the elegance of our manners is exposed to injury by the awkward gesture and ungraceful position of the preacher. For another reason we think our institution absolutely necessary: the style of composition is very generally allowed to be an index to the qualities of the heart—and every body knows that an amiable disposition will unfold itself in easy and

genteel behaviour. How then can we trust ourselves to the superintendence of those, whose unpolished style and manner bear witness that they are destitute of the nice sensibilities which every preacher ought to possess? The evil calls loudly for a remedy—and though much may be done by individuals, the old prejudice of preferring good doctrine to smooth sentences, and sincere earnestness to counterfeited zeal and studied gracefulness, is so strong, that we are convinced by long experience no scheme will be effectual but the one we have adopted."

The Preamble also argues at some length, in favour of the *Practicability* of the scheme,—but as this in modern projects is comparatively of little importance—and as experience has shown the scheme to be practicable, I will omit the remainder.

My limits will not permit me at present to give a full view of their Constitution—or of the meeting which my friend described—or of the very visible effects which the Society produces on the tone of morals in its neighbourhood. It is sufficient to mention that the qualifications for admission are almost unreasonably severe—and that all the officers must possess almost unrivalled acquisitions: for example, the President—who is to decide on the *character of the Sermon*, and the *talents* of the *Preacher*—is required to have read at least twelve Novels, some half dozen fashionable Poets—besides almost all Blair's Lectures—and the title page of Kame's Elements of Criticism, and Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetorick.

I shall take a future occasion to present you with more of the subject. Yours, &c. PHILOCLERICUS.

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TO THE TRAGICK MUSE—A FRAGMENT.

But oh Melpomene! thy lyre of woe—
To what a mournful pitch its keys were strung,
And when thou bad'st its tones of sorrow flow,
Each weeping muse, enamour'd, o'er thee hung:
How sweet—how heav'nly sweet, when faintly rose
The song of grief, and at its dying close
The soul seem'd melting in the trembling breast—
The eye in dews of pity flow'd away,
And ev'ry heart, by sorrow's load oppress,
To infant softness sunk, as breath'd thy mournful lay. C. E.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 11.] TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1820. [Vol. I.

"*United*, we stand."

We have received a second communication from *Concinnus*, and, without further preface, lay it before our readers:

*Respected Friends*,

In a former letter I gave you a sketch of the prominent traits of our character, but refrained from alluding at all to the ungenerous treatment we are constantly receiving from the rest of the sex. Notwithstanding our being universally acknowledged to be a well-disposed pacifick class of gentlemen, still sneers, ridicule and satire have been most bountifully heaped upon our heads. Now if we know our own hearts, we do not indulge the least grain of ill-will towards such as have been engaged in this cruel business: the only sensations we harbour are those of pity and regret. We are sorry to see men of ingenuity and wit devote their talents to the unwarrantable purpose of injuring the inoffensive and unprotected. We cannot deny that *there is* a little wit in the invention of the significant names that in various caricatures, (some of which you have doubtless seen) are appropriated to the different parts of the body; but we say that it is illiberal and ill-natured in the highest degree to fix upon our noddles a nickname* that seems to reflect on us as if we were to *blame* for not having greater and more exalted talents. Surely we cannot be properly censured, because Nature has communicated to us with a sparing hand. It is not our wish to make pretensions to what we do not possess; nor have we any desire to conceal

* "Calves'-head-jelly."—*Ed.*

our mental debility, but renewedly cast ourselves upon the mercy and candour of a generous publick.

As if all the efforts that have been made to ridicule and satirise us were not enough, many persons are moreover busily engaged in endeavouring to injure our standing, especially among the mechanical part of the community; and in consequence of this we suffer grievously. To this cause we are doubtless correct in attributing an insulting and brutal piece of violence lately committed on the person of one of our fraternity—Mr. *******. That you may have correct ideas of what constituted the essence of the offence, I will accompany this letter with an *engraved Sketch*, executed by one, who was himself an eye-witness of the affray. Permit me also to state some of the particulars of the case: they are briefly these. About ten months since our brother had, on the arrival of the latest European fashions, occasion for a new suit, which was immediately furnished by his tailor. The times being rather hard, and his previous expenditures having been much greater than had been anticipated; he for a considerable period neglected to call and settle the demand. The bill was at length sent in. This being unattended to; it was handed in two or three times more. Finally a civil officer was dispatched: on meeting with something of an uncourteous reception when he first addressed our friend, the rascal at once flew into a rage—clasped him around the waist with his right hand—held him up in the air in an impudent manner—and, horrible to relate, shook him most unmercifully to his inexpressible mortification, and to the great delight of a multitude of by-standers.

In consequence of this, and numerous other almost equally daring outrages, we have been obliged to take effectual measures for our protection: the brotherhood have recently entered into a league defensive and inviolable. It is quite unnecessary to say that our institution—originating as it does, like most other associations among men, in the weakness of individuals—has for its grand object the security and safety of the whole: we are to guard each others reputations and persons—to assist each other in recovering from all ludicrous

attitudes and dilemmas—and in misfortunes where nothing else can be done, we will drop the tear of sympathy and extend the hand of condolence.

At our first meeting, after having unanimously agreed to be designated by the name and title of the NEW-HAVEN DANDY-CLUB, we proceeded to the adoption of a Constitution. I really wish I had the time to lay before you a few specimens of this happy and appropriate instrument of our confederation; but I must hasten to give you a sketch of the procedure of the Club in the important matter of choosing the first President. As the excellencies that naturally qualify for this birth are mostly of a corporeal kind, and as these are tangible and easily ascertainable; we were of course freed from the difficulties and perplexities attendant upon estimating intellectual properties. Each too choose to present his own claims in proper person, and we were thus delivered from many modest round-about ceremonies, which serve only to consume time and delay business.

On the making of the motion to proceed to the choice of President, every eye flashed with *unusual* fire and intelligence, and each tongue instantaneously danced with a hitherto-unknown rapidity. To be frank, one could not help thinking of ancient Babel and its confusion. Each with all his might endeavoured to establish his own interest upon the best possible foundation, and to delineate in glowing colours the number and superiority of his own qualifications. *One* gentleman urged the unrivalled *slenderness of his waist* in support of his pretensions, extending his hand at this moment and exhibiting a string equalling its circumference.—*Another* spoke of the excellence of a *long and small neck.*—A *third* gave the measurement of his *hip*, and dwelt with much fervour on the excellence of breadth in this particular.—A *fourth* expatiated upon the elegance and splendour of his *establishment*, and, by way of confirmation, held up to view, and gracefully shook an enormous bunch of seals, keys and trinkets, which rang through the welkin like so many sheep-bells.—A *fifth* endeavoured to make a happy display of the *plumpness of his calves*

and other parts of his body.—A *sixth* solemnly averred that he had for a long time had on his head *hair* enough to stuff two or three saddles; he also declared that his *fingers* did not, by actual measurement, equal a pipe-stem in thickness, though they much surpassed it in length and pearly whiteness: On these two perfections, "I"—said he—"cheerfully rest my pretensions."

After this way the meeting proceeded until it was discovered that all the gentlemen had made out to prefer their claims, excepting one, who (as his appearance clearly indicated) was a conspicuous member of the fraternity. He had indeed been up and speaking incessantly from the very moment of the opening of the meeting; but had not even at this late hour been able to bring his words so far to a focus, as to state in clear and intelligible terms his reasons for thinking himself worthy of being elected. His unhappy predicament being perceived, a friend gifted with a little more precision and point, kindly offered to assist him. It was after a time made to appear that in this honourable gentleman were concentrated and happily combined, most of the qualities possessed by those, who had preceded him—that, in addition to this, he always went completely accoutred from head to foot—that his garments were always in the newest style and in the extremes of the fashion, having on at the very time a pair of *Cossacks* that contained an abundance of cloth for two petticoats and a short-gown.—You may be sure that the discovery of this constellation of perfections set the audience agape, and most felt ashamed of having urged their *lean* qualifications. But what was peculiarly effectual in completely extinguishing every spark of envy in every bosom was this: it was clearly proved from various and respectable sources that the honourable gentleman had never during all his life been guilty of advancing a single idea in any company whatever, although one of the most loquacious of men—constantly talking without cessation or intermission. This was no sooner ascertained, than he was by every voice and without a dissenting murmur, declared the first President of the Club.

On being conducted to the chair, it was found that the space between the arms of it was not sufficient to admit His Excellency, accoutred as he was, in a first-rate fashionable pair of hippers: he was therefore obliged to take another seat. Then, smiling graciously upon the company and exhibiting thirty two as fine teeth as ever lips inclosed, he began an inaugural address, and proceeded a considerable time without uttering any thing that bore even a distant resemblance to thought. Some of the members, although highly delighted with these early pledges of his future usefulness, after a while began to yawn most horribly, and were, at last absolutely overpowered by bodily fatigue; for even we have the common infirmities of flesh and blood. At length, one took his departure, then another and another, and so on—till our worthy president was left, *solus in solo*, still rending the air with the most animated gestures, and in the most impassioned and *unideal* strains addressing the naked walls; and he may, for aught I know, even now be found thus engaged.

If endless loquacity unclogged by thought, be a peculiarity of the fraternity; surely our chief magistrate is well worthy of the first place within its gift.

Your old friend,

CONCINNUS.

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*Messrs. Editors*,

Perhaps you were not aware that we of woman kind love so well to talk, that it is not always expedient to give free scope to our tongues or pens. You have so much favoured me by admitting a former communication that I again venture to address you; yet it remains with you to say whether the pen to which you have given a stimulus shall continue in action. I am so far advanced in life that I dearly love to speak of other times and even find myself in common with older people, beginning to lament "the degeneracy of modern days;" still however, I find many things to commend and admire, as well as some deserving of censure. The commencement of your

paper I hail as an auspicious era, and hope much benefit will be derived from its perusal, particularly by your female readers. Some of the younger part of these, together with many other young ladies, may be divided into two classes styled *the Learned* and *the Sentimental.* The former, eagerly pursue the most abstruse studies and glide over every branch of science with astonishing rapidity. Thus they acquire a smattering of every thing, while they are not thoroughly acquainted with any thing. This of course makes them pedantick and disagreeable. They disgust men of sense and lead them sometimes to consider all literary acquirements useless and improper for females.

*The Sentimental* on the other hand, read nothing but novels and poetry. They are at all times ready

" To die of a rose in aromatick pain ;"

and see nothing in real life but through the false and dazzling medium of fictitious history. Consequently, they become unfit for every day employments and duties, and dissatisfied with the rational enjoyments of those around them. But I hasten to lay before you a specimen of the epistolary correspondence of one of each of the classes, to which I have alluded ; from these you may gain some knowledge of their feelings and pursuits. I was led to take this measure from their both happening to mention your paper, as well as from a strong desire to give you the best information of the present state of an important part of the reading community. The authors of the following letters, are two of my nieces, who reside in a small country town. They were left orphans at an early age with a considerable fortune in the hands of an indulgent Guardian. The eldest is now seventeen, and the other a little past fifteen. Deprived of that guidance which might render them useful members and bright ornaments of society—pursuing the course best suited to their inclinations ; they have fallen into the common faults of the day and afford tolerable specimens of the *Learned* and *Sentimental.* The eldest writes :

*Ever dear and honoured Aunt,*—The multiplicity of my avocations, has of late been an insuperable preventative to the commitment of my cogitations to a form tangible to your occular organs. I am most delightfully engrossed in

the pursuit of literature; my studies at present being, Algebra, Logick, Botany, Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, Latin, Astronomy and a few more, equally grand and important. With exceeding pleasure have I perceived the announcement of a periodical publication with the scientifick appellation of "The Microscope." My astonishment was however, excited at the plain unadorned style of the introductory number; indeed so utterly devoid is it of ornamented and *majestick* elegance that I felt as if it was the honest well meaning talk of one of our country Esquires. But coming as the Work does from your literary city, I doubt not it will in future numbers shine forth in all the majesty and splendour of scientifick elegance, both in the subject-matter and diction. I hope also to see the most strange and important discoveries in all the Sciences have a place in their pages, although no mention has been made of such intention. I must solicit of you the favour to see that they are regularly transmitted to our domicile. I must likewise crave your time and attention to the purchase of a few indispensable articles which my present necessities imperiously demand; *namely*, —— a glass receiver, some oxyd of arsenick, a little sulphate of Iron and acetate of Copper. And do not forget a small plate of platina, and a port-folio for dried plants. I am sadly in want of a multitude of other things—but I have of late so much diminished my wardrobe by some *experiments*, which have burned and soiled my dresses in such a deplorable manner that I am reduced to the painful necessity of giving up these desirable additions to my apparatus, or being unfit to appear in decent company.

With sentiments of the most exalted regard,

I am your attached and devoted Niece,

SOPHRONIA.

Her sister's letter was as follows:

Well my dear Aunt, the delightful gales of spring begin to thrill through the leafless groves, and already the feathered songsters are warbling their sweetest notes. But alas, I wander forth alone and find myself in this wide world a solitary being, with none to participate in my joys or sympathise with me in sorrow. I long for a bosom friend, in whose society I may find relief from the horrid *ennui* which constantly haunts me in this abode of dull and stupid mortals.

I am dying to read *Ivanhoe*. Miles and miles have I sent, but there is not a Circulating Library in the neighbourhood, which has yet added this work to their delightful stock. Do send it by the first opportunity, together with all the latest fashions for dresses, and prettiest patterns for ruffles, &c. which you can find. I hope Guardy will permit us to visit you this spring, and I fear we shall make a horribly outlandish appearance, unless you favour us in this way. By the by, I suppose "the Microscope," as it is something new, will be *fashionable*; therefore, I shall be pleased to see it. I should however have been vastly better pleased had it been called "the Opera Glass." Oh dear Aunt, think what a charming title that would have been! we might then have expected to see all the news about dress and fashion, new poems and novels, and affairs of polite and elegant life exhibited to view. I suppose your delightful city will be the seat of gaiety at the coming Election. I long to be there; it will be the

charming month of May—your venerable elms will then begin to shew their leafy honours, and all the beauties of the spot which I so much admire, will appear in their highest perfection. My dear good aunt, I almost dread your sober advice, but I do believe all your serious remonstrances would then be lost upon your incorrigible

ARABELLA.

Such, gentlemen, is the natural result of a fashionable education;—such are *many* of the young ladies of the higher classes at the present day. And are these the women, who are to fill the important and responsible station of wives and mothers in our country? Will they form suitable companions for men of worth and intelligence? Can it be expected that they will train their sons to usefulness and form their daughters to virtue and happiness. Alas! they need that *plain good sense*, which enables a woman to conduct with dignity and propriety in any station. They are lamentably ignorant of every thing that relates to domestic economy; and know about as little of themselves as if their souls resided abroad. Do not these things call for a reform?—The hope of eliciting from the able pens of "the Fraternity" something on the subject, was one inducement to my making this communication.

Your attentive reader and friend,

HONORIA.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Allegoricus* shall be inserted in our next.

*Morpheus* is likewise received; and we shall be happy to present it to our readers as early as possible.

It gives us pleasure to number *Leon* among our correspondents: he shall appear as soon, as our present engagements are discharged.

*G. H.* was very acceptable; he shall also have a place as soon as may be.

*Kate* is under consideration.

We hope the pen of *Alfred* will not be suffered to remain long unemployed; but that we shall again have it in our power to entertain the publick with the acceptable effusions of his muse.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 12.] FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1820. [VOL. I.

For see, on death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

*Montgomery.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

DURING one of the gloomy storms by which the face of the heavens has been eclipsed the present spring, I retired to my chamber, and passed the evening in reflecting upon the cheerless prospect, which death presented to mankind, *before* the appearance of our Saviour. These reflections and the thoughts excited by them, I take the liberty to enclose. Should you think them worthy a place in your paper, they are at your disposal.

Yours, &c.

ALLEGORICUS.

The uncertainty of life and the precariousness of human existence are subjects which always excited the liveliest interest in the minds of the heathen. The Moralist of antiquity, looked in vain for some clue to unfold to him the reason why life was so transient, and so replete with sorrow. When experience had imparted to him all its treasures, he still found himself enveloped in darkness, and through the veil of futurity which lay before him, his unassisted eye could not penetrate. That the soul exercising thoughts and volitions, and partaking of elevated enjoyments, should like rays from the sun perish forever, filled his mind with doubt and gloomy forebodings. To relieve himself from these perplexities, he fancied that in some

elevated regions, the soul amid the purest enjoyments would exist and brighten forever. He beheld the works of a being illimitable in power, adorning the regions of creation, and from the stores of his bounty, he was daily receiving much to comfort him in his way. He saw the finger of God in the lightning, and in the tempest, and enjoyed his daily protection while surrounded by danger; still when he fixed his eyes on the dreariness of the grave, he discovered no lamp piercing its darkness, and illumining his path with even a solitary ray. That Socrates should have shuddered at annihalation, and experienced an anxious solicitude when his dissolution approached, is not surprising, when it is remembered what a dreary prospect the mythology of Greece, presented to all its votaries.

With such reflections revolving in my mind, I retired and under the influence of *balmy sleep*, all external objects were soon banished from my sight. The train of thoughts which had interested me while awake, still absorbed my mind, and presented to my view the following vision.

Methought that the sun had retraced his course for nineteen centuries, and that the heathen world with all its innumerable inhabitants were then existing. That the northern half of Europe, which now exhibits its fruitful fields and smiling cities, was the abode of beasts of prey and the wandering barbarian. That Greece *fallen from its high estate*, was mouldering in ruins, and its former glory like the expiring taper, was casting its lingering rays through the melancholy gloom, which brooded over its present degradation. That Rome with all its dazzling conquests, and its mighty power, was spreading its fame throughout the world; and on the wreck of subjugated nations, was erecting an arch of triumph, which should extend from pole to pole.

Methought I was wandering through some unknown region, where every object was teeming with life—where fruits and flowers imparted their choicest fragrance. Suddenly I found an inherent energy enabled me to stretch my wing, and move onward through space, unobstructed in my course, by those

laws which influence material objects. Variety opened to my view its countless treasures, gilding with more than terrestrial beauty the boundless region around me, and imparting a finished lustre to the prospect. While indulging myself in examining the variegated objects before me, I discovered at an immense distance a dark valley, through the gloom of which no eye could penetrate.

On one side of it, I perceived beings endless in number, moving towards it like rolling clouds, and plunging into it regardless of its terrors. All apparently started from the same point, but moved with a varied rapidity. This point which was called "Nativity" was the origin of their progress, and from it they proceeded without lingering on their way. Some in the commencement of their being, reached it before a single sun had revolved around them, while others tottering with age seemed to pursue their course, with the progress of a snail, as if dreading to encounter this impenetrable darkness. Their path towards it was adorned at first with the flowers of hope, but ere they had completed half of their progress, their bloom and colours faded. Some attempted to beguile their way, by turning their eyes from the terrors. Although they spread a fancied brightness over the present, and carolled away their hours in mirth, still the farther they advanced, they found their pleasures a poorer antidote, to the dreary prospect which was spread before them. Numbers who realized that they were rapidly hastening towards this vale, seized upon this or that object to obstruct their progress. Although they occasionally were propped up with exultation, and fancied themselves stationary; still all their companions perceived them rapidly approaching it, and that sooner or later they would become the inhabitants of this gloomy valley.

Above this multitude I discovered Pain, Disease, and Sickness, with their countless attendants, cowering, like the eagle for his prey. Thousands who exhibited the bloom of health, and the vigour of manhood, while they were going on their way rejoicing, were seized by these messengers, and in the twinkling of an eye, were hurried forward to this region of

gloom, and lost forever. These myriads of beings, moving onward like the waves of the sea, were succeeded by others, who following in their tracks, soon reached this vale of darkness and were seen no more.

Notwithstanding they all shuddered when they thought of entering this valley, still many (to my great surprise) exerted all their energies, to accelerate the progress of those around them. More were hurried forward by their fellow beings than by the countless messengers who hovered over them. Although every commotion seemed to give a momentum to their progress; their agitations still continued, as if conscious that their existence was too long protracted.

As my curiosity was excited by the prospect I was contemplating; I determined to approach nearer, and learn from some of this immense congregation, for what object they were created—why they did not retrace their steps—or by a union among themselves, break the chains which drew them towards this abyss. Descending from my elevation I soon mixed with this multitude, and made these enquiries of those around me. I learned that they all started from a common point, and were bound they knew not whither. Some thought that they should be annihilated when they reached the cloudy region, which was called the VALE OF DEATH others believed that beyond it clearer skies and happier prospects were prepared for them—while many were convinced that they should soon sink into this gulf of sorrow, to rise no more forever. A few whom I addressed had a faint hope that this valley which had been for ages receiving its prey, would before they reached it be filled, while most thought that it was without a bottom, and that despair brooded over it with terrific gloom.

While ruminating upon their miseries, I exerted myself to find some relief to their anticipated sufferings. All my attempts however were fruitless, as before I had imparted any comfort to my companions, I felt the attractive influence of this dismal vale. I should have been driven on with the passing thousands, had I not ere the chain of Fate was entwined around me, ascended to more elevated regions. Here sta-

tioning myself beyond the reach of its influence, I looked on the multitude below me, and could not refrain from sympathizing with them in their distresses; as I saw them hastening to fill this dark receptacle, which appeared to widen its mouth to receive them.

While lost in sorrow, as my eyes rested on the prospect beneath, a sound of joy and exultation struck my ear. On elevating my eyes to the direction from whence the sound proceeded, high above the starry concave, a form appeared, adorned with the lustre of the morning, and shining with unrivalled splendour. On his head rested a crown of resplendent beauty, gemmed with the stars of Virtue. Hope with immortal loveliness, beamed from his countenance, and imparted a living beauty to the whole creation. *A cloud was his pavilion;* and on the wings of benevolence, he bent his flight towards this vale of sorrow. As he passed through the regions of creation, Suns and Systems moved from their orbits to make way for his approach. Their fires which had been enkindled at his command, grew pale at his coming, and were soon lost in the splendour which emanated from his countenance. As he drew nearer, I discovered choirs of beings of unrivalled beauty, moving in his train, who shouting his praise, swelled the notes of joy and exultation. Their countenances reflecting his infinite excellence, were lighted up with the bloom of immortal youth, and illumined with the intellect of ages.

As he approached this melancholy multitude, the eyes of many were turned towards him as their only consolation. Through him they expected a deliverance from the sufferings which awaited them, and with shouts of joy, they beheld the darkness of the gloomy valley penetrated by his beams. To them he communicated the glorious intelligence, that beyond the VALE OF DEATH, a region was opened to receive them—teeming with life—endless in its duration, and replete with never ending happiness. That having passed the vale before them, they would if they observed his directions, be resuscitated—*likened unto his glorious image* and partake with him in these mansions which he had prepared, unmingled hap-

piness. That they would pass an existence which would never terminate—that suffering would no more ambush their path—that envy and every malignant passion would be forever banished, and that hope with its brightest beams would be changed into fruition. He also informed them that if they neglected his directions, a suffering which would be unmingled would be their doom, where eternal ages would not furnish any relief to their keenest anguish.

He confirmed the truth of these assertions, by the power which he exercised, and the miracles which he performed. Death which was daily receiving the tribute of thousands of this immense multitude, at his command yielded up its prey, and found with surprise, its kingdom subjected to his will. Sickness vanished at his bidding, and its victims pallid with disease and agonised by pain, felt the flush of health again glowing in their countenances in all its former loveliness. Reason which had long deserted the frenzied maniac, returned at his pleasure, and taught him to worship and adore this divine Benefactor. The gloomy storm at his rebuke disappeared, and the elements with all their terrors acknowledged his sway. He spoke, and the eye slumbering in midnight burst its cataract, and beheld rays of divinity playing upon the countenance of this glorious messenger. The ear to which no sound of mercy had ever come, opened at his bidding, and with wonder and astonishment, listened to the intelligence, that this life was the "embryo of existence—the dawn of an immortal day," or the evening of a night, where hope would expire amid the darkness of eternal sorrow. To direct them in their course he gave them a map on which was portrayed the perils of their way, and means of escape from every danger. Leaving behind him a few followers devoted to his glory and to the happiness of their fellow-beings, he winged his way for those mansions which he had left, in order to prepare a residence for all who should accept his proffers.

Methought that this intelligence would be received with rapture by the giddy multitude, and that the horror which had darkened their passage, would be dissipated by the flood of

consolation which now illumined their prospects. But I was surprised to discover, that they were many of them still bent upon accelerating the progress of those around them, to woe and ruin. They enkindled in each others minds those feuds and animosities, which destroyed their happiness, and when blown into a flame, sent through the agency of the messengers, myriads of their fellow beings to the vale of Darkness.

My curiosity to examine the appearance of those who reached the brink of this vale, induced me to wing my way towards them. As I hovered over it, I saw thousands plunging every moment into it, while the shrieks of anticipated woe from most beneath me filled my mind with horror.

Amid this multitude, I discovered one whose path had been lengthened out almost a century. Time had wrinkled his face with its deepest furrows, and whitened his locks with the frosts of age. I had observed him on his way regardless of the map which the heavenly Messenger had left to guide him. His thoughts were fixed upon a glittering dust, which sparkled with a feeble lustre, and in amassing this, he had exerted all the energies of his mind. As he reached this valley, he exhibited a ghastly visage, and with a groan of vivid anguish sunk forever. Another who had spent his existence in peopling this gloomy region, in order to weave for himself a wreath of flowers, which he believed would bloom long after he had disappeared, as he stood upon the brink of ruin, and was expecting every moment to be hurried into it, looked in vain around him for some obstacle to retard his fate, and lengthen his existence. As he found his feet slipping from under him, he exhibited a shuddering aspect. The thousands whom his hand had sent to this dark mansion, rose before his affrighted imagination, and thirsting for revenge, sent forth a shout of malignant joy at his approach. He clung with a frenzied anxiety to the objects around him, as if they would prove a shelter from the storm and the tempest which had rose above his horizon. While casting an anxious look on the dreary prospect which was spread before him—imploring in vain for that mercy which he had so long despised, he was seized by a

fleeting messenger, and as his cries for mercy died upon my ear, he was lost amid the darkness of the grave. Others who had passed their time in the acquisition of trifles, found nothing to cheer them as they moved forward. Although these objects were arrayed with loveliness when seen at a distance, as soon as they were possessed their colours faded, and their lustre set in darkness.

I was surprised to find that although many had access to this map, they disregarded it, notwithstanding they were surrounded by so many dangers. Occasionally a smile played upon the countenance of some one who had completed his course in obscurity. Not knowing to what to impute it, I listened attentively to one whose face pourtrayed the calm emotions of resignation. I had often observed him on his way, whenever he was at loss to ascertain his course consult his map.—In it he found a clue, which enabled him to escape the successive labyrinths which surrounded him. As he drew near this valley, the contentment which had appeared in his countenance, shone with a steady lustre. As he looked forward, his eye penetrated the darkness which was before him, and although doubt and fear occasionally cast a shade on his prospects, it was soon dispelled by the steady light, with which hope illumined his path. His earthly tenement was agonised by pain and suffering. Distress with its complicated evils seemed to exhaust upon him all its bitterness, as if desirous to quench his present peace; but with an eye fixed upon the glories which awaited him, he rose above his sorrows, and bursting the bands of corruption vanished from my sight, exclaiming *O Grave where is thy victory? O Death where is thy sting?* His triumph over the shadow of death, appeared more glorious than the exploits of the conqueror, or the wreaths of victory. This happy being will "rise supreme" above the wreck and ruin of this decaying universe, and will flourish with increasing beauty through the lapse of ages; while the fame of the conqueror, which is founded on the groans of the dying, and the shrieks of woe, will pass away when the *knell of time* shall have died upon the ear.

While reflecting on the triumphant exit of this individual, the morning sun shone through my window and broke my slumbers. As I perceived it to be a dream, I could not but be struck with the goodness of the great author of my being, in lengthening out my probation, and still continuing me a monument of his sparing mercy.

*** The history of *Gabriel Gap* shall be resumed on Tuesday.

*D's* lines suggested by the perusal of the story of *Olivia* shall appear in our next.

*Peter Witchquill* is under consideration.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 13.] TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1820. [Vol. I.

"He cannot stand it—said the Corporal:—He shall be supported—said my uncle Toby."

——— And so he shall—Notwithstanding the indifference of readers—and the difficulty of the task, the History of Gabriel shall be supported and printed too; and if this degenerate age shall neglect or despise his memoirs, posterity shall know that he lived, and that he had one friend to write his Biography.

We left Gabriel, according to a former number of the Microscope, in bad company. The scene was new to him. Poverty and rags, cold and hunger, sorrow and despondency, had apparently "filed off by sections of two," and our worthy friend longed to become a Marine before the offer to enlist was made. The blood that mounted to his cheek, and the wistful look of his brightening eye, conveyed to the Corporal the idea that he wished to join them ——

—— A slight whisper conveyed it to the Serjeant ——

—— Dispatch is the soul of the recruiting service and *Justice Mittimus*, with the dignity and solemnity peculiar to his office, administered to Gabriel the usual oath, by which the young soldier simply understood that he was to "*swear or affirm as the case might be.*"

In a tone as different from his former one, as the sound of a matrimonial dialogue is from the sentimental whine of courtship, the Sergeant ordered him to fall in the rear and march to the Guard-House. The

drill of the barracks corresponded as little with the jollity of the Gin-Shop, as does the discipline of a tortured conscience with its frequent associates—a bright eye and a laughing cheek. A few drops of acid, skilfully and scientifically infused into a quart of blue cabbage liquor, creates not a more surprising change, than was visible in the appearance and manifest in the face of the new recruit. The lounging gait became a free and soldier like step—the wilted neck was refreshed and stiffened—the shoulders were manfully thrown back, and that hardest of all tasks—to make Gabriel shut his mouth and *keep* it shut—was finally accomplished. The lower jaw, whose downward tendency and specifick gravity no willow stick had ever been able to counteract, now "*closed*" to the upper one, which was thus able, like a good soldier, *to cover its file leader*. Even the habitual long face of his old school-master, when he observed his altered appearance, was disturbed as he gave vent to his humour by saying with a very knowing look—"*Sic claudunt portæ æternitatis!*"—— Perhaps the joke will be lost on the reader—he will seek for the quotation among the Classicks in vain—but the pedagogue quoted merely from memory and he remembered only the much used alteration, styled the "INTERPRETATIO"—which was made not for him, but for the sole and particular use of the Dauphin—The "*principia non homines*" on the carriage of our worthy chief magistrate, (a sketch of whose life has been ably written by S. Putnam Waldo, Esquire,) was classically quoted from the same place, notwithstanding the suggestion of a wag that the president furnished the sentiment and the *coach-maker* turned it into Latin.——However,——

—— After parading the streets and serving as a bait to the trap, in which he was caught, orders arrived that they were to set sail the next morning for the Mediteranean—and the geograghical doubts of the young soldier, as to where that famous place might be—whether he should ever get there—or what might be his treatment in the mean time—and how or when he should get back—joined to his acquired antipathy to the service and his own

stupidity in devising means to get out of the scrape, puzzled his brain more than that of a selectman is bewildered, when he puts his ideas on a committee of ways and means to get rid of a town pauper. With a light step and a heavy heart he returned to the guard-house, where he communed—"1st. *negatively*," with himself—and "2d. *positively*," with BEN GAVIT.

Now BEN was a native of the State of "Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations"—(a little community to which, by the way, may be applied a part of an old song—

"What a pity it is, my dear Baron, said she,
"That you're not half as long as your name.")

He was a shoemaker by *profession*—not a "Boss of the shops"—but one of those itinerant gentlemen, who "*whip the cat*" and cobble from house to house to the great annoyance of the youthful part of those families which he visited and to the mortification of the domesticks—none of whom liked the "original and unaccommodating" shape of his shoes, or the republican appearance of the neat's leather with which they were made. Be that as it may, Gavit suggested the idea of deserting—formed the plan, and agreed to join Mr. Gap in locating the place—fortunately they were both to stand guard together that night—the hour, eleven,—would be a convenient one and Ben mentioned what might perhaps have occurred to the unassisted reflections of his comrade—that their compatriots would probably be considerably the worse for liquor, as the Sergeant would be absent on board ship to consult with Captain Cartridge, on the subject of their embarkation in the morning.—Such was the plan—and unlike many others much deeper laid—it succeeded.—According to their calculations, they were called out to relieve guard and in a short time, after having given notice of "*All's well!*" they started. Where should they go? "To the fire lands"—said Gabriel. Ben, more learned than his companion, (having studied Geography in his native State) informed him of the fact that they lay on the *Mediterranean*, and the fear of meeting the Essex induced them to give up the idea.

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To steal a boat was easy—and to let it drift down the river after they had crossed easier still—to march all night was by no means the greatest hardship to those who might be flogged—perhaps, hanged, if they were overtaken. And when morning should dawn they concluded to enquire for deserters, until a better time should occur.—Luckily, two Indians lying asleep in the road relieved them—they disrobed their red brethren without much ceremony, and the Indians, in their drunken wisdom, mistook them for the overseers of their tribe and of course were glad to come off so. Poor Gabriel! thou hast "unbuttoned one cause of vexation only to button up another."——

They completed their *toilette* and proceeded along the by-road in silence for some time—Gavit revolved in his mind the different plans as to the future which presented themselves, and was just immersed in the intricacies of a doubt whether they should set up a singing school, or teach Grammar by a machine that went with a crank—but, as he deliberated which of them should turn and which should explain, his reverie was suddenly broken by a noise that at first resembled the sound of a waggon: on turning round he found it proceeded from our hero, who with the abstraction peculiar to the great, and with the melancholy look and solemn tone much more appropriate to his feelings than his song, was just chanting forth the following

FOX MELODY.

The fox walked out one moon-shiny night—
And 'tis—O I'm a fox with a long red tail.
The turkies they are black, and the geese they are white,
And I'll have one of each for my breakfast in spite
Of the traps they have set for my long red tail.

'Squire Jones has a trap that is baited with cheese—

"Hush, you noisy fool!" —said the astonished Gavit—"who comes along here?"

GENTLEMEN,—I was much pleased with reading a late piece in your paper on the subject of slander. This, it must be al-

lowed, is among the most prominent of those evils, that disturb the peace of the community and embitter the fountain of social happiness. Could the practice of slander alone be banished from among men, and could our race be prevailed upon to conceal, and not expose and exaggerate the faults of their fellows—how much nearer would human intercourse approach to that society where the wicked, together with all their vices, "cease from troubling."—There are many other evils prevalent among us, of a similar nature, which though they may not involve such serious consequences, cannot fail to be frowned upon by every person, who has any regard for the feelings of those, with whom he is conversant.

The society, Messrs. Editors, with which I am accustomed to mingle is small, and made up of persons whom I have selected from a very extensive acquaintance. In making this selection, I have spent much time and employed much observation. After all my search—after having attentively looked around and narrowly inspected the various characters which present themselves, I am able to my great disappointment, to obtain from this mass of rubbish, but very few bright and precious gems. As to a perfect character, I despair of ever finding such a prize among the ruins of the fall. Though such beings may people the regions of fancy, I am sure they have no real existence below the skies:—all from the highest to the lowest have their faults—in some these faults are merely displeasing; in others they are so glaring and offensive, as to wholly disqualify them to be the companions of the virtuous.

Among my associates is *Gaptor*:—he is a young man of sobriety and worth; and in point of moral character, is the youth of the gospel, who lacked only one thing. He is an independent spirit, and appears to be but little affected by what is passing around him. When insulted to his face, he bears it with all the patience of a Socrates; while at the same time he manifests such a nobleness and indifference of soul, as to utterly confound those, who are disposed to injure his feelings or his reputation. Though he is tenderly alive to his character, yet he has none of those high notions of honour which render

a person so contemptible in the eyes of an enlighted and a christian community. With all his virtues however, my friend has one trait in his character, which I cannot away with: it is a disposition *to dispute, or to make some exceptions or objections* to almost every thing that is advanced by the company. His attention, instead of being occupied with the most prominent parts of the question or story, is entirely engrossed about trifling particulars, which can have little or no bearing upon the main subject. His views, so far as they extend, are discriminating and correct—the atmosphere in which he takes his observations is clear; but he takes them in a valley. This spirit of contradiction and minute attention to particulars render my friend not unfrequently a troublesome companion. Whether the disputatious spirit in him is to be attributed to pride or to some peculiar constitution of mind, I am unable to say: at any rate it destroys his own influence and wounds the feelings of others.

*Multus* is a professor of religion and, so far as I can determine, is a follower of those, who through faith and patience inherit the promises. I know of but one distinguishing trait in his character and that is an uncommon fondness for telling stories, anecdotes, &c.—For excelling in this he has every necessary requisite: to great information and great fluency of speech, he unites the most retentive and ready memory: every thing which he hears or reads, he retains with the most astonishing minuteness and accuracy. Many a time have I sat and heard him relate his stories with as much interest, as I ever felt in reading the three or four last pages of a novel. Still this proneness in my friend to entertain us with his stories, pleasing as it generally is, often becomes a source of vexation and disgust: when any other person attempts to relate any thing in his presence, he is sure to be *interrupted* by Multus, who must by the way put in some little circumstance, which had been left out; and twenty chances to one, he will also eventually take the whole task of narration to himself—while he who first started the subject must sit as an idle, slighted and insulted spectator.

Thus, I would proceed to particularize the faults of my other friends; but I must reserve this for some future time.

Yours, &c. G. H.

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LINES occasioned by hearing a lady sing in the tower of Montevideo—the seat of D. W******** Esq. of Hartford:

The soft dews of twilight are steeping the plain
And gemming the boughs of the willow—
The eve-star is lighting its twinkle again
To shine on the foam of the billow—

The south breeze is brushing the breast of the lake
That swells with the soft heaving motion,
And its ripple is heard on the pebbles to break
Like the slumbering wave of the ocean—

The gale on its pinions of gossamer flies
Through the boughs of the low bending willow,
And sweeping the forest, it mournfully sighs
O'er the turf of my flowery pillow,—

It bears on its wing, from the dark lonely tow'r,
O'er the mead and the wave's "playful motion"
The song of the maid, who at eve's balmy hour
Sings her sweet, breathing strain of devotion:

Like the hymn of a seraph, it floats through the grove
And sighs o'er the slope of the mountain;
How sweet—how enchanting its warble of love—
How it lulls, like the flow of the fountain.

As I listen, I fancy the dew-dropping cloud
That glows with a "lovely tomorrow"
An angel conceals, in its ebony shroud,
Whose harp breathes her accent of sorrow.

C. E.

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## THE FLOWER OF THE VALLEY—A SONG.

SWEET flower of the valley, why droop'st thou so low,
Ah! why is thy beauty all faded and gone,
Ah! who could destroy thee—who wield the sad blow—
Who rifle *thy* charms in their earliest dawn?

So gay was the morning, that rose as you blew—
So fragrant the zephyrs, that flutter'd around—

So soft did'st thou smile through thy mantle of dew,
No lovelier *flower* in the valley was found.

But see, on the turf all thy beauties are laid,
Thy leaves—they are scatter'd, thy sweetness is gone,
Thy colours—once gay as the rainbow—now fade
As fast, as the hues that enliven the dawn.

Sweet flower! once the sweetest that bloom'd in the vale—
Sweet flower! we will weep, for thy beauties are fled—
For those charms that are gone, we will pour the sad wail
And chaunt o'er thy ruins the dirge of the dead.

ALFRED.

## THE BOWER—A SONNET.

Retreat of Innocence! receive my form—
The form of one who wishes for repose,
And asks a pillow, where his eyes may close—
Where he may slumber safe from earthly harm:
And oh! within thy shade, where every charm
Of nature wantons on the dewy rose,
Where sweetest musick on the zephyr flows—
E'en now I feel my chilly heart grow warm:
Sure angels might repose in such a bow'r,
No stain of earth might dim their purity—
Here slumbering at the even's quiet hour
The dew of innocence might o'er them lie,
While heav'nly harps a seraph strain might pour,
And raise the listener's soul to ecstacy. C.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

THE following lines were composed on reading the interesting story of *Olivia*, in the tenth number of the Microscope, and are at your disposal.

Yours &c. D.

Ah; hapless *Olivia!* thy fate was severe,
And humanity drops, o'er thy story, a tear.
But why this emotion?—Compassion, begone!
'Tis a picture of sorrow that *Fancy* hath drawn;

For *Virtue* dejected can never decay,
Nor, fair as the rainbow, as soon pass away.
While she mourns the lost pleasures of mutual love,
She hears a kind voice whisper peace from above:

By keen disappointment with sadness oppress'd,
She admits not despair to a seat in her breast;
But the bright beam of hope shines anew on her eyes,
Not *reflected* from earth—but *direct* from the skies.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 14.] FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1820. [VOL. I.

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with differen subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.

*Pope.*

AMONG the censures cast upon our countrymen by European writers, one of the most prominent, is, that we are destitute of correct taste. Candid men, on the Eastern side of the Atlantic, admit that we have good sense, sprightly imagination, and sufficient energy of character. But they observe, that a bad taste is conspicuous in such of our writings, as fall under their inspection. To a considerable extent, the censure will by a candid American be admitted to be just.

Writing in the United States has never become a professional employment. Scarcely, half a dozen men have commenced authors in form, and expected to acquire subsistence by their pens. Men in this country, write in almost all instances, in order to accomplish or advance some incidental purpose; an object presented by their own business, and not a mere spirit of speculation in learning or science. The Divine, publishes sermons on matters of controversy; the Physician, gives an account of some peculiar disease, with which he has met in the course of his practice; the Politician, issues a Pamphlet, intended to promote the interests of his party; and occasionally, an individual, or an association of men, offer their lucubrations to the public, in the form of a Magazine. We have published a few books not included in this catalogue. Among them, are several historical, theological, medical, and

political productions, which have been well received by the public, and are certainly works of merit.

Book-making, if I may be allowed so awkward an expression, is not the mere result of genius and learning. It is also an art; and like all other arts, is acquired chiefly by experience. It ought not to be expected, therefore, that it should be well understood by persons, who like most American writers, have made it an object of very little attention. Good sense, will be displayed of course, by every writer possessed of sound understanding and vigorous phraseology. But a book written with a strict attention to those numerous proprieties, which enter into the character of a correct composition, is scarcely to be expected from him, who has not made writing an object of considerable study and practice. But this is true of very few Americans, if we compare their number with that of professed authors, in most European countries. In Europe, making books is a professional employment; and in most of the countries which it contains, multitudes spend life in no other business.

This difference of circumstances, will certainly go far towards explaining the imperfection, whatever it may be, which is attributable to American books. But there is another consideration, which has an extensive influence upon this subject. Almost all men in these States are men of business; each being engaged in a variety of active pursuits, from which he expects his subsistence, his reputation, and his influence. Among these, none are more busied than men of superior talents. Such men, therefore, are perhaps, even more rarely than most others, furnished with the leisure that is indispensable to a pursuit, which naturally requires a complete command of the best opportunities, and of all the powers that they need. Hence, such men are in this country not often found in the catalogue of authors.

Still it must be acknowledged, that errours as well as defects, which cannot be attributed to these causes, are certainly conspicuous in many of the literary productions of this country and among them the cause which has been mentioned in the begin-

ning of this paper: on many occasions we certainly discover a want of a correct taste.

There are two kinds of style; one of which may be named Logical, and the other Rhetorical; and which may be fairly considered as including all other divisions of this subject. By a logical style, I intend that which is employed with propriety in communicating truth and argument. By a Rhetorical style, that which with similar propriety is adopted for the purpose of presenting images to the fancy or making impressions on the heart. The reigning qualities in a good logical style, are perspicuity and precision; the prominent ones in a good Rhetorical style, are elegance and strength.

A logical style, is by its very nature incapable of admitting, generally at least, any high degrees of ornament. Its prime excellence, unquestionably consists, in being a simple, clear, exact, and likewise an apparently artless enunciation of the writers thoughts. At the same time, it should be neat, unclogged with useless words, phrases, or circumstances. The sentences ought to be clearly and happily arranged, free from every thing which is harsh, and so far possessed of melody, as on this account to be read with pleasure, and not with disgust.

Precision is the highest excellence of all style, and the most difficult to be acquired. The whole force of an image of the fancy, or a feeling of the heart, can never be communicated, and of course can never be felt, unless the language in which it is presented, be such as exactly to delineate the image, or to express the feeling. In a logical style it is however of still higher importance. In the strict sense, we can never be said to communicate truth, unless we communicate it exactly; and for this purpose, nothing will suffice, but absolute precision in our language. As truth is of immeasurable importance, precision of style, wherever this is the great object, must plainly possess a proportional value.

There is another high excellence in logical style, which seems to have engrossed less attention, than it deserves. This consists in the use of such phraseology, as contributes to diffuse over our discussions a general air of moderation and can-

dour. This excellence, like all others, has its chief foundation in the writer's manner of thinking. An ardent man, instead of expressing his thoughts as mere truths, connects with them, almost of course, the dictates of his imagination and his feelings; and in this manner adds something, which does not with strict propriety belong to his thoughts. Such a mode of writing, can scarcely fail to do injustice to our thoughts, considered as declarations of truth.

The intention of the writer in the case specified, is probably, always to express his thoughts, either with brilliancy, or with strength, or with both. But these are not proper appendages of that style which is designed to communicate truth. It seems to be the belief of every such writer, that whatever he may thus lose in correctness, he gains in the strength of the impression, which he intends to make on the mind of his reader. In this, however, he deceives himself. Where conviction only is aimed at, candour, and moderation, are much more powerful engines, if I may judge of others by myself, than brilliancy and figure. The writer, who expresses his thoughts with ardour, will rarely be believed to write merely from conviction. His reader will scarcely fail of suspecting, that he is interested in the subject in such a degree, as is seldom consistent with absolute fairness and integrity, and will therefore be continually on his guard against the influence of whatever he may say. Thus, to some extent, he is armed against conviction, and from an apprehension of being overreached by the ingenuity of the writer, is often induced to refuse the full measure of justice to his arguments.

On the contrary, wherever a predominant air of moderation is spread over a work, we readily admit that the author writes from his own conviction; and that, a conviction, produced by the sober dictates of the understanding, and not by the delusive impulses of the feelings and the imagination. In every such case, we cheerfully admit that he possesses unquestionable fairness and sincerity; qualities which all men consider as of the highest importance in him who assumes the office of an instructor. This persuasion concerning the writer, will

in a stronger degree influence the reader to receive the doctrines which he communicates, and the arguments by which they are supported, than the most brilliant displays of fancy, or the most energetic language of vigorous emotion.

A more perfect example of the justice of these observations cannot be mentioned, than the late Arch-Deacon Paley. In all the didactic works of this highly respectable writer, and these are all which I have seen, I know not that there is a single attempt at brilliancy or pathos. Yet there is perhaps no more persuasive writer of this class. The moderation and candour with which all his opinions and arguments are stated, sheds a charm on his writings, which could be derived from no strength of conception, or energy of style. Even his errors, which in some of his works, particularly his Moral Philosophy, are neither few nor unimportant, are presented to his readers with so much fairness, as to be accompanied with an agreeableness which can scarcely be said to attend even the sound doctrines of many other writers.

(*This subject will be resumed in our next paper.*)

We have already in more than one instance shown our wish to treat gentlemen of the Dandy cast with candour and fairness. But it must be recollected that in our first number we avowed a determination not to be *partisans* in any form or way. Therefore we deem ourselves obliged to give insertion to pieces from the opponents of this class of gentry. We sincerely sympathize with them in the unwelcome discovery that, notwithstanding all their efforts, they are still entirely unable *to please most ladies.* The following letter is pretty explicit on that point:

*Dear Mr. Microscope,*

I have for some years resided in a very retired country town, where I have seen little of the fashionable world. The name and character of a race which has lately sprung up, had reached my retirement, and I felt as great a desire to see a

*Dandy* as ever a child did to see a monkey or an elephant. It is now some weeks since I left the country; but I had not been long in the city before I had an opportunity of fully gratifying my curiosity.

But alas, Sir, it has been attended by some mortifying circumstances which I am now going to communicate. As I was walking through church street I saw just before me, what I knew in an instant was no other than a *real Dandy*. I need not give you a particular description of his dress, &c. To say no more, his enormous length of neck—wonderful slenderness of waist and breadth of shoulders and hips, so astonished me, that I verily thought for a moment that *it* must belong to a species with which I had no former acquaintance. As he walked along he was constantly passing his hands behind him carefully to adjust the folds of his surtout coat, or smoothing the wrinkles around his waist. How has he contrived, thought I, to stretch out his neck to such a length—why his head looks as if it were stuck on a barber's pole. As I was thus amusing myself, the creature suddenly turned round and staring me full in the face caught me in a broad grin. I assure you, Sir, I was at first quite mortified and heartily ashamed of my rudeness. But I soon perceived that he, far from imagining that any thing ridiculous in his appearance had excited my risibility, had absolutely mistaken it for a smile of admiration and strutted away like a peacock—making all possible display of his captivating elegance. He twisted round his delicate neck several times to ascertain the worth of the conquest he had made; and as I am young and tolerably pretty, he seemed to be quite delighted. Finding myself thus unpleasantly situated, I hastily stepped into a store, and waited till he was fairly out of sight.

But, Sir, this was by no means the end of the affair. I have since met the same object a number of times and he plays off his airs in such a manner that I have no doubt he supposes me desperately in love with him. True, I have regarded him with looks of compassion, but solely because he appeared to be in such extreme torture. His neck is now bound up with

a new black handkerchief drawn so tightly that it does not look much larger than my wrist, and his waist has, by a wonderful evanescence, diminished to almost nothing.

I was completely at a loss to know how to communicate my real sentiments to this vain object, till your paper presented itself as a convenient vehicle. As you so kindly solicited your female readers to submit to you any grievances that they might endure; I feel no hesitation in so doing, hoping it may fall into the hands of the abominable fop, from whom I am suffering this petty persecution. If you cannot allow me room for my whole story, I hope you will at least have the goodness to say that he has mistaken a smile of the most complete contempt for one of commiseration; and looks of compassion excited by bodily suffering (for I really never thought such a thing could have a heart) for looks of love. You will thus oblige, Yours &c.

LUCY.

*For the Microscope.*

*The fairest rose is far awa'.*

The morn is blinking o'er the hills
With soften'd light and colours gay;
Through grove and valley sweetly trills
The melody of early day;
The dewy roses blooming fair
Glitter around her father's ha',
But still my Mary is not there—
The fairest rose is far awa'.

The cooling zephyrs gently blow
Along the dew-bespangled mead—
In ev'ry field the oxen low—
The careless shepherd tunes his reed—
And while the roses blossom fair,
My lute with softly dying fa'
Laments that Mary is not there—
The fairest rose is far awa'.

The thrush is singing on the hills
And charms the groves that wave around,
And thro' the vale the winding rills
Awake a softly murmuring sound;
The robin tunes his mellow throat
Where glittering roses sweetly blaw
But grieves that Mary hears him not—
The fairest rose is far awa';

Why breathe thy melody in vain
Thou lovely songster of the morn—
Why pour thy ever-varying strain
Amid the sprays of yonder thorn—
Do not the roses blooming fair
At morning's dawn or evening's fa'
Tell thee of one that is not there—
The fairest rose that's far awa'.

C.

## FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO FANCY.

Let us in the early dawn
Seek the mountain's awful brow,
When the shades of night are gone
And calmly smiles the scene below;—
Let us wander carelessly
Thro' the silence-breathing wood
And gaze where swiftly rushes by
Whiten'd with foam the troubled flood;
Let us steal along the vale
Where the bee is humming 'round
And the velvet-pinion'd gale
Whispers o'er the flow'ry ground;
Nymph of most enchanting pow'r,
Let us roam the wild wood thro',
When at morn or evening's hour
Droop the leaves with pearly dew.

H.

IMPROMTU—On seeing a person with a *red* nose drinking from a *bottle* instead of a glass.

Tom's safety forbids he should ever expose,
The liquor he drinks, to the fire of his nose.

WAGSTAFF.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects but it alters none.

*Pope.*

In the last number, we began, with a design to illustrate our principal subject—a supposed *destitution of Taste* in American writers—by the consideration of style, as divided into two great and generic branches; that which is logical, and that which is rhetorical. The former of these we examined at sufficient length for our purpose, and shall now proceed to make some observations concering the latter.

A rhetorical style is that, which as has been already remarked, is employed in compositions, and it ought to be added, in any parts of compositions, intended to make vivid impressions on the imagination or the passions. The imagination of a reader is roused only by the display of a vivid imagination in the writer; and his feelings are warmed only by the appearance of strong emotions in the work which he reads or hears. The more vivid these exhibitions are, the more powerful will be the effect which the writer aims to produce. The obvious and appropriate excellencies of this kind of style therefore, are elegance and strength. Elegance in delineating the fine conceptions of the fancy; strength, when these conceptions are

vigorous or sublime, and especially when ardent emotions are to be communicated. The object here is not to convince the reader that something is true, or right, but to impress upon his mind that, of the truth of which, he is supposed to have been already convinced: of course, the writer's whole aim is to make the impression as vivid as possible.

These remarks will shew, that the two kinds of style which have been mentioned, are radically and generically distinct; that the distinction is founded, in the nature of things, in the entire difference between the objects aimed at; and that therefore it should controul the style of every writer, who intends to conform his compositions to the dictates of propriety and good sense. A rhetorical style, where conviction is aimed at, will ever appear inflated, and out of place: a logical style, where the imagination and feelings are addressed, will ever be dull, and in a great measure prevent the interest which it is intended to excite.

Many compositions indeed, perhaps most, are so diversified in their nature, as in different parts to propose the accomplishment of both these objects. These demand of course a variation of style which shall accord with this design. Concerning this subject, however, no writer can be at a loss, who has possessed himself of the elementary principles here suggested.

In compositions in which the logical style is demanded, the defectiveness of taste charged upon our countrymen by Europeans, is exhibited, so far as there is a foundation for the charge, chiefly in introducing into them the rhetorical style. Mere doctrinal propositions—mere courses of argument, (both, in their nature cool and calm, and admitting no more elevation than what is involved in the word earnestness); a considerable number of our countrymen have attempted to deck with the ornaments of imagination; and instead of communicating in sober phraseology the dictates of good sense, they have employed themselves in presenting to their readers the pictures drawn by fancy. The brilliancy of imagery, and the splendour of figurative language, have been summoned, to dress

out a plain truth, in a garb only gaudy and awkward. All languages, are indeed necessarily figurative to such a degree that scarcely a sentence, and never a paragraph, can be conveniently written, without the introduction of more or less phraseology of this nature. But to a vast extent, the figures are so trite and so temperate, that the reader is unconcious of any other phraseology, except that which is to be literally understood. Some degree of multiplicity or boldness in figurative terms actually used, is necessary, to make us attentive to the fact that such terms are employed. The degree, therefore, in which this phraseology ought at any time to be adopted, is the object, about which a correct taste is here especially occupied; and concerning which, its decisions will always be satisfactory. An incorrect taste will of course decide unhappily; and its results will leave on the mind of the reader, an impression that there is something wrong in the manner of composition, although he may be so little versed in subjects of this nature, as to be unable to tell what it is. No reader of common sense, who expects to be furnished with important truths, and to see them distinguished from their kindred errors, and defended by solid arguments, will be satisfied, to have a writer occupy his time in playing upon his imagination, or even in addressing the feelings of his heart: both are here out of place; and their intrusion will always be improper, and of course disrelished, wherever good sense is permitted to dictate.

In rhetorical style, our trespasses are more numerous, and excessive. Here the field is supposed to be fairly open to our occupancy; and we consider ourselves as being at full liberty to wander wherever we please. Hence, in the more sober and chastened parts of our writings, we aim at being eloquent; and where we might with propriety become eloquent, we are apt to slide into poetry.

I cannot help considering it as a serious misfortune, that the eloquence of Ireland, should have become an object of extensive admiration. Several of the Irish orators are certainly men of fine talents; and have exhibited on various occasions,

great strength of imagination. But the imagination is excessive, extravagant, and indulged in excursions which are excentric, and indefensible. A considerable part of the most admired passages of Curran, are little else than effusions of poetry, translated into prose. But poetry cannot become prose, nor prose poetry, without a gross trespass upon the dictates of good sense and of a correct taste. Happily for us, the great efforts of Greece and Rome, have been preserved; and, from the unqualified approbation which they have received in every enlightened country, have been exalted to the high character of unquestioned standards of fine writing. The firm argumentation of Demosthenes, and his fervid appeals to the feelings of his countrymen (addressed to minds already convinced by that argumentation—uttered as if from mere nature, and growing apparently, out of nothing but a strong desire to accomplish the design which he proposed); will always commend themselves to the taste of nature, and to the common sense of mankind. This they have actually done for two thousand years, in every civilized country; and this, with the highest probability, they will continue to do, through every period which is to come. The brilliant efforts which we have censured above, the decoration of a subject with a perpetual succession of patches and nosegays, although attempted in many ages, and countries, and for little seasons admired and fashionable, has had almost only an ephemeral existence; and cannot therefore be rationally expected, ever to engage the permanent approbation of mankind.

A considerable number of our countrymen, and among them some of high reputation, appear if we way judge from the strain of their compositions, to commence their efforts, with the design of uttering as many brilliant things as they can, and those as brilliant as possible. Hence, every splendid image is summoned, every figure pressed into the service. Hence their minds are perpetually on the stretch to make, what in colloquial language are styled, *smart speeches*. This is what Shakspeare very justly, as well as forcibly, calls, "overstepping the modesty of nature."

Subjects of a temperate kind ought certainly to be handled in a temperate manner. In this manner, men of all ages and countries have actually handled them, when left to the dictates of mere nature. If the same style is adopted, when we merely utter truth, or employ ourselves in reasoning, as when we undertake to paint in strong colours the images of fancy, or make ardent appeals to the passions, we anticipate all means of impression and enhancement; and introduce into our writings the most disagreeable of all monotonies, a series of strained unnatural efforts to be forcible and impressive, where our only business is, to communicate sober instruction.

Even in our attempts on subjects naturally admitting brilliancy, we may be too brilliant. A continual strain of declamation, a constant reiteration of figurative language and vivid imagery, even when every thing which is said, considered in itself, is unobjectionable, soon becomes tedious and disgusting. The most beautiful dress, is that which is moderately ornamented. The mind is never long pleased with a continual glare. He who can say nothing temperately will in the end be believed to say nothing well.

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GENTLEMEN,

After the manner of some of your correspondents, permit me, without preamble, to introduce to your notice an acquaintance of mine, whose presence is always disagreeable to me, and sometimes absolutely insufferable. He is what may be termed a *sentimental, pedantick gentleman.* The formality of his address—his precision of language—the mock dignity of his utterance, extinguishes every spark of vivacity, and, what is very unfortunate, this very lifelessness of mine, puts me off, with him for a lady of uncommon solidity.

I will give you a specimen of his conversation: "We have delightful weather," "yes sir," "If the pigmies of Siberia, were transplanted, rather I should say transmigrated (for *plant* is a term appropriated to the vegetable creation,) to this climate, might it not produce a change in their stature? 'Tis

thought by some that the frigidity of their climate, is the cause of their *belittleness* of body." "I think it might sir," "I cannot agree in ascribing this effect to that cause: witness the Patagonians—their climate is as cold and yet they are Giants" —No answer—"How did you like the music last evening ?" "I did not attend sir," "I think you have lost nothing: the *temperament* of those pieces is most miserable, or rather, the *temperament* is not preserved. The syllabification is still worse," &c. for three hours at a stretch. It is nothing for him to step from Siberia to Patagonia. One moment you will find him among the Chinese philosophers and the next, striding two continents and one oceanat once, he will light on California. Now and then he will stretch his neck up to Jupiter or Saturn, and return laden with facts, as, what degree of Reaumer is boiling heat there; how big the men are, and what enormous dish-kettles their women use. Compliments—of which I confess I like enough for seasoning, and which I will cheerfully pay for in the same coin—he disdains, as indicating a frivolous mind, and perhaps he finds it difficult to intermingle them with such lofty stuff.

His conversation is as irregular (I suppose because he thinks it eccentrick,) as the motions of the knight of the Chess board. At a moment when I least expect it, he will bounce at my favourite bishop, thinking to supplant him; the next he will commence a treasonable attack upon my king. In short he has not wit enough to be either a man of sense or a fool. He is a kind of pendulum, vibrating between the two.

Now I say give me, a man of true sense, who is so because it is an effort for him to be otherwise; *or* a *royal* fool, who has just mind enough to know that *dress* cannot change his personal identity; *or* give me one of the real order of *Goncinnus*, who never attempts to reach any thing *beyond* his reach: but above all things, deliver me from the go-betweens—these sober-faced, shallow-pated, sentimental, pedantick gentry, who are, to say the least, as numerous as the *Concinnians*. Of getting one of the *first* class, I frankly tell *you*, I despair: they are a sort of rarity that can be possessed by but few.

The *second* class are a kind of fickle, winged animal, which you must take flying, as they seldom light long enough to aim an arrow at them—are not very desirable when taken—and, upon the whole, cost more than they are worth. The *third* class are tractable enough and, with a single curl, can be decoyed by dozens. Convenience therefore, as well as amusement, dictated my choice, and I remain and hope to remain insensible to your satire.

I have however, one favour to beg of you, which I am encouraged to do from your own promise: I esteem the company of the gentleman I have described, *an annoyance*, or, to bring my case exactly within your promise, *a grievance*. Pray deliver me from *him*, and suffer me henceforth to enjoy my choice without molestation.

Yours, &c. A SUBSCRIBERESS.

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**An Ode supposed to have been sung at Niagara Falls, on an anniversary of our Independence.**

I.

O'er the blue swelling sky with a heavenly ray
The sun shines serene on this glorious day,
And the flag of Columbia waves o'er the steep,
Where Niagara pours all its floods in the deep.

II.

Let the roar of the cannon—the blast of the horn,
Usher in with their wild notes the glorious morn:
Let the toast of warm hearts be drank round for the brave
Who defended our flag on Ontario's wave.

III.

Let England exult in the fire of her tars,
We can boast braver souls 'neath the blaze of our stars;
Hearts that glow when the cannon resounding afar,
Gives the signal of battle, the clangor of war.

IV.

On the billow of ocean to glory they sail,
While the stars proudly float on the wild blowing gale,
And a halo encircles the brow of the brave,
When to triumph they march on Ontario's wave.

V.

Let the cannon resound—let the trumpet be blown,
For the demon of war o'er the ocean has flown,
And Peace with her olive wreath honours the brave,
Who fought for their homes on Ontario's wave.

VI.

Let the banner of blood on the wind be unfurl'd,
And the tempest of discord o'ershadow the world,
Let Peace with her angel of Mercy be fled,
And Murder exult in the groan of the dead.

VII.

When the trumpet and drum give the signal of war
The spirit of freedom shall kindle her star—
Shall clothe with her mantle of glory the brave,
Or rock them to rest, on Ontario's wave.

VIII.

They shall march to her foes by her beacon's red light,
And conquer or die in the glorious fight,
And Honour shall dig for the sailor a grave,
Or light him to fame on Ontario's wave.

IX.

Then exult in the day when our nation was born,
Raise the shout of delight—wind the blast of the horn—
Peal the roll of the drum—let the cannon's loud roar
Resound with the torrent that lashes the shore.

X.

Should Britain insult us, our Eagle should fly,
Encircled with stars on our flag through the sky,
From the mouth of the cannon the free and the brave
Shall reply to our foes on Ontario's wave.

ALFRED.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Morpheus* shall be inserted in our next.

*H's* address to the rose shall 'ere long be admitted.

The tour of *Stuffle Vantiptap*, Esq. is under consideration.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 16.] FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1820.

It is easy for a Philosopher to convince *himself* that the lucubrations of his closet are true; but he often finds to his astonishment that when tested by experience, they vanish away, like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

*Leuwenbergius.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

I have fallen, I know not from what cause, into a singular habit of dreaming. Once in a short period, my mind, soon after I have closed my eyes, makes regularly an excursion into an imaginary region, of which till I began these nocturnal rambles, I had never formed a conception. This country, which I shall take the liberty to call the land of Nod, is inhabited by human beings, who have once had their residence in our own world; and sustain in most respects the very same character which they exhibited here. The chief difference which I have remarked, between their state of society, and ours, consists in this; that in one manner and another, they are placed in circumstances in which they are compelled to try the soundness of speculative opinions; particularly those for which they have appeared as champions, by the touchstone of practice. This may be called, the great law by which the people of Nod are regulated. In other respects, their state of society differs but little from our own.

My first visits to this country, as you will easily believe, were chiefly occupied in observing the strange effects of this extraordinary regulation; and they were so numerous, and so entirely novel, that I was lost in confusion and wonder. Repeated inspection, has however rendered them in some degree familiar; and I have begun to examine them with more particular attention.

In a late excursion which I made to this singular country, I witnessed a scene, which made so forcible an impression upon my thoughts, that I could not forget it after I awaked; a little reflection persuaded me to transmit a summary account of it to you, that if you should think it proper, it might occupy a place in your paper.

The celebrated sceptical philosopher David Hume, has declared that pride and self-valuation, ingenuity, eloquence, quickness of thought, easiness of expression, delicacy of taste, strength of body, health, cleanliness, taper legs, and broad shoulders, are virtues. On my arrival in the streets of the principal town, I saw a considerable number of people advancing towards a building which resembled one of our court-houses. Curiosity led me to join the crowd. As soon as I had entered, I saw sitting upon a bench of justice, a plump well fed man with rather coarse features, who as I was soon informed, was no other than Mr. Hume. The day it seems was devoted to the trial of several prisoners, who had been committed to the common jail, on the charge of certain crimes, by the public prosecutor. Several of these prisoners were now at the bar. The first was soon called, to answer to a charge which stated, that instead of possessing the virtue of eloquence, and the kindred one of easiness of expression, the language which he actually used on all occasions, was coarse and harsh; and what was much worse, in the utterance of this very language, he was perpetually guilty of stammering. I observed that the judge's attention was roused as the indictment went on, and from an increasing severity in his countenance, could not but augur unfavourably for the prisoner.

The prisoner was called upon for his answer, to the charges which had been made against him in the indictment.

The poor man not much used to courts, and not very well qualified to make his defence, seemed at first at a loss, and and held his peace. Prisoner, said the judge, what have you to say to these charges? are they true, or are they false?

Yes, may it please your honour, it is t-t-true enough I supp-p-pose.

Heavens! cried the judge, is the creature so impudent as to repeat his crimes in the very face of the court?

May it please your honour, replied the unfortunate culprit, your honour knows I c–c–c–c'an't help it.

Can't help it, said the judge! How do I help it? How do all the people present help it?

I did'nt m–m–make myself nor my t–t–t–tongue—ant please your honour said the prisoner.

Nor did I make myself, said the judge; nor these people themselves. Yet you see that I don't stammer, nor do they.

He that made your ho–ho–ho–honour, did not make us a–a–a–alike. He g–g–g–gave me a s–s–s–stammering tongue, and your honour—

Fellow, interrupted the judge, don't you know that eloquence and easiness of expression are virtues?—and that the contrary attributes are of course crimes? and don't you know that all men are bound to be virtuous? and that our constitutional character is no excuse for crimes? and don't you see that stammering is the very worst trespass of this sort, and yet you have been disturbing the peace of these good citizens these forty years?—take the fellow away sheriff, confine him in jail three months, on bread and water. We will see whether his tongue won't become little more limber.

It is a hard c–c–case said the prisoner. Away with him said the judge, I'll teach you to question the sentence of the court.

It is a hard c–c–case, I say, repeated the prisoner.

At this moment his honour's features lost all their native smoothness, and began to be contracted into a formidable twist, which augured some new misfortune for the poor stammerer: when one of the under sheriffs hurried him out of the door, and the features of the judge gradually relaxed into some degree of serenity.

The next prisoner who was indicted, was a stout, broad-shouldered, brawny man, in a very ragged, dirty garb. The crime charged upon him, was the want of cleanliness in his

person and dress. Ample proof of the truth of the charge was furnished by his present appearance.

Fellow, said the judge, how dare you come into the court in such a dress;—so ragged; so dirty.

It is all I've got, may it please your honour, answered the prisoner.

Why don't you get a better then, said the judge? For this plain reason replied the prisoner, I am a poor man; and have no money to buy better clothes; and nobody is willing to give them to me.

You ought to have gone to work, resumed the judge, and to have earned money, and to have bought yourself such clothes, as would have enabled you to appear decently. I work said the prisoner, whenever I can get work; and I get money, whenever those who employ me will pay me for my work. Still—may it please your honour, I am a poor man, and have no means of purchasing better clothes. Fellow, said the judge, why are your hands so dirty? They look as if they had not been washed these ten days. Please your honour, replied the prisoner, they are washed every day. They have been washed this day.

Why is your face so dirty said the judge? Please your honour, replied the prisoner, I was hard at work with a blacksmith, when the sheriff came for me, and he would'nt give me time to wash off the smoke and coal-dust, but hurried me away as I was to the court-house. Fellow, rejoined the judge, I believe nothing of all this. But if it were true it would furnish you with no excuse. Every man is under indispensable obligations to be clean in his person and dress. Rags and dirt, however contracted, are crimes, and great crimes; and as such, ought always to be severely punished; and while I have the honour to preside in a court of justice, they shall be punished. Sheriff, take the culprit away to jail, and confine him there;—but stay, I see what I did not observe before, he has a noble pair of broad shoulders, an eminent virtue wherever they are found. I was just going to extend the term of his imprisonment to six months, but as he possesses such a virtu-

ous pair of shoulders, I shall limit his confinement to one month. Take him away.

The next prisoner was a female—she was narrow-chested, pale, and sickly in her appearance; languid in her motions, as if scarcely able to stand, with a spot of crimson on each cheek; her eye fallen, yet somewhat glassy in its lustre; and every thing about her, indicating strongly, that she was far gone in a hectic. As she came up to the bar, the charge of having narrow shoulders, and a sickly constitution, was read from the indictment by the public prosecutor.

Woman, said the judge, how came you hither, with such a pair of shoulders, and with such a sickly countenance?

I was brought hither, replied the lady, against my inclination, and was obliged to bring with me such shoulders as God had given me. I need not tell your honour, that I did not make my own shoulders. As to my countenance, it is an honest picture of my condition. I am far gone in a pulmonary consumption; and your honour well knows, that persons in this situation, are not apt to have very healthy countenances.

I do, said the judge, and the more is their shame. Health and broad shoulders are virtues. Disease, therefore, and narrow shoulders, are crimes.

I thought, replied the lady, crimes and virtues were voluntary acts of our own; and not the mere effects of creative agency, in which we could have no share.

Hoot—madam, interrupted the judge, virtues are whatever renders us agreeable to ourselves and others. Consequently, crimes are whatever will render us disagreeable or useless. This you may see proved in a book which I wrote in the other world. A book, from which, let me say, there can be no justifiable appeal. Thus narrow shoulders, bring on disease, as they have brought the consumption upon you. Disease, makes us not only useless, but burdensome. Sheriff, away with her to the jail.

I shall die there, replied the lady, within three days.

Die then, said the philosopher, as well there as any where else.

The last person who was brought to trial, was a full faced, honest Irishman, charged with having a pair of legs which were of the same size from the knees to the ankles.

Show me your legs, fellow, said the judge.

There they are, ant please your honour, said the prisoner, and as brave a pair of legs they are as your honour will see the day long.

Hoot—man, said the judge, beginning to kindle at the sight of such a trespass upon moral excellence, they are biggest at the little end.

And so they should be, ant plase you, replied the good natured prisoner. They were made for use, now, d'you see; to walk, and not to dance. None of your spindle-shanks: they have led me many a good race on the great bog of Allan. Why, my dear honey, they are just such legs as my father's were before me. They have been in our family now these hundred years.

Fellow, said the judge, one would think thy soul dwelt in thy legs, and not in thy head. Dost thou not know that taper legs are virtues, and that such barrel-shap'd shanks as thine, are gross crimes? An abominable trespass upon the beauty of the human shape?

Well now, really, said the prisoner, will your honour give me a better pair, and I will wear them for your honour's sake, and drink your honour's health into the bargain. But when I left dear Ireland, I had not another pair; so I thought, d–ye–see, I might as well bring these along with me.

Sheriff, away with the fellow, said the judge; carry him to the jail; keep him there 'till his ankles have begun to taper.

Well now, deare honey, said the Irishman, will your honour just give me a saxpence; the jail is but a cold cabin, d–ye see, and then I will drink your honour's health, and the health of your honour's legs too, d–ye see.

Away with him said the philosopher.

The bustle which this last case created among the spectators, awaked me.

Yours, &c. MORPHEUS.

Smok'em, toast'em, roast'em. *Cassioli.*

* ———which since 'tis past its prime,
To slow decay we without shame abandon,
For not a fence the sacred spot encloses,
Beneath whose turf, our fathers' dust reposes.

XVI.

Better than to be thus, that ev'ry trace
Were swept away—no vestige left remaining
To be a witness of this foul disgrace,
The bright escutcheon of the city staining.
Where now's the spirit that would fill the trenches
Of a church-wall within the yard? It blenches

XVII.

From exertion: Has suff'ring one defeat
Forever stopt its (once exub'rant) flashes,
And can it now permit irrev'rent feet
To hourly trample o'er those once lov'd ashes?
Around the mournful spot doth Hope still linger,
And beckons Silence to withdraw her finger.

XVIII.

These mournful thoughts befitting well the mind,
Let's hasten (sorrow is a passion transient)
To *College:* here, I am afraid we'll find
Its pupils now, what they were not in ancient
Times. The reason you inquire—ask if ever
Its officers or laws were better?—never

XIX.

The answer: truth compels me to declare,
That learning now and science both must yield to
Fashion: whose blandishments the mind ensnare,
And which in abject servitude they've kneel'd to.
Were a *professorship of taste* erected,
The lectures would be those the least neglected;—

XX.

Of taste, not such as Allison commends,
But such as merchant-taylors have an eye to;—
A taste that now all other taste transcends—
That teaches them with grace to modify to
Diff'rent men the various kinds of dresses;—
A taste which if indulg'd in, soon represses

XXI.

The flights of genius. Shall Yale renew the fire
Poetic, with resplendent lustre beaming

* Continued, from page 16.

From Humphreys, Barlow, Dwight? Shall it expire
When Trumbull's setting sun shall cease its gleaming?
And is it true, Apollo now refuses
To this once fav'rite seat of all the muses

XXII.

His aid? His standard here he still unfurls,—
Unfurls in vain—no vot'ries round it rally.
They, who should woo the muse, gallant the girls,
Or with Euterpe or Terpsichore they dally.
Much as we mourn the students' gross defection,
We strive to comfort us with the reflection

XXIII.

That when things are the worst, then they must mend—
Speaking of worst of things can't but remind one
Of *jail;* which is a never failing friend;
For in adversity you still can find one
Door, hospitably open to receive you—
A friend sincere who, if distrest, won't leave you;—

XXIV.

I do not on, or in it choose to dwell;
Although I can't but own the thought poetick.
I'll hurry on, of other things to tell,
Leaving a subject, which is so pathetick,
Until I'm call'd my lodgings here to take up:
And then, most feelingly, its faults I'll rake up.

XXV.

Didst ever see an awkward country clown,
When first he comes, as *clerk* into a city?
And mark how soon his suit of butt'nut brown
Is thrown aside, for one more snug and pretty?
How soon his manners change, (aping folly's handy)
Soon mister Rustick struts a finish'd dandy:

XXVI.

Can chew or smoke tobacco, or take snuff,
Gamble and swear, can dare his friend to swallow
A bumper more, when both have drunk enough.
No matter where they lead, he'll freely follow
The "bantam cocks" of dandies—with facility
Adopt whate'er they tell him is gentility;

XXVII.

By dint of study, he becomes "first chop"
And then, *of course*, he *often* hies to Dragon———

SMOKER.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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No. 17.] TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1820.

I have often been astonished, that the poet should be willing to confine himself to measure, when he can array his thoughts in *blank verse*, with so much more life and beauty.

*Leuwenbergius.*

The restraint imposed upon a writer by the harmony of rhyme, compels him to sacrifice many of his noblest expressions to the gratification of the ear. Instead of roving, free from *embarassment*, his genius is shackled by the measured regularity in which he arrays his verses. His sphere is circumscribed by the similarity of sound; and exuberant indeed must be that language, which will enable him to pursue his flight unmolested by this incumbrance. No language is perhaps so copious and presents to the poet so many advantages as our own; still it is so limited in its consonance, that he will not unfrequently search in vain for words possessed of perfect harmony. Pope and several of his contemporaries greatly refined and polished their poems, by correctness of expression and melodiousness of sound. In these respects they have not been surpassed by any of those who have succeeded them. By imparting this finished elegance to their writings, they lost not a little of that nervous and bold expression which is so visible, not only in the poetry, but also in the prose, of the age of Charles the second. Had the *Paradise Lost*, or the *Night Thoughts* been written in rhyme, they would have been deficient in much of that elevated sentiment and freedom of thought, which are now so conspicuous in those incomparable poems. They would then have found many readers (whose taste is governed entirely by the ear) that now shrink from a perusal, because they have not that degree of

melody, without which poetry has no charm for them. Pope, whose numbers exhibit more harmony than any other poet of Great-Britain, wants much of the vigour, that electerises the reader, while wandering without restraint through the fancied regions of Milton. By the lovers of *beauty*, the former will be read with never-failing delight; while such as are gratified with the thrill of *sublimity*, will look to the latter to realise this emotion.

The writings of Dryden display more melody blended with a strong, vigorous intellect, than any poetry, with which we are conversant. *Some* of his lines are *languid*, but where is the poet of whom this cannot be said with truth, oftener than of Dryden.

His talents were not confined to rhyme: many of the twenty or thirty dramas which he wrote, were in blank verse. His reputation, as a dramatic writer, was extensive during his life, still his plays exhibit many defects, and are inferior to his other poems. On the last his reputation will rest, and upon such a basis, it will endure, as long as poetry shall have its readers and genius call forth admiration.

His volume of Fables, the last work he wrote—is composed principally of translations from Boccace Chaucer and Ovid's Metamorphoses. These poems, written but a short time before his decease, are not inferior to any of his earlier productions. The longest of them is the beautiful story of Palamon and Arcite, a translation of the antiquated English of Chaucer. This is taken from one of his Canterbury tales; and, for its beauty and vividness, was well worthy of revision by the pen of the great Dryden.

It would be impossible in the narrow limits of this paper, to present to our readers, an analysis of the voluminous works of this author. We should, be gratified to examine at length some of his happiest efforts, as they are among the finest inspirations of the Muse, with which we are acquainted. But as this cannot be done, we shall now close our remarks upon this subject, and present to our readers a few quotations. As we are under the necessity of being brief, we shall furnish

such extracts only, as we think are happy specimens of his style, and as exhibit some of the traits, to which we have alluded.

In the story of Cymon and Iphegenia, the description of Cymon, while a clown, is so accurate that no person can read it, without having his image impressed upon his mind long after the perusal. His *chaotick* intellect, illumined by love, is compared to the rising of the sun, preceded by twilight:

> " Through the rude chaos, thus the running light
> Shot the first ray, that pierc'd its native night;
> Then day and darkness in the mass were mixed,
> Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fixed:
> Last shone the sun, who radiant in his sphere,
> Illumin'd heaven, and earth, and roll'd around the year.
> So reason in his brutal soul began:
> Love made him first suspect he was a man;
> Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound,
> By love his want of words and wit, he found.
> That sense of want prepar'd the future way
> To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day."

His *Ode on St. Cecilia's* day has long been the theme of admiration, and on it, criticism has bestowed its highest commendations. Of this Ode the English nation can justly boast, as one of the finest exhibitions of Genius in any language.

The approach of the spectres, in *Theodore* and *Honoria*, is introduced by the following lines:

> The fiends alarm began; the hollow sound
> Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
> Air blacken'd; roll'd the thunder; groan'd the ground.

The terror and alarm of the guests of Theodore on the appearance of the horseman's ghost, is described with all the accuracy and strength which is characteristick of Dryden's poetry:

> The pale assistants at each other star'd,
> With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
> The still born sounds upon the palate hung,
> And died imperfect on the faltering tongue,
> With horror shud'dring on a heap they run,
> Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
> For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.

The lines on the monument of a fair maiden lady, are in the highest degree beautiful. Although the poet may have indulged himself in a slight exaggeration of her many virtues, still he has impressed upon the mind of the reader, the image of one who has "taught us how to live and how to die."

Our last extract shall be from his *character of a good parson.* This poem is a fine delineation of a life, devoted to the service of God and to the promotion of the well-being of man. It displays the freedom with which he soared, when his subject was in unison with the powers of his mind. The allusion to the old fable of the traveller—must strike the mind of every reader, as replete with beauty.

With eloquence innate, his tongue was arm'd;
Tho' harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd,
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears;
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him, he sung the best.
He preached the joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the Gospel, rather than the Law,
And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds, but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats, the stubborn sinner oft is hard;
Wrap'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder—heaven's artillery—
As harbingers before the Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear,
The stiller sounds succeed; and God is there.

---

GENTLEMEN,

As a stranger; feeling some desire to become acquainted with the fair sex in this place, I accepted an invitation from a friend to spend an evening in their society. I expected an

agreeable visit, interesting and improving conversation, refined manners, and a good degree of affability and politeness among the ladies.

On entering the room, our salutations were returned by sly looks, suppressed smiles, and a confused whisper from all present.

Soon universal silence ensued, and I feared the spirit of sociability had fled, not to return; till my friend introduced me to one young lady, and accosted another. Our conversation began with some common place topicks, but soon turned upon reading; numerous standing works of celebrity were mentioned, but alas, the tongue of the damsel was mute. While I was thinking what I should next say in order to dissipate the ignorance and confusion, which her countenance exhibited, and to draw forth her powers of volubility, she enquired if I had read such a novel, and went on to expatiate upon its excellencies, the accomplishments and beauty of the heroine; the gallantry of the hero, and the interest she took in such and such a character. From the mention of one she went on to another till those were named, which one would suppose to have been buried for years under dust and cob-webs; and some, which I must own never to have heard of.

Silence now seemed to be my lot; for it is quite out of my power to carry on a discussion upon what I have never seen or read. Leaving the person in question to exhaust her fund of information upon some more knowing being, I sat listening to others, in hopes that some one would answer my expectations: but remarks upon the beauty of one, the dress of another the pride of a third, and the affectation of a fourth, was all I could hear; and to be candid, I was not sorry when the signs of breaking up were discoverable.

Now gentlemen, I have given you this short sketch of the transactions of the evening, wishing to know (as I take it for granted you are acquainted in most of the fashionable circles in this city) whether the description given, is applicable to all, or must be confined to those alone, in whose society I chanced to mingle? Respectfully yours, LUDOVICO.

## THE GALLEY SLAVE.

How dark is the night; and no planet is gleaming
To light the lost mariner over the wave;
How dark is my fortune, no sunshine is beaming
From Hope, on the poor galley slave.

The Mariner waits till the morning is breaking,
When day light shall point him his path to the shore;
By night and by day the poor Galley slave waking—
*Must sigh as he tugs at the oar*

Tho' cold be the storm on the wand'rer descending,
And chill be the tempests around him that blow,
Still Hope on this storm some few bright rays is blending,
And smiles on the dark cloud of woe.

But never shall Hope, to the poor galley slave,
His friends or the love of his bosom restore,
No never, the wretch till he sleeps in the grave
*Must sigh as he tugs at the oar*

And oft when around him the billows were roaring
He struggled to sweep his broad oar through the wave,
I've mark'd him in tears his lost freedom deploring,
I've mark'd the poor heart broken slave.

"Ah! ne'ershall I meet my lost friends" he was crying,
"Oh! ne'er shall my woes and my sorrows be o'er,"
Then faintly his voice on his pallid lips dying,
*He sigh'd as he tug'd at the oar*

When Nature has sunk and the poor Galley slave
In short broken slumbers is resting from pain,
He dreams that he crosses the far distant wave,
And meets with his Laura again.

But soon from his slumber in anguish awaking,
His fond dream of love and pleasure is o'er,
And leaves him with nought, while his full heart is breaking,
*But to sigh as he tugs at the oar.*

EDGAR.

*For the Microscope.*

On the death of Miss —, who was drowned while bathing at —.

The sun from his soft swelling palace of blue,
Look'd down on the waves of the ocean ;
O'er the breast of the billow the razor-bill flew,
All hush'd was its stormy commotion.

The Halcyon rock'd on his wave cradle bed,
And slept on the surge as a pillow ;
The gulls flapp'd their wings o'er the mariner's head,
As his back plow'd the foam of the billow.

Like the goddess of beauty array'd in her charms,
When from Ida in triumph descending,
Maria unmindful of future alarms,
O'er the breaker that rippled was bending.

She saw in the wave as it roll'd to the shore,
Her charms with triumphant emotion,
And little she thought 'mid the billows loud roar
How soon she should sleep in the ocean.

Her maids stood around her, and scarce at her feet
Ascended the soft kissing billow ;
Ah ! little they thought that an angel so sweet
Should repose on a watery pillow

While securely they dipp'd in the scarce-heaving wave,
That softly around them was swelling,
The sea-nymphs were decking her coralline grave,
And her parting bell slowly was knelling.

A breaker arose like the wave of the storm,
It foam'd with a wild heaving motion.
And dash'd o'er the strand—overwhelm'd her fair form,
And buried her deep in the ocean.

A faint shriek was heard, and 'twas silent again,
She has gone,—she has vanish'd forever,
Long—long shall they seek for her corse in the main,
But when shall they find it—ah ! never.

On sea weeds and corallines softly reclin'd,
Maria is calmly reposing;
Around her fair form the sea-mosses shall wind,
Till time o'er the ocean is closing.

And long shall the sea-boy while wrapt in his dream
At midnight awake from his pillow
And wondering view in the moon's silver beam,
Her fair spirit glide o'er the billow.

H.

---

*Thoughts suggested by a view of the firmament, at night:*

Behold! the deepen'd hue, of night appears—
The thick bespangl'd curtain's closing fast—
The moon, slow rising, casts a lengthen'd shade.
Who knows but from those sparkling gems of heav'n
The notes of praise ascend to their creator.
Who dares to doubt that happy souls there dwell,
Existing while eternal ages roll.
How few behold these works divinely bright,
And think of their all wise creator, God!
Some ask, *who form'd these worlds of fire or light?*
*Whose mighty hand directs—supports the whole?*
They view them with a philosophick eye
And impious, ascribe them all to chance.
But he at whose commad they sprang to life
Still guides their ceaseless course—unerring still.
And what is man, who moves on this dim speck
Of earth—this little point in space immense!

URANIA.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*E. Montague* shall appear as soon as possible.

*Atticus* has been received.

# THE MIOROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 18.] FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1820.


My surprise has often been excited, when travelling through the northern part of Germany, to see *the ingenuity* of the peasantry. Many who are removed at a distance from the manufactories, sharpen their contrivance, and form *rude resemblances* to the objects they greatly need, thus verifying the old proverb—*Necessity is the mother of invention.*

*Leuwenbergius.*

It is an old adage that one half of mankind is ignorant of the manner in which the other half live. He who rolls on wheels of splendour, and riots on the products of other climes, when he fixes his fond eye on his palace, or looking around him can say, "I am monarch of all I survey," little dreams that to produce this happiness, thousands are suffering from a scanty pittance—from cold and hunger. We who are realising all the blessings of refined society and those numerous enjoyments resulting from a residence in a country which has been rapidly improving for two centuries, are unable to appreciate the difficulties those experience, who pioneer their way through the western forests, and smooth the path, for such as succeed them. These observations are made in order to introduce the following letter, for which we are indebted to our friend Venator. It appears to be written by some gentleman travelling in the western country. As it exhibits the difficulties that must be overcome before the *wilderness will blossom*, and as it may perhaps have a tendency to correct the visionary ideas of some respecting the *spontaneous* productions and the *paradisiacal* happiness of the western world, we shall present it to our readers, without hesitation:

OHIO, —

DEAR ——,

I have just returned from an equestrian expedition of six

hundred miles through this state, enjoying that happiness which always results from plump cheeks, and a fine appetite. As my ride for one hundred miles was through the woods, with the smoke of a sequestered log cabin here and there curling through the foliage, it was replete with adventure. I was so fortunate as to find a gentleman pursuing the same route. In his society I jogged pleasantly along, riding in several instances from fourteen to twenty miles through the wilderness, following some Indian path, or the track of some of the wild beasts, with which the forests abounded.

The Northwestern part of this state is but partially inhabited. In many instances, the traveller will pursue his way for hours, without seeing the sun unless he should shoot a few rays through the foliage, or should occasionally exhibit his golden face, through some opening which the hurricane has made, when it has swept the sturdy oak from the place where it waved with the wind for centuries, without leaving any memento of its fate, but the wreck and ruin which surround it.

The traveller who visits this western country, is struck with the noble forests, which every where surround him, lifting their dark umbrage high above his head, and waving in ærial dignity. These trees, many of which are from 150 to 175 feet in height, towering above the verdant foliage below them, excite in the mind of the spectator, all that reverence which he experiences, when beholding the remains of some ancient castle, that having stood the wreck of ages, bids fair to excite the astonishment, and arrest the attention of future generations.

It was about the 12th of September, when having pursued our way for twenty miles, without seeing any thing in motion, excepting the wild beasts of the forest, that the declining sun, warned us of the approach of darkness. We accordingly quickened our pace, with the hope of finding some shelter besides the canopy of heaven. We were ere long gratified with the sight of a *clearing*, in the centre of which a log cabin neither Doric or Ionic in its structure, burst upon our view, in all

the dignity of solitude. On alighting, we discovered some of the *Woodland Nymphs* of this western country, who if they did not exhibit all the grace and elegance of those fairies, who flourished in the reign of "*good King Arthur*," still they displayed resolution, sufficient to overcome any obstacle that might oppose them. If "grace was not in all their steps, and heaven in their eyes," still there was that strength and vigour, which would have given them more celebrity among the Amazons of old, than any of our modern fair ones would have acquired, even if

> "The country had lent its sweet perfumes,
> The sea its pearl, the sky its plumes,"

to increase the charms of beauty.

As their knowledge of Geography was rather limited, they were unable to inform us of the name of the town in which they resided, much less to communicate any direct information, relating to the place of our destination. Still they could point out to us the direction in which their *nearest neighbour* resided, who lived not more than five or six miles from them. The sun had sent his last rays over the earth, and night had hung its glittering lamps on high, before we arrived at this *neighbouring* hut. It was inhabited by a young couple, who arriving here a few weeks before, planted themselves in this forest, with the hope that ere long it would be converted into a fruitful garden. As this edifice was not a *perfect* model of Diocletian's palace, and as our entertainment did not *exactly* resemble that given by prince Potemkin, or even the levees of Mrs. Monroe, I shall give you a slight description of them.

If you have never been out of Massachusetts, you will be unable to form a correct idea, of the architecture of a log house. It is formed by placing logs in a square, and filling the space between them with mud. This was but partially completed, the logs being placed on each other, leaving spaces sufficiently large, for a well laced dandy to creep through without soiling his ruffle. A large cavity in the roof, of fourteen feet in length, by six in breadth, presented a fine opening for a cloud to discharge its contents on the ground beneath: I say ground,

because the only resemblance to a floor, was the tops of a few stumps, which were just visible above the surface. As there had been a copious shower not long before, the mud was positive, and had my boots been as well polished as a mirror, they would have lost no little of their lustre. There was no necessity of any window, or door, as old Boreas could find his way within, from any point of the compass. As a substitute for chairs, a few benches were formed with an axe, which rested us fatigued as we were, about as much, as the feather which Paddy placed upon a rock did him, when he wished to ascertain the softness of a bed. After the manner of the Laplanders they enkindled the fire on the ground; the smoke ascending through a cavity in the roof. Instead of a table, stakes were driven into the earth, on which rested a japanned waiter, of about three feet in length, by two in breadth. This was soon adorned with two large pumpkin pies, which as I am a *Yankee*, exhibited to me more beauty than the luxuries of distant climes. Don Quixotte, when he made such a terrific attack upon the wind-mill, did not display more resolution than we did, in attacking our supper. Well was it for the inhabitants of that part of the state, that there were but two of us, as a small calvacade of such eating heroes would soon have created a famine. Not long after this noble display of our valour, we retired to rest, where we were able to make many astronomical observations, with nothing but our faces exposed to the damps of evening. Here we were enabled to shoot our conceptions through the fields of immensity—measure the Comet's airy flight (if there had been any visible,) and observe the revolutions of suns and systems, with much more accuracy, than if we had been sheltered by a more opaque canopy. Being too fatigued to pass all the night in taking observations, we found before we were aware, our eye-lids closed by sleep, from which we did not awake, until long after Chanticleer had sounded his morning clarion.

Although the hardships to which this couple were exposed, were such as to make a fashionable lady shudder, yet they pursued their course, loving and beloved. He cut the trees,

and she made the pies to reward him for his labour, and daily they "sighed and looked unutterable things." The morning sun saw a smile playing upon their lips, and when it retired behind the western forest, contentment beamed from their countenances. Happy in each others society, they enjoyed the *good of their labour*, and when looking forward into futurity, anticipation gilded the dawn of the morrow.

After compensating them for their trouble, we bid them adieu, fully convinced that happiness was not confined to those who live in a palace, or riot on the sufferings of others, but that, in the language of the poet,

> "Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere
> Tis no where to be found or every where."

Yours affectionately,

E. MONTAGUE.

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*Mr. Microscope,*

In a former number of your paper, a few remarks were made on the Hohenlinden of Campbell, which we consider to have been a severe satire on some of your critics. Many of these sage gentlemen supposed however, that that criticism was a serious one, if they are of the same opinion with regard to this they will not be mistaken. Having given this explanation we shall now proceed to offer a few remarks that occurred to us on reading Lord Byron's Lara.

We conceive that poetry bears a strong affinity to painting, and that no poem is well written, the images of which are not strongly impressed on the imagination of the reader. It was one of the beauties of former poets, that they laid the scenes of their writings somewhere, and their works had a beginning, a middle, and an end; or at least one of the three. Lord Byron scorning such hackney'd forms has not deigned to give us either; or if he has located himself any where, he has kept it a profound secret—and to what nation or people the Hero belongs, is wholly left to conjecture.

We have however thought, that "Lara" was a corruption

of "*Larry*" and that the hero was some unfortunate inhabitant of the Emerald Isle, who not having the fear of a halter before his eyes, had been guilty of theft or robbery; and being under the necessity of bidding adieu to the green fields of his native country, had unluckily strolled into the imagination of the noble Lord, and become a hero quite unexpectedly. What part of the world had the honor of being referred to as the place of his residence, we cannot determine. Although in the opening of the poem, the word *serf* is used when speaking of feudal vassals, which being a Saxon word, and applying to no species of people but a certain part of the English peasantry under the Saxon yoke; would lead us to suppose that the scene was laid in England at some remote period. There are however, objections to this conclusion; for instance,

"He mingled with the *magnates* of his land."

Now we are utterly at a loss to determine, what *magnates* are, whether they are an order of nobility, or military, or civil officers, or in what country their functions were ever exercised; and we have for a definition of the term, searched Bailey, Johnson, Walker, Webster and all the books of heraldry we could find; but all in vain: and we conclude that the word must have been coined for the occasion, to designate some order of men, who could just as well have been distinguished by some appellation understood, so we can get no clue by that circumstance, whereby to find out to what region he belonged.

In reading a little further, we learn that it was a cold country, from the fact that the domestics built up a large fire in the hall on his arrival at no one knows where, from some unknown place. Where he had been gone no one can tell how long, or what after. This fire was mentioned as a luxury; still were we to place him in a cold climate we should be under the necessity of providing a different tree, for the page to lean against after the death of his master; as the Linden is not a native of any cold country. In short, place him where we will, the noble Lord introduces some incongruity to his acquaintance. This is one great and universal error, among

our modern poets, which we conceive to be far worse than roughness of diction, or bad rhymes. It is with poetry, (as we observed before) as it is with painting: correctness in the outline, and boldness of conception being preferable to the fineness of the paint, or the smoothness of the surface. What for instance should we say of a painter, who in sketching a group of Englishmen, should wrap turbans around their heads, and seat them on mats, cross-legged, drinking sherbet, and chewing opium: or should paint the Grand Segnior, and his divan in small slothes, and cocked hats, dining on roast pig, and drinking Madeira wine: or should intersperse a New-England landscape, with Orange and Banana trees. Although the pieces might be coloured to perfection, and the landscape rival the efforts of *Claude* himself; still the work would be a caricature. Just so with poetry, when the author oversteps the bounds of probability, so much as to make us remember we are reading a fiction, at once the enchantment ceases; the charm is broken, and we are awakened as from sleep, by the hideousness of the figures which our dreams have thrown around us. So long as those figures were beautiful and natural, so long our dreams were reality, and our fancy fact, but it was their extravagance which aroused us, and our fears that they might be real brought us to use our faculties in asserting, the rights of human nature against such monsters; which whether appearing in poetry or dreams, are equally the offspring of a disordered imagination.

DENNIS 2d.

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*For the Microscope.*

Arabia may boast of its coffee clad—mountains,
And frankincense—thickets that sweeten its gales;
I love my green meadows, and clear flowing fountains,
My hills gently swelling, and soft winding vales.

When morning is glowing, or evening is fading,
These scenes the beauties that soften us wear,

For reclin'd on the seat which the vine leaves are shading,
I listen the music of Sarah my fair.

The blossoms that glow in Peruvia's bowers
May sparkle with colours more vivid and bright,
But still the soft charms of our dew-breathing flowers
Are sweeter to sense and more dear to the sight,

So the maiden—whose smiles like the ray of the morning
Can soften the bosom or free it from care,
Whom roses and lilies and diamonds adorning
Have fashioned an angel—is Sarah my fair.

H.

## SONNET.

I would not rob that rose-bush of a flow'r,
No! not for all the charms of Julia's smile;
Although she begg'd the blooming gift the while
With all a lovely woman's softening pow'r:
No! for that glowing shrub at morning's hour,
While bending o'er the bank of yonder isle,
Can with its spangled gems my soul beguile,
Such softening influence hath a dewy flow'r.
And Julia, when I see thee gently bending,
O'er yonder monument where Laura lies,
Where marble-snow, and crimson blooms are blending,
Methinks I see an angel in thine eyes,
While heavenly tears in crystal drops descending,
Tell of our anguish when a sister dies.

EDGAR.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Concinnus for his third communication, which shall soon appear.

The battle of New-Orleans shall be inserted as soon as possible.

Alexina, has been received.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (Conn.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 19.] TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1820.


*"I fought him two hours by Shrewsbury Clock."*
*Sir John Falstaff,*

(See Page 100.)

THE unfortunate cause of interruption to Gabriel's "Il Penseroso" was merely a post rider who passed our apprehensive friends, with the contrasted carelessness of the innocent —There is an impatient anxiety of mind, to those who are in danger, that postpones, if it does not destroy all sensations of fatigue—and they continued the briskness of their pace, without any occurrence worthy to be noticed in these memorable memoirs

"From morn till noon—from noon till dewey eve—
"A summer's day"

when they were again alarmed by the noise of wheels which grew nearer, until they were overtaken by a pedlar's cart, on the box of which two persons were seated. As no danger was apprehended by our adventurers, the ordinary compliments were passed, and as the pedlar's horse was tired they moved forward together with a silent consent, and were company for each other, as far as bodily presence goes, when there is nothing said.

It was now nearly dark, and growing darker fast. No house that they knew, was near, and Gabriel and his friend—who well understood that a thick population contains many inquisitive people, were glad to hear a proposal to turn a little into the woods with their new acquaintances, and partake of the waggoners cheer. The whole business was arranged, the horse taken care of, preparations for lodging made—and the supper (such as it was) in readiness in as short a time as

at the first Hotel in the country. A bill of fare is always entertaining, and happens in this case to be short. The waggoner produced from the box on which he rode a liberal quantity of bread and cheese, some cold meat, and a jug—the contents of which, from the best information I have been able to obtain from those who drank in the dark, was a kind of Alcohol, which they diluted with water from a neighbouring spring.

There is probably a luxury in sitting down to a fourth of July dinner, or to a repast "prepared" as the newspapers say—for a regimental training, or a masonic festival. In foreign prints, we read of the Lord Mayor's dinner and I once heard of a supper for the Regent himself. The *gout* of all which consists of splendour, cookery and expense—but in this instance they were more than supplied by the simple substitute of hunger.

Some few branches were spread under the waggon and covered over with the scanty drapery which the company could muster, but previously to retiring the pedlar lighted a piece of a candle, and reconnoitered the ground to see if his horse and the contents of his waggon were in safety—and to accommodate his friends in adjusting their bedding. As the light passed by the tail of the cart, it illuminated a number of advertisements, &c. with which it was garnished, printed in capitals on yellow, blue and red paper, more diverse, as to the subjects of them than even the miscellaneous assortment in the waggon itself. Itch ointment—Pills—and liquid blacking—all purporting to be made by eminent chymists and physicians—"beware of counterfeits"—"none are genuine unless" "sold only," &c. &c.

In the glare of the light a notice of a different sort, struck the vision of Gavit. He borrowed the lanthern a moment and read as follows: *Fifty Dollars Reward!* Deserted from the marine barracks at —— two men—&c. He found the description of one compared admirably with the appearance of his friend Gabriel, and the other, though not very flattering, he had no doubt was intended for himself. His first thought was to depart. But his companion was already stretched under

the waggon: and then, a lonely journey in a dark night, and the danger of exciting suspicion which might not yet be raised, and the fact that they were at any rate two to two, delayed him. He carefully deposited himself by the side of Gabriel to whom he intended to communicate, the first chance he should get, the high opinion with which his personal appearance seemed to have impressed the marine corps, and the kind of sorrow with which they lamented his absence. Unconscious Gabriel slept sound, but the repose of Ben, was disturbed by dreams more broken than his slumbers. He heard the Rogues march, distinctly played, though the bass of the drum overpowered the shrillness of the fife. He saw serjeant Belt, with a new ruffled shirt, dressed with ominous nicety—The scene suddenly changed to the Rendezvous—A glass of Grog—went off in his hand, and instead of the contents he swallowed a bullet. He felt dizzy—tumbled over the ship's side into the sea and was bit in two by a shark. While he was yet struggling in the water, he awoke and found his head under Gabriel's shoulder—and the music of his nose, " like the sweet south, " not *exactly on a bed of violets*" playing in his ear. Though he awoke to real suffering—he found himself relieved from the greater horrors of his dream.

The morning rose with a splendour such as might have complimented the succeeding repose of crowned heads, and discovered an extent of rural scenery such as would have enraptured a painter—and been mistaken by Ariosto, for enchantment itself. It seemed as though nature had been dreaming over the joys of her lost paradise, or indulging some fond anticipations of a speedy millenium—and had waked half believing that the dream was true. It was on the rising side of a green valley that stretched to the shore of the Hudson, surrounded on all sides but that next the water by a gentle ascent, which was at once adorned and sheltered by gigantic oaks, the growth of centuries that have no historian.

The sun, just rising, disclosed the river spreading to a lake and bounded to the southward by the dizzy height through which it winds its passage. Rude as the spectators were,

they gazed in silent admiration. Benjamin's thoughts however were soon compelled to a more practical turn, and he contrived to acquaint his friend with the nature of their danger. They determined on the whole to draw their rations and charitably assist in dispatching the remaining provisions of the pedlar.

Towards the close of this informal meal each one eyed the brace that were strangers to himself—'till Ben discovered, or at least thought he discovered—in the waggoner's companion, an air of superiority which ill comported with his dress and style of travelling—and served to increase his suspicions.

"Frind"—says he "h'ant I seen you before ?"——

"I dont know" said the stranger——

"All was" said Ben "I thought you might be something different from what you look"——

"Most men are" returned the stranger——

"Thats a hit for me ? hey !"——

"No," said the other casting a cool scrutinizing look at Ben's motley appearance, "I suppose *you* are very much what you seem."——

"Why—what do I seem ?"——

"An impudent fellow" said the pedlar.——

"Who spoke to you Mr. Essence ? do you mean to add me to your stock of trumpery—that you advertise me at the tail of your cart ? I'll let you know that your bread and cheese a'nt bait enough for my trap—you sha'nt toll me into town as you would a hog—by shaking a peck measure of gravel stones in his ears !"——

"Ah ! my hero—so you are the military gentleman that your master advertised so much more than he was worth for—I shan't try to get a higher price than he bids" said he rising, "and I'll give you the bread and cheese into the bargain."——

"You had best make your will" said Ben, "and tell what shall be done with your tin cart."——

The pedlar seized his waggon whip which had a twisted stock with a turned handle, and holding it near the small end—

inflicted suddenly as the indictment says—sundry grievous blows upon the body of the said Benjamin—

> Ben dodg'd and struck and struck and dodg'd,
> And dodg'd and struck, and dodg'd again.

The descending hickory cracked—now his head and now his knuckles—and he was obliged to shut his eyes—for fear of worse harm. At length he was lucky enough to gripe the handle with a jerk—and the lash came off in the waggoner's hand. Smarting under the effects of the pedlar's application and mortified at his late awkward predicament, he turned the whip stock end for end—and sweeping it with both hands so that he fairly winked himself—he brought it round with such violence, that as it struck upon the obstinate and resolute skull of its owner, it laid him upon the sod, and opening his eyes just as those of the pedlar were closing—he found himself master of the field. Chafed into more mighty wrath, he followed up his victory and was about to bestride the carcass of his foe, with as little mercy as Achilles shewed when he tied dead Hector's heels with his bridle reins. But he was suddenly jerked from his prey and placed on his feet, by the stranger. Still furious—Ben poised his whip stock in act to strike—but was stopped by the commanding voice which said rather emphatically—"Dont strike *me* !"

"If he wont—I will" said Gabriel—who was now by his friend's side when he found him in danger——

"Stay a moment" said the stranger "and I'll be fair with you both. I have not interfered, till I saw the pedlar down—The victory is yours, and if you are satisfied with that I have nothing to say—but I must not see him abused by a passionate man when he is helpless"——

"Helpless !" says Ben "look at the skin peel'd off of my knuckles—and feel of this soft place in my head"——

"But you have the better and have nothing more to ask—or if you have—let me take care of my companion and I will satisfy you both." He raised the prostrate pedlar, who soon came to—and was able to use his legs—then turning to our two adventurers—"My friends" said he "I see you are suspi-

cious that we mean to apprehend you as deserters—the advertisment on the cart I suppose was there by accident—I will not—and my friend here cannot hurt you—you shall be safe with us as long as you choose to stay"——

"A cowardly fetch" says Gabriel "after Ben has flogged that fellow to coax us where you can get the reward—you and I kept still while they were fighting—now come on"——

"At him Gabe" said Ben——

"If you *will* fight" says the other—"I'll take you both at once"——

"At him Gabe" said Gavit—"If you want help—I'll stand by you—here's the whip stock—give him the right end——

Gabriel took the whip stock, and the stranger had only time to seize a walnut stick—with which he coolly received and easily parried blow after blow, which his opponent struck with a zeal certainly not according to knowledge—not being once able to produce any other effect than a jar in his own arms—Ben impatient at Gabriel's ill success—attempted to throw himself on the stranger—and with a well aimed blow to bring him at once to the ground—but the activity of his adversary easily avoided it—and with a single stroke, he prostrated him like Milton's Dagon

"When he fell flat—and shamed his worshippers."

Gap was the more enraged and his violent and unavailing efforts soon put him out of breath——

"Are you ready to stop?"

"Not till yot are put 'longside of Ben" said Gabriel——

The stranger struck the whip stock from his hand—"will you stop now?——

"No? strike"—"pick up your stick then and I'll lay you at the first blow"——"Don't you want to take us prisoners?"——

"Obstinate fool!" said the other—"you are in my power—and I could carry you both where I choose—and besides" said he, "I should run as much risk in carrying you as you would to go"——

" I'm sorry" said Gabriel " let us pick up Ben and I'll do whatever you tell me to"——

Shortly after peace was restored—Gabriel took the first private opportunity of asking the pedlar—who the stranger might be " Is he a friend of yours ?"——

"I saw him" said the pedlar " for the first time in my life—night before last—He was then dressed like a prince—and before a thousand spectaters he swallowed a pewter quart mug—put his hand in a skillet of melted lead—let a man run him through the body, with a sword—and had a pistol ball fired at him—but he saved his life by catching it in his teeth—I could not imagine any urgent reason that such a man should have for quitting town—but he overtook me early the next day—apparently in a hurry and paid me for a seat on the waggon box. I wonder he had not blown you into atoms in your fight—for he could have done it, if he had chosen." Gabriel was silent—but resolved to treat such a man with more respect. The party was soon under marching orders—and when the stranger perceived that Gavit was somewhat the worse for the exercise of the morning, he offered him his seat in the waggon—Ben declined with an honesty of feeling which should do him credit. He even begged pardon—at Gabriel's suggestion—for their conduct, explained the nature of their mistake—and expressed his obligations for such lenient treatment——

" I should like however with your honours permission" says Ben " to tear off that paper from the waggon, for it can do no farther good"——

" Do my friend—and while you have your hand in—you may pull off the one beneath it—and pass it to me——

Gabriel anticipated the request—and pulling off a printed half sheet—from the cart—put it into the stranger's hand, without manifesting the least curiosity—even by a look—to know what it was about. It was torn in pieces and scattered on the road. Gabriel talked freely of his desertion—and of the horrors of the Mediterranean.

" Was you ever there" said he to the stranger——

"Yes"——

"You are lucky to get back—an't it a plaguey place?"

"By no means"——

"You think then I did wrong to desert?——

"That is more than I can say" was his answer——

They had now arrived at a copse of wood by the road side—when they discovered a man holding two horses ready saddled, as though waiting some one's arrival—the stranger requested the waggoner to stop, "I must leave you here my friends" said he and slipping a few dollars into the hand of each, he walked towards the horses—one of which the man in waiting held ready for him to mount.

The moment Gabriel recovered from the almost galvanic shock of finding three hard dollars in his hand, he sprang towards the stranger to return the money. "I would not take it from you said he" for the whole world.——

Keep it said the other who was by this time mounted. "I may see you hereafter when it will be in your power to serve me"——

"So I will" said Gap and the two horsmen disappearad in the woods.

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*Messrs. Editors,*

Through the medium of your paper I wish to return my sincere thanks to one of your early correspondents. I have a large family of daughters who were formerly in the habit of keeping their beds till a late hour in the morning—To *Simon Lookout* I am indebted for a complete reform in this particular. But their gaining a few hours is one of the least advantages derived from the reformation. The *exercise* they now take in the fresh morning air has improved their health, and even their appearance is altered for the better; they are more industrious, and I think I may add far more cheerful and happy. I therefore beg that Simon Lookout will accept the gratetul acknowledgment of A MOTHER.

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*** *To Correspondents.—Perilla* is received and shall have a place.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 20.] FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1820.


"Monsieur Tonson come again."

*Coleman.*

*My dear Friends,*

My last communication informed you of a number of gentlemen, including myself, having associated together under the title of: The New-Haven Dandy Club, and chosen for our President, a member who appeared to be possessed of eminent qualifications. Disappointment "sat heavy" on the countenances of the other candidates, and it was seriously feared that the harmony of the association would be disturbed by their jealousies and mortified ambition. From this cause many gloomy forebodings prevailed among us; but an experienced member soon proposed, in private conversation, an antidote to the poison which had began to operate. He informed us that in other societies whose peace had been threatened in the same way as our own, every thing had been restored to perfect harmony, by making *vice-presidents* of all the unsuccessful candidates for the presidentship. He stated that when this plan was adopted, care was usually taken to put one or two efficient men among these officers, and then all went on safely, though the majority of them might be but wooden guns. At the next meeting we acted in pursuance of his wise advice, and in gratitude for the signal benefit he had conferred upon us, assigned him the responsible station of secretary. It was thought unnecessary to appoint a treasurer. We are familiar with the art of turning the simplicity of tradesmen and vulgar creatures of that sort to our own advantage, by buying their goods and manufactures upon *tick*, and paying for them—when it suits our convenience; of course

there cannot be any difficulty in obtaining credit for all the little accommodations which we may want in our social capacity, nor any occasion for taxes, collections or accounts.

One of our first measures was to direct our honourable secretary to open a correspondence with distinguished men of fashion in other parts of the United States. The consequences of this wise step have been even more beneficial and important than we expected. It has led to our adoption into one of the most ancient, honourable and extensive societies to be found among men. You are no doubt acquainted with the high standing and character of the most noble order of free and accepted masons. You may too have learned that there are among them various grades, some of which, for wise reasons, have been almost entirely secluded from vulgar observation. Of these higher parts of the grand system, the society which has recently extended its paternal protection to us, is the most important. Impenetrable mystery has hitherto covered it, but the particular causes of concealment having passed away, you shall be favoured with a general account of its character and design.

And first, you must know that its title is: THE IMPERIAL CHAPTER OF BODY FORMERS. Like all other masons, its members sedulously cultivate the science of architecture; but they differ from their humble associates in this, that while these confine their attention to inanimate and originally shapeless substances, they work upon living materials, and improve the appearance of that which is most grand and beautiful in the productions of nature, building up "the human form divine" into unwonted grace and elegance. You must be sensible that so high an aim as the Imperial Chapter proposes to its members, can only be reached by long continued exertions. Accordingly, though it has existed for some thousands of years, and carried on its operations in every part of the habitable earth, its efforts have not, until the present enlightened age, been attended with such a degree of success, as to induce it to demand the gratitude of mankind. Innumerable are the experiments that it has made,—slow and sometimes retro-

grade has been its motion,—but at length in this favoured period of time, by some few of those happy conceptions of first-rate genius, which influence the destiny of man through many ages, and seem almost to have flowed from the inspiration of some benevolent spirit, the grand result has been reached—the principles of human beauty have been ascertained and established,—and the method of carrying it to its utmost limit has not only been discovered, but actually exhibited in practice. Glorious days! when deformity is no longer a misfortune, but a mere neglect! Illustrious age! soon to arrive, when grace and beauty shall throw indescribable loveliness over all that breathes and moves upon this "mundane sphere!"

Excuse me, my good friends, if my feelings have led to a little extravagance. Who can be unmoved in the contemplation of what is now taking place? The labours of more than forty centuries are at last rewarded! The aspirations, toils and disappointments of millions of enlightened men ardently engaged in the pursuit of a noble science, have now terminated in complete success! The grand discovery is made—already it has been carried into operation—and soon, very soon, it will change the whole face and appearance of animated and rational nature!

But I forget myself. Benevolent and enlarged as are your views, you cannot fully sympathize with one, whose whole soul has been engaged in the subject, which excites his passionate exclamations. In the warmth of my emotion, I have overlooked your comparative ignorance of its cause. I will endeavour to compose my feelings, and give you a plain account of the discoveries which have honoured the Imperial Chapter.

You are aware that many of the most important arts and sciences owe their origin, or the degree of perfection which they have attained, to accidental circumstances,—slight coincidences,—or little fancies suddenly springing up, which true genius has enlarged and ripened, to the perpetual benefit of mankind. Not to speak of the apple which fell upon Newton's head and taught him the laws of gravitation,—nor of the

children's play which produced the first telescope, and led to the proof of those laws,—nor of the early periods of society when men gathered skill from beasts and birds ;—I would remind you, that two of the orders of architecture arose from attempts to imitate the appearances of strength and beauty, which severally adorn the sterner and the lovelier part of our species ; and that a basket half buried in weeds gave rise to the noblest ornament which that science can boast. Whether a knowledge of the effect, which close observation of natural appearances had upon the minds of ancient inventors—or innate genius—was the guide of an illustrious architect of the highest rank, is not known ; but certain it is, that one, whose name, though now concealed through modesty, shall hereafter descend like that of Callimachus to remote generations, has been happily led into the same train of thinking, which produced the highest elegance in Grecian structures. We look back to the days when Athens flourished, for the perfection of beautiful forms of inanimate matter ; but after the lapse of two thousand years, our age shall appear resplendent on the page of history, for it has developed the true principles, on which, living, active, rational man shall exhibit the grace, beauty and grandeur, that become his elevated rank in the scale of existence.

The exultation of success, and the glorious prospects expanded before my enraptured sight, have again drawn me away from the sober narration that I intended to give you ; but I will now endeavour to make out a plain account of what feeling has already induced me to dilate upon. Our illustrious discoverer, reflecting on the various shapes which animated and inanimate matter had assumed under the plastic hand of masonic ingenuity ; and considering that none which had been forced upon the human frame had as yet improved its appearance ; turned his attention towards the forms by which lifeless stone and wood had been clothed with beauty. Of these he was particularly struck with the pyramid, and its near relative, the cone, whose elegant gradation is, in some degree, imitated in every magnificent edifice, while all those

which are modeled in exact conformity to them, are found to bid defiance to time and accident.

In applying them to mankind, many of those difficulties appeared, which deter moderate genius and courage from the prosecution of commenced undertakings, though they only serve as stimulants to real energy. And first, the foot and the lower half of the person are smaller than the head and body; whereas the base of the cone is broad, and its top a point. And again, there are so many curvatures, depressions and irregularities in the human figure, that no common talents would ever find out a method of reducing it to mathematical exactness. But our persevering discoverer replied to the suggestions, which timidity urged on the first point, that in all other buildings where the beautiful outline of the pyramid or cone was preserved, the smaller part was placed at the greater distance from the eye, and of course in the elegantly constructed human figure, the shoulders must still remain larger than the feet. The difficulty arising from the irregularities of the human shape was indeed too great to be overcome, but it was evaded in a manner, which made ultimate success more complete and glorious. It was seen to be impossible, however pliable the skin, muscles, nerves, arteries and veins might be, to compress or extend the bones into the exact resemblance of one single regular solid; but there appeared no violation, but rather a prolonged and multiplied gratification of taste, in moulding the shape into a succession of similar perfect figures. Accordingly our hero (for one who has done so much for mankind deserves the noblest titles) immediately began to operate upon himself. He first procured a hat which spread into ample breadth at the top, and beautifully tapered towards the brim. This part of the covering of the head, so useful to the eyes of the wearer in protecting them from the sun, now delighted the optics of admiring observers, by forming the base of a second inverted cone, which was almost completed by the tightness, (maliciously considered by some as indicative of future fate) with which the cravat was drawn around the neck. But the *chef d'ouvre* of mechanical and

mathematical skill was exhibited in the next truncated cone; for the chest and shoulders, by dint of squaring, straining, throwing out, pulling back, stuffing, and padding, were brought to a most magnificent breadth and fulness, and formed a noble commencement of the figure, which the body now assumed, in its elegant expansion over and around the lungs and heart, and its equally elegant contraction, produced by strong bandages and straps, in the meaner neighborhood of the stomach. The same admirable succession of shapes, enlarged in the beginning and diminishing regularly toward the end, was continued down to the heel of the boot; which not being susceptible of pain, like the preceding subjects of scientific operation, was brought exactly into the desired form, and preserved from losing it, by a well-fastened piece of iron, in the precise shape of that, which is usually put under the foot of a horse or an ass.

When our benefactor (for who is not indebted to him?) had proceeded thus far on the road to perfection, he might have safely and quietly reposed, under the shade of the laurels that he had gathered; but it is the part of "rich genius," "to throw in another dole," "after it has already done enough and more than enough." He chose to add ornament to proportion, and grace to elegance. Happily at this stage in the progress of discovery, the wonder and monarch of the deep made his appearance in the vicinity of our shores. Ever intent on gaining useful ideas from all quarters, our inventor joined the throng, which hastened to Gloucester, to see the far-famed serpent of the ocean. While in silent admiration he beheld the majestic and graceful movements, and the elegant contour of this most dignified inhabitant of the waters, the illumination of genius flashed upon his mind—vivid and forcible as lightning. More transported, than was Pythagoras at the discovery which demanded a hecatomb,—he exclaimed *Eureeka!* Henceforth, O sovereign of the waves, the lord of the land shall appear with suitable majesty, for he shall imitate thy noble port, and magnificent adornments!

The joys of successful discovery, and the dull matter-of-fact

business of applying it, form an admirable contrast. In the one, the rapt soul soars above all common concerns, and beyond all near periods of time. In the other, she descends to every poor vulgar substance and instrument, and is pinned down to the pitiful present. As a bathos must thus actually occur after some of the most sublime emotions of the mind, you will excuse it in these pages, when you see the description, which I am now about to give, of the simple means, by which under the guidance of powerful genius, the human form was raised from its advanced state, to absolute perfection. Its general proportions having been established, nothing but a little embellishment was wanted. This was attained, by exactly copying the bunches or protuberances which extended along the back of the serpent. The hair was suffered to grow till it formed a thick mop behind the head. The next bunch was made by a stuffing in the cravat. After this succeeded stiff quilting and whale-bone bracers over the shoulders, which brought out those emblems and instruments of strength in noble projection. The same process was continued down to the feet, and extended to almost every part of the body. When our patron had thus spread grace and beauty over his person, he presented himself in public, marching in a gait which closely resembled the sublime, slow, vibratory motion of the serpent. Universal admiration was the immediate consequence. The worshippers of the fair were thrown into terrible consternation, for they saw that after the appearance of the charms which were now exhibited, they must be considered but as hideous monsters. They were however soon relieved from absolute despair, for the author of these noble inventions communicated them at the next meeting of the Chapter, in-order that they might be generally diffused for the benefit of mankind. This benevolent work was soon begun, but, strange to tell, it met almost insuperable obstacles from prejudice and self-indulgence.

The noble art thus perfected, was stigmatized as foppery, and many men were found, who were too sensual to bear the pain and government of appetite, which the system involved;

as if every important advantage were not attended by some inconveniences. Yet the resolute members of the Imperial Chapter have steadily pursued their good course. By persuasion and example they slowly extend the benefits of dandyism, and, as far as possible they afford protection to all its votaries. On some of the principal members in a neighbouring city being informed by the correspondence of our secretary, that we were associated in a club for mutual advantage and encouragement, the fact was made known at a general meeting, and it was immediately sesolved to send to New-Haven, a deputation who should be duly authorized to admit as many of us as should accept the proffered honour, into the Imperial Chapter. You will readily believe that none of us shrunk from a union with this illustrious order. Thus the long course of mortifications, slander, suffering, and privation, that we have endured, has terminated in the highest advancement. Under the great advantages which our new relation gives, and the powerful protection afforded us, our future course will be smooth and rapid. "The gales of prosperity" shall waft us joyfully along "in the full tide of successful experiment." Obloquy and detraction shall "hide their diminished heads." I now address you for the *last* time—henceforth we "shall have no need to proclaim our triumphs; they will be felt in the silence of universal" admiration.

Yours, with much consideration,

CONCINNUS.

*** We have received a poem, from a Correspondent to whom we are already much indebted. As it will occupy more than one number, and as it would materially injure it to be divided; we shall postpone Tuesday's paper to Friday, and then present our readers with the communication *entire*.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

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No. 21.] TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1820.


## THE SUICIDE.

'TWAS where a Granite-cliff high beetling tower'd
Above the billows of the western main,
Deep in a grot, by sable yews embower'd,
A youth retir'd to ponder and complain.

'Twas near the night fall of a winter's day,
The sun was hid in clouds of dunnest gloom,
Before the north-wind rose the whitening spray,
And the loud breakers roar'd the sailor's doom.

Dark, sullen, gloomy as the scene around,
The soul that harbour'd in that youthful breast,
To him the wild roar was a soothing sound,
The only one, could hush his woes to rest.

His was a soul that once was warm and kind—
That once could love with gentlest purest flame,
So mild, so lovely was his infant mind,
His cheek ne'er redden'd with the blush of shame.

But never could he brook the frown of pride,
This was the killing stroke that smote his heart,
All other wounds of fortune he defied,
This—This to him was death's envenom'd dart.

He felt himself too good to crouch and bend
Before the man whose only boast was birth,
Oh! he would sooner his own bosom rend
Than bow before the haughtiest lord of earth.

There was a savage sternness in his breast,
No half way passion could his bosom move;

None e'er by him were scorn'd and then caress'd,
His was all gloomy hate or glowing love.

Those whom he scorn'd, he pass'd unheeded by,
He never lur'd a foe with artful wile,
But when a friend or lover met his eye,
Each word was sweetness, and each look a smile.

He once could love, but oh! that time was o'er,
His heart was now the seat of Hate alone,
As peaceful—is the wintry tempests roar,
As cheerful—torture's agonizing groan.

He would have lov'd, had not his frozen heart
Suspected every form tho' e'er so fair,
How could he love when rack'd by every smart,
And all the gloomy horrors of despair?

Insult him—he was wilder than the storm—
His blood in boiling vengeance thro' him rush'd—
And those who tho't they trampled on a worm,
Soon found an adder, in the form they crush'd.

In dissipation he had revell'd long,
Had known the wildest paths that vice e'er trod,
He roam'd seduc'd by Pleasures syren song,
Until he hated man, himself, and God.

He hated man, because he tho't a foe
Smil'd in each scene, or lurk'd in every path,
He scorn'd himself, for he had sunk so low,
He hated God, because he fear'd his wrath.

So warm his passions, and so stern his will,
So wild and yet so tender was his eye,
So warp'd his heart to every thing that's ill,
He was not fit to live—much less to die.

The wind that whistled, round the gloomy walls,
The billows roaring on the rocks below,
The trickling drop that freezes as it falls;
Seem'd warm and cheerful as that child of woe.

Oft have I seen this youth pass heedless by,

All negligent his dress, and wild his mein,
The tear was always starting in his eye,
A smile was never in his features seen.

With languid air, with eye by sorrow sear'd,
And down cast look he walk'd—then paus'd awhile
And in the darkness of his gloom he fear'd
To raise his head, lest he should see a smile.

So much the victim of despair and fear,
He look'd more sadly when he heard one speak,
And when he saw a smile—oh! then the tear
Stream'd o'er the furrows of his woe-worn cheek:

So wan his cheek, his countenance so pale,
He seem'd just sinking to his early tomb,
So tottering were his steps, his form, so frail,
A ghost seem'd wandering in the cavern's gloom.

He walk'd, then stop'd, then started, stop'd again,
Then rais'd to heaven his wild and impious eye,
Then gnash'd his teeth, as in severest pain,
Or feebly groan'd, or heav'd a long drawn sigh.

With hands in fury clench'd, he beat his breast
Then smote his forehead—stamp'd and wildly rav'd
It seem'd, no soothing hand could give him rest,
He seem'd too far abandon'd, to be sav'd.

"Are these the joys of life," he wildly cried,
"Are these the pleasures man enjoys below,
The syren voice that said 'be happy' lied,
It call'd me not to happiness—but woe.

Life—'tis a pang that racks us for a while,
Then like a bubble bursts and all is o'er,
Its highest joys e'en woman's lovely smile,
To me are gloomy as yon billows roar.

I'll live no more—I know the world too well—
I'll trust no longer to its soothing voice—
Let those who choose, in pain and sorrow dwell—
Death is my fondest—Death my only choice

Live—shall I live without the slightest meed,
Without one voice to dwell upon my name,
With hand too weak to do one noble deed,
Or pluck one leaflet from the wreath of fame—

Live while consumption ghastly, gloomy, pale,
E'en to a shadow wears my form away,
Shrink at the rustling of the gentlest gale,
And pine to dark despondency a prey:

Say is this life—how trifling, oh how vain
To give one struggle for a world like this,
How cold, how heavy, pleasure's flowery chain,
How sickening, every cup of earthly bliss.

I've drain'd the goblet, and I know how vile,
How mean and empty all terrestrial joys,
Reason surveys them with a pitying smile
And stamps with words of lightning "infant toys:"

How easy when depression sinks me low,
To leave this world and seek another shore,
Careless if pleasure laugh—or all be woe,
If smooth the waves—or loud the billows roar.

How easy, oh! how trifling with the steel,
To pierce a heart that loves no scene below,
To wound a breast too callous, e'er to feel,
A pang less cruel than a demon's woe.

Does not the smiling surface of the wave
Kindly invite to take my endless sleep,
How sweet to rest within a wat'ry grave,
How soft those slumbers—that repose how deep.

The death wing'd ball—can pierce my phrenzied brain,
The knife—can loose the shackles of my soul,
An opiate—that can ease my every pain,
Smiles how inviting—in the poison'd bowl.

And thou! sweet drug—can'st shed the balmy dew
Of sleep eternal, o'er my wearied eyes,
And give repose, as calm to mortal views—
As when the infant wrapt in slumber lies.

Still thou art slow tho' sure—ah can I wait
A single moment, e'er I sink in death,
Perhaps I may lament it when too late,
And struggle to regain my fleeting breath:
Give me the knife, the dagger or the ball
Oh! I can take them with a smile serene;
Then like a flash of lightning I may fall
And rush at once into the world unseen."

The wither'd leaves that deck'd a beechen bough
Rustled, he turn'd and gaz'd with frozen stare,
Such gloom, such horror, settled on his brow
He seem'd the very image of despair—
"Disturb me not—there's nought can give relief,
Heav'n deigns no soothing comforter to send,
There is but one can soothe my gnawing grief,
It is the best of earthly good—a friend—

A friend—I tho't I once had friends—but No!
Friendship thou cherub ne'er wert to me giv'n
Friendship is not a flow'r that blooms below—
If there is friendship it must be in heav'n:
And when I've seen the pious widow's woe
And view'd no christian friend or heav'n-born fair
E'er deign to wipe away the tears that flow,
I've tho't e'en friendship was not real there:

And when no human form on me would roll
The glance that soothes, or beam the smiles that bless,
My dog the only solace of my soul,
E'en bit the hand extended to caress—

What if some female form should deign to smile,
And chase away the gloom that clouds my breast,
Could I be happy should I stay awhile,
Yes, woman's smile could make me cheerful—bless'd.

The heart—that's tortur'd with remorse is dead
To all the joys that woman's love can give
Affection does not smile where hope is fled,
Where conscience frowns, that charmer cannot live

Can Love the sweetest cherub ever deign
To live where doubt, despair, distraction dwell:
Ah! no—this fond idea must be vain,
Love in my bosom is a saint in hell.

Let others boast their skill to charm the soul,
And proffer pleasure to the expecting eye,
To bid the glance with mimic sweetness roll,
And heave the bosom with an empty sigh;

Away such base deceivers from my sight,
Hide them ye shades of midnight from my view,
Think you such flatteries can my soul delight,
Farewell such love, such hollow friends adieu.

No smooth deceit e'er floated from my tongue,
By flatterer's wiles these lips of mine ne'er mov'd,
On them—on them this truth has always hung,
'I ever hated all and nothing lov'd.'

And what if man, or woman shun my form,
And view a tiger in the gloom I wear,
To me their smiles are blacker than the storm,
There seems a serpent ever lurking there—

The charms of Vice detain'd my soul too long—
What sounds of sweetness in her love-notes flow,
But misery's sigh is in her sweetest song
And in her gayest smile the tear of woe

The eye that beams so fondly—ill conceals
Distraction's silent gaze and icy glare,
The lip that smiles so sweetly—still reveals
The paleness, and the quiv'ring of despair:

I drank her cup of promis'd bliss—I lay
In soft repose on beds of roses flung,
There heard her Ariel harp its wind-notes play,
And all the syren-music of her tongue—

In slumber soft, I clos'd my swimming eyes,
While sounds extatic seem'd around to flow,
I slept no more—in happiness to rise
I clos'd my eyes to bliss—I woke to woe.

Look at my eye and see the glare of pain,
Look at my cheek, it is the hue of death,
See there the softness of her flow'ry chain,
There mark the sweetness of her balmy breath.

Shun—shun the road she points to—death is there
Her sweetest voice is but a funeral knell,
Her gayest smile is but the gloom of care
And though she calls to heav'n, she leads to hell.

What's earth, what's life to space, eternity,
'Tis but a flash, a glance—from birth to death,
And he who ruled the world would only be
Lord of a point—a creature of a breath—

And what is it to gain a Hero's name,
Or build one's greatness on the rabbles roar;
'Tis but to light a feeble flickering flame
That shines a moment, and is seen no more:

Once Cæsar gain'd the summit of renown,
For him fame's trumpet blew its loudest peals,
But what to him is Glory's shining crown,
It heightens but the blackness it reveals:

What is the greatness Science can display
Or from the best tun'd lyre what can we gain,
But that the fluttering insect of a day
May hum our praise, and all be still again.

What if a Titian's tints, a Ruben's fire,
Or Raphael's grandeur o'er my canvass glow,
These tints, that fire, that grandeur soon expire
And melt as quickly as the summer's snow.

Let boastful wealth his richest stores unfold,
And Pride his pomp of ancestry display,
A speck of yellow dust is all their gold,
An infant's rattle—all their proud array.

What praise to shine in fashion's brightest ray,
What is that Fame by fops so dearly sought,
'Tis but the mere ephemeron of a day—
'Tis but the very meanest part of nought.

And thou proud monarch frowning on thy throne,
What is the space between thy pow'r and me,
'Tis but to sit above the crowd alone
And lord it o'er a few poor worms like thee.

Ah! when I look on man and see how low,
How vile has sunk the basely grovelling crowd,
I still can scarcely think this child of woe,
Can have sufficient meanness to be proud—

Depart, renown, oh hie thee far away,
And fortune, tho' in all thy splendour drest,
Oh! from this world you've torn my only stay,
And left not e'en one motive in my breast.

This world has now so dull and gloomy grown
So sickening every sight where'er I range—
Mid all life's bustle, I am still so lone
I'd leave it, were it only for a change.

What balm shall heal my wounds, or soothe my woes,
How shall I sink to my untimely grave,
Shall this sweet opiate lull me to repose,
Or shall I plunge beneath the roaring wave.

Come sweetest draught, I woo thee to my lips
With all the fondness of a lover's breast,
No thirsty weary pilgrim fondlier sips
The cooling fount or lays him down to rest.

Come do thy work, and free my struggling soul,
Swift as the lightning—from life's heavy chain,
I care not if I reach heav'n's shining goal,
Or plunge beneath the waves of endless pain.

You gave me life—take back the gift you gave
Nor think I'd thank you for such trash as this,
Sweeter to me annihilation's grave,
Oh! sweeter than the highest heav'n of bliss.

Roll on the winds your most terrific storm,
And shade the skies with more than Egypt's gloom;
Then with your 'vengeful lightnings scathe my form,
And hurl me to my never ending doom.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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No. 22.] FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1820.


## THE SUICIDE.—*Continued.*

I'VE plung'd in Guilt, till I can plunge no more
I've been to Man and God the fellest foe,
On me—on me each cup of fury pour,
And whelm me in the deepest gulf of woe."

But e'er the sun had dip'd his orb of light
Beneath the wave that swell'd along the main,
A momentary brilliance met the sight,
And shone reflected o'er the wat'ry plain.

The trembling lustre glanc'd upon his eye,
There was a something, neither smile nor tear,
A sound, nor comforts voice, nor sorrow's sigh,
Fell scarcely heard upon the listener's ear.

"Can there no ray like this of Mercy shine,
To dissipate my soul's terrific gloom;
Is there no beam from heav'n, no light divine,
Can gild the path that leads me to my tomb.

Must all within be desolate and sad,
Must all seem frowning to the mental sight,
When the last sun-beam makes all nature glad,
And ushers in with smiles the shades of night.

May I not hope although dark clouds of woe,
Hang o'er my soul and sink it to the grave;
May I not hope for happiness below
That heav'n will smile, and mercy deign to save.

The light is gone and all is dark again,
So flies the light that shone upon my soul,

Night's horrors thicken o'er the heaving main,
So, round my heart, Despair, Distraction roll.
What! shall I catch at hope's illusive gleams,
That glance like meteors through my phrenzied brain,
What! shall I trust to fancy's wildering dreams,
No! death and ruin welcome once again.

No! I can pierce the grave's tremendous gloom,
And thro' its dunnest shades unfaltering pry,
Can read with look unmov'd my direst doom,
And view the world of woe with heedless eye—
Oh! you may tell me of the quenchless flame,
And gnawing worm that never—never dies,
Or read each furious devil name by name,
The hottest hell within my bosom lies.

Is this your kindness—you who made my soul,
And form'd it to be sensible of woe,
Then bade a world of anguish o'er it roll,
And through my veins despair's dark currents flow.
Why was I made for misery alone,
Why were my joys but preludes to my pain,
Why was my voice but form'd to breathe the groan,
Or why my tongue but fashion'd to complain,

You bade a thousand pleasures, round me smile,
But mingled poison in their balmy breath,
Bade angel forms exert their every wile,
To lure me sweetly on to sin and death,
Is this your kindness—thus to charm my eyes,
By what would certainly my soul undo,
Oh! is it not sufficient to chastise,
Must you allure me, and then punish too.

Oh! happy prospect far before my sight
Annihilation rises dark and drear,
Or to my vision glares hell's mucky light
And sighs and groans and gnashings fill my ear.
What clouds around the Grave's dark regions roll,
I'd give the wealth of worlds to pierce their gloom

And read imprinted on the eternal scroll:
The awful words of flame that mark my doom.

The thoughts of an hereafter wake my fears,
And fill my soul with agonizing throes,
Methinks some accent whispers in my ears
And tells me—Nothing will my pangs compose.

Nothing!—there's something awful in that sound,
Oh! shall my all be crumbled into dust—
Shall mind—shall body rot beneath the ground,
Nor soul immortal from my casement burst.

Nothing!—away thou phantom from my brain,
Away thou deadlier fiend than ever rose
To rack the doubting soul with hellish pain,
Or fill it with a maniac fancy's woes.

Nothing!—unreal shade of all that's ill,
Cease—cease thy clamours nor disturb me more—
Hush! let that demon voice of thine be still,
Oh hie thee to thy dark tartarean shore.

What if I pry beyond the yawning grave,
Is there a light can point my wilder'd way,
Is there an arm of mercy, stretcht to save,
Oh help, that arm! and guide me genial ray.

I look, but all is darker than the gloom,
That hung a sooty mist, o'er Egypt's land,
I listen, all is stiller than the tomb;
There is no ray—no mercy's outstretched hand:

Come then each busy devil to my breast,
Come every fiend of hell, and nestle there—
Rack me—Religion cannot give me rest;
If mercy will not whisper—yell, despair!

My ear is open to thy piercing cry—
Pour it—to every suffering I'm resign'd,
But hark!—methought I heard an angel fly
With downy pinions on the passing wind.

No! 'twas an idle fancy—mock no more
Thou cheating spirit, thou art false though fair,

No! 'twas the wave of ruin's sullen roar,
No! 'twas the hollow voice of dark despair.
Come grisly death! and whet thy bloody dart,
Come waft upon the breeze my dying knell,
Oh! misery and woe have fill'd my heart
Oh! hell to me is nothing—nothing 's hell."
He said and lifted high the poison'd draught,
"This gives" he cried "my body to the tomb—
To nothing—dreary nothing it shall waft,
My soul, or yield it to its endless doom.
A doom that strikes my shuddering soul with dread,
And almost drives my purpose from my breast,
Speak not those words—for every hope is fled
In death—in darkness is my only rest.
"Come to my lips" he spake with features calm,
"Come to my lips—thou cordial of my woes,
Pour in my wounded heart thy healing balm
And in eternal sleep my eyelids close.
Come lovely draught! oh, lovelier than the spring,
And sweeter than the morning's dewy breath,
Come to my soul, oblivion's comforts bring,"
He said, and *madly* drank the cup of death.

The love of glory in a woman's mind, is what M. De Stael said of genius, in the midst of society; "it is a pain, an internal fever," which has the promise of little reward. In vain nature has blessed her with strong mental powers; she may devote herself assiduously to study, and unwearied application, but what will be her recompense, but the censures of society? she may sacrifice her ease, her health, her beauty, to a phantom, which forever eludes her grasp, unless she braves the storms of prejudice, which in this country, hang over female talents.

It is not so with man; the hope of distinction fills his bosom; he beholds the prize, and rushes on to victory, and glory!

The applause of the world awaits him; the garland is ready for his brow, and he receives it, flushed with proud success; —but in vain woman toils; her intellectual efforts; are discouraged; her labours, whose aim is the meed of praise, and the gratitude of those who can estimate her exertions, are ridiculed as unsuited to her destiny, and her character.

Why is it that there exists such a prejudice against female talents? Why is it that a "learned woman" is looked upon as a hydra, an object of fear, and contempt? Why is it that those, whom nature has gifted with superior mental powers—in whose minds the fire of genius glows, and the brilliancy and wildness of whose imagination is tempered by prudence and taste—that those whom education has fitted to shine in spheres, which men think belong exclusively to themselves—are so often objects of scorn and derision?

Why is it that men of talents, and science feel so little pleasure in the display of female intellect? Why is it that they look upon the fairer part of creation as bubbles floating on a stream, whose airy lightness, whose gay, fantastic colours they gaze upon and admire for their very brightness? Is it not because the prejudices and customs of society have taught them to look upon her as mentally inferior? is it not because they are accustomed to associate her image, with the gay, dazzling dreams of their fancies, rather than make her the companion of their studies, and the sharer of their hopes of glory?

I would not that women should fit themselves for statesmen, or for orators, or that they should figure upon the theatre of public life, for nature has not designed them for such things; but I would that their talents, their capability of success in literature and science should be acknowledged; that the excitement, which is the nurse of genius, should be offered them, and that their intellectual labours, should meet with the reward they merit; but in vain they behold the bright chalice sparkling, for they feel they may not taste it, but at the sacrifice of approbation, and perhaps of peace.

It requires the masculine independence, and the masterly genius of a De Stael, for a female to break down the adamantine walls of opposition—to present herself as a candidate for applause, and to give her courage to enter the lists, where men are struggling to obtain the meed of fame. The instinctive delicacy of her mind makes her shrink from such opposition, and such display, and rather than encounter it, she buries her talents, or only cultivates them in seclusion, for her own gratification.

Can it be supposed, or allowed by any generous mind, that nature has given to woman an understanding inferior to man's, or that she was destined to pursue a course, in which talents were unnecessary? If so, why was she blessed with the power of reasoning, and thinking profoundly? why has she that quick perception of the sublime and beautiful? why has she an imagination ardent, poetical, and glowing? and why was the love of intellectual glory implanted in her breast? If she did not feel that she was fitted to shine in other spheres than the humble one of domestic life, would she ever sacrifice the ease, and the pleasures of the world, and the gaieties of society? would she leave the giddy crowd of fashion and disdain the voice of flattery for retirement, where books and study call the vigour of her mind into action, and where her vanity is sacrificed to her love of literature and mental exertion.

There is probably no country, where females have generally stronger minds, more refinement of taste, or more vivid imaginations than in America; yet few are distinguished for their talents, because their education, their habits, and the system of society, tend rather to depress mental efforts, than to excite and encourage them; and there is too, so little value set upon female genius here, that those who possess it, feel that they carry in their bosoms a fatal malady, and, rather than brave the shafts of ridicule, they lose themselves in the follies of fashionable life, and suit the temper of their minds to the prejudices of society.

There have been some women in our country, who have devoted themselves exclusively to letters, and study, and what

has been their reward? There have been those, whom England, France, or Germany would have been proud to have ranked with their scholars, and crowned with the laurel wreath of fame, that have been doomed to censure, and opprobium; who have in proud disgust, sought a shelter from ridicule and neglect, in obscurity and solitude.

As this free, and happy country progresses in taste, and refinement—as the dawning sun of science sheds her orient beams over this land of liberty and happiness, men of genius and classic literature will, it is to be hoped, feel a pride and pleasure in encouraging female talents, and in paying homage to intellectual worth, as well as to personal grace and beauty; and then may we not boast of our De Sevignes, De Staels, De Genlis; of our Mores and our Edgeworths? It is not vanity to believe it, nor to feel a proud delight in the anticipation. Yours, &c. PERILLA.

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"Oh dear!"—said my aunt Lucy, "I have just been to Mr. B—'s. He is the *most* complete gentleman, and his wife is the *prettiest* woman I ever saw." As I had repeatedly heard her make the same or similar remarks concerning a variety of persons, she did not now convince me that this was, after all, so extraordinary a couple.

But my aunt is not alone in the thing. Many very worthy and—what is more—very intelligent people are wont to express themselves in the same unguarded way,—more however from habit and mere thoughtlessness, than from any other cause. The following may serve as specimens of this style of speaking. Such an one is the *best informed* man in his town—the *first* man in his party—the *greatest* speaker in the world—he delivered the *best* sermon I ever heard—he is the *most* eloquent man living—the *first* scholar in the world—the *handsomest* woman—the *most* pleasing woman, &c. In passing through the country you will find that every town contains (if you implicitly confide in the declarations of its inhabitants) the *greatest* man in the state—the *first Lawyer*, or *Physician*, or *Divine*, or the *richest* man, &c. Every literary institution too, and every nation, is at the same time, by different persons, made out to be decidedly and undoubtedly the very *first* in the world, &c. &c. This way of talking is, as every one knows, very much practised, and there are few persons, who who do not, under some form or other, give specimens of it

in their daily conversation. Two or three hints on the subject, may not, therefore, be unacceptable.

These *exclusive superlatives* are usually *untrue*. They are of course, not unfrequently the result of partiality or prejudice, or more especially of narrow and contracted views. For example when a person asserts of Mr. —, that he is the *most eloquent man in the world;* before this declaration is to be confided in, it must be shown, that the person making it, really *knows* what true eloquence *is*, and also that he has *himself* heard *every* eloquent man in the world, and has formed his opinion of them *without partiality or prejudice*. As no one has ever done this; it is quite clear that no one is warranted in making the affirmation. To render this unqualified mode of speaking safe and certainly correct, an *infallible* recollection of the past, and an *universal* knowledge of the present are indispensable; and until we have pretty comfortable evidence that *we* are thus endowed, we may perhaps as well abstain from such phraseology. There is one case however where it can be used with safety and propriety when speaking of the perfections of the character, and the excellence of the works, of God; and when remarking upon revealed facts. But no mere *man* can justly or conscientiously desire to have them appropriated to himself, thus to become exclusively applauded, and raised, as to the given quality, to an elevation above every other individual of his race.

It is to be remembered too, that, in this untempered phraseology, as much as you exalt one individual, so much you lower every other. You will thus often unwittingly give *offence*, and sometimes, deeply wound the very persons you are wishing and endeavouring to please by your conversation or your writing.

The offence given in these cases is also entirely *unnecessary*, since every intended end is answered exactly as well by a very slight alteration in our manner of speaking. It is easy enough to commend highly or censure severely without making every thing we have last seen, *best* or *worst*. Superlatives can be used, and still they need not be *exclusive* ones. You may, for instance, say of a man that he is a *well* informed man—a *very well* informed man—an *extremely well* informed man—*few* men *so well* informed—*one of the best* informed men—he is *among* the best informed men—he is a *very intelligent* man, &c. &c. In this, and many similar ways, we bestow as much commendation as any mortal can in conscience ask, and yet do not draw the *decisive line of superiority*, so as to give displeasure to those, whom we are at the very time, desirous to please and entertain.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 23.] TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1820.


A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes, "Be not of us afraid."

*Thompson.*

WHATEVER may be the reception of our paper with such mortals as are still in the body, we do not see but we have *elsewhere* some pretty substantial friends, if *Cleomenes* is to be believed. We shall present our readers with his *curious* communication:

IT is a favourite sentiment of a large part of the world, that the spirits of the deceased are often permitted to visit this "dim speck called earth." Some of these, by an invisible, yet a powerful agency, are the guardian angels of those they loved while here below. Others of a different character, are considered as exercising a malignant influence by laying many a snare to entrap the unwary, and presenting many an obstacle to obstruct their dearest purposes.

If this theory is true of individuals, it is not less true of communities: thus various bodies or societies are patronised or annoyed by the agency of those who once were interested in similar pursuits. Of course, we are authorised to believe that those who in "their day and generation" excelled in any department of the arts or sciences, now view with peculiar interest, the changes and improvements, which time or ingenuity has produced in the subjects, that had engrossed their attention. We may imagine the introduction of *Merino Sheep*, was marked by "Abel who was a keeper of sheep," with approving interest and the various *Agricultural Societies* are the favoured protegees of Cain, who was a "tiller of the ground." The ancient Tyrians whose whole ingenuity only furnished an unmanageable vessel, that could barely venture from one port

to another on the *same* coast, behold with great astonishment the "gallant ship, while proudly riding on its azure realm, regardless" of the tempest which assails it. The complicated mysteries of the Steam Boat, excite their greatest admiration; and the name of Fulton gains their warmest eulogium. We may believe the present race of Philosophers are aided in their researches, by those who have gone before them; and while we compliment the superior talents of Professor ——, we are indirectly paying homage to the agency of Sir Isaac Newton. We commend the metaphysical genius of Doct. ——, and are thus, though unintentionally, honouring the transcendant mind of President Edwards, which for a time, displays itself anew in this form.

It will excite no surprise to know, that the host of literati who once dwelt on earth, but who in garrets or prisons have long since passed to the shades, should regard the literary department with deep interest. Some, from finding the present generation more disposed to do justice to their works, than their ungrateful cotemporaries; others, from beholding the puff of popular applause, give circulation to compositions which in ancient times, would have been esteemed as "idle dreams." Old Homer frowns, while he hears the fugitive pieces of Byron extolled, and finds the Iliad forgotten. The author of the Æneid too, shrugs his shoulders and in a smothered tone, says something of modern degeneracy in taste and intellect, when he hears the works of Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, Southey and even Selleck Osborne, applauded in the highest strain, while his own sweet poem is wholly disregarded.

The establishment of your paper, was a subject of much congratulation, not only to its readers, but to those invisible friends and patrons of literary adventurers. I am not obliged to inform you, whether it was in caucus, or by one general impulse pervading the dispositions of these departed spirits, that the resolution was adopted to support it by their exertions. Suffice it to say, so it was. After giving the editors an opportunity to evince their capacity in a few introductory numbers; a group of distinguished geniuses, who long since

had passed the Styx, engaged old Charon to transport them hither, and have actually commenced their lucubrations in the paper. It matters not to the reader of any number where its writer is lodged or how fed; therefore I shall not mention how these ghostly authors are accommodated; or why they are not seen. We "know not what a range the spirit takes." Some might be found in almost every family in this place, who are disposed to smile on mental exertions; were it not, that the windows, the chimney and the key-hole afford them the means of eluding observation.

The question now recurs, "who are they," and I shall not redeem my pledge without naming some of them—Learn then ye curious, that the applicants for a passage back to the world, were very numerous. At length it was agreed, that a certain number should come and try their powers, and then give place te others, who were not a whit less ambitious, to display their talents. Mr. Addison as the father of publications of this character, presented his claim to be conveyed in the first boat. Sir Richard Steel urged his right as the former coadjutor of Addison, and it was granted. Dr. Johnson next appeared, accompanied by Boswell "to take notes;" and a seat was given them. A respectable number of other writers hastened to the shore, and as many as could be accommodated, were reborne across the Styx.

The Poets engaged the boat for the succeeding trip. First, was the venerable Milton, who said, "man's first disobedience" did not more arouse his muse, than his subsequent transgressions. Dryden remarked, the Editors had conciliated his favour, by two or three numbers filled with his praises, and he would promise them a fable or two. Cowper and Thompson then appeared; the one was allured to the *task* of again driving the quill, by his love of doing good; and the other, found the *season* inspiring a poetic strain. Pope hesitated about proffering his services on the occasion; but an insulting letter from one subscriber,* and the stupid misapprehension of another,† produced the frame of mind, in which he

* Page 45. † Page 64.

wrote the *Dunciad*, and he too took passage. But he whose name shall have the greatest weight, is the "immortal Shakspeare." It must not be imagined, that he will betray himself by his peculiar style of writing, as he may, with perfect propriety, adopt plain prose if he chooses. Yet a masterly delineation of human nature will stamp his pieces, and declare them to be the production of his pen.

Among "the female train," there was a number who claimed the prerogative once more to try their talents. Lady Mary Wortley Montague said, a partiality arising from relationship to a couple of the Editors, would command her exertions. Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, who would not be behind her namesake in kindness, offered to accompany her. Mrs. Carter observed, that she feared her "Headache" would prevent her doing much to aid the work; but when Mrs. Chapone engaged to attend her, and provide "lavander water" enough to meet Mrs. Carter's wants, she consented, and they embarked. Madame De Stael is yet doubtful whether she shall again appear in print; being somewhat offended that her work on the "French Revolution" is not more admired.

A very respectable body of German writers, from a regard to a colatteral descendant of one of their countrymen, who is thought to be pretty deeply concerned in the publication, have stipulated to do much for its support. Kotzebue declined engaging in the enterprise, for, he said, he had once been very impolitely "shoved off the stage" of action, and he would furnish no opportunity for a recurrence of the thing.

I could mention other names of equal importance but will not, since these are enough to perpetuate the reputation of the work; nor will I tell you how I came by this intelligence. It is sufficient that I have it. I may be old Charon himself, and thus know who crossed the river; or I may be one of the above named individuals—but whether I am or not, you will never ascertain, as I shall now close, with the feigned name of

CLEOMENES.

*To his Excellency the* HEAD, *the rightful and acknowledged Governour of the Human System,*

The PETITION of the RIBS, his Excellency's faithful and loyal subjects, humbly sheweth:

That, it being clearly evident to your petitioners, as well from your high and elevated *situation* in the human body, as from your manifest *capacity*, that your Excellency was designed to be the governor-general in and over said body; and your petitioners also humbly conceiving that they themselves, (being a small and peaceable society consisting of twenty four individuals or a dozen couples, and situated in the interiour of your Excellency's domains,) have at all times by their conduct exhibited a disposition to discharge perfectly and fully their appropriate duties as loyal and faithful subjects; and considering it to be the duty of every such subject to have as sincere a regard for the welfare of the whole community, as for his own individual interest;—they have thereby and in consequence thereof, been emboldened to draw up and lay before your Excellency a correct statement of certain grievances, for a particular and minute relation of which they hope to find an ample excuse in the aggravated nature of the case.

It is well known to your Excellency, that the principal end intended to be answered in the human system by your petitioners (the Ribs,) is to furnish our well-beloved fellow-subjects and near neighbours—the Heart and Lungs, with a protection and defence from all external injuries; it being always provided that we are not in any way to interfere with the concerns, or to obstruct the movements, of these our aforesaid worthy cousins, but, on the contrary, ever to yield our wills, and accommodate our motions to theirs.

Your petitioners also acknowledge it to be their imperious duty to endeavour in every lawful way to add (so far as in them lies) to the grace, ease and beauty of the *whole* community.

The petition of your Petitioners further showeth, that sundry and divers *grievances and contrivances*, (which have gradually increased till they are past all endurance) have pre-

vented and do continue to prevent your petitioners from completely fulfilling and discharging the aforesaid obligations:

*First.* Our determined enemies—the Hands, have fashioned and constructed a certain formidable machine, designated and well known by the name and title of *Corsets*, whereby we have been surrounded, hemmed in, and straitened, and obstructed in our movements, so as greatly to mar and diminish the gracefulness of the whole system; and particularly, so as to interfere with, circumscribe and do violence to, the motions of our aforesaid more interiour neighbours; insomuch that, in consequence of our encroachments, they are rendered unable (as they solemnly aver) to perform the important functions, which devolve upon them; and that their own health and well-being, as well as that of the community at large, is hereby greatly endangered.

*Secondly.* The above mentioned contrivance has, by its compressing power, occasioned serious difficulties, perplexities and misunderstandings *among ourselves*, bringing into close contact the individuals stationed opposite each other, and thereby causing much jarring and bruising in the strife for ascendency.

*Thirdly.* This contrivance is commonly accompanied by an attendant, frequently designated by the name and title of *Busk*—a flat-shad, built personage, of a small stature, being generally about a foot and a half in height, and one or two inches in breadth,—of a varying complexion, sometimes as dark as whale-bone; at others, as light as walnut,—and usually of unbending, clownish manners; relief from which, is however *occasionally* obtained by snugly concealing it behind a looking-glass, or in some other by-place.

*Fourthly.* Your petitioners have no doubt that these inventions are decidedly prejudicial to the health of the whole system; in female communities especially, there is unquestionable evidence that they have sometimes been the fruitful source of cancerous and other complaints in a region adjacent to our own. In short, your petitioners are fully convinced that many a human body has passed into ruin, in consequence of the

certain, though often unobserved, ravages of these, and such like, fell destroyers.

From all which, and from all similar evils, your petitioners humbly pray for effectual and permanent relief.

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To Amicus, *an epithalamium*

Permit a friend, whose melancholy view
Of life's dark vista turns his thoughts to you:
Permit him to indulge the cheering sight
Of happiness like yours to cross his night.
He joyous views your bright meridian sun
Rolling as cloudless, as its course begun;
Successive years beholds, with blessings fraught,
Off'ring to merit honors, tho' unsought.
When happiness extends inviting arms,
Who would, for glittring honours, lose her charms:
Let those whose homes with no allurements shine
Be the sole vot'ries at ambition's shrine:
For thee, her lures are exercis'd in vain,
The love of home their purpose will restrain.
Fancy, prophetick, paints the happy scene
Thy home will prove, when years shall intervene:
A lovely circle shews their parent's pride,
Whose wholsome precepts and examples guide:
Their lisping prattle and a fond wife's smile
Shall banish sorrow—"all thy cares beguile".
As long as life, thy happiness shall last,
And happier far I trust when that is past.
Adieu! thy happy prospects ever cheer
A soul as dark as night, as desert drear;
On whose dark desert Envy ne'er shall reign,
That strives to mar the bliss it can't attain.

EDWIN.

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LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS ——.

BEHOLD this rose which spreads
Its leaves so fresh and fair,
And sweetest fragrance sheds
Upon the ambient air!

In beauty now arrayed,
It charms the admiring eye;
But soon its hue will fade,
Its loveliness will die.

This may thine emblem prove,
Thou too may'st soon decay;
For not our fondest love
The approach of *Death* can stay.

His harbinger, *Disease*,
Before thee soon may stand,
And all thy glories seize
With pale and ruthless hand.

Thy *form*, the funeral pall
May hide in deepest gloom,
And tears of sorrow fall
Upon thine early tomb.

But *Hope* directs thine eyes
Beyond this dreary night;
A glorious morn shall rise,
Decked with immortal light.

Then like the buds that bloom
Where late this rose was seen,
Thy form shall life resume,
And spring to light serene.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should be pleased to be able to present our readers with something more from the pen of *Perilla*.

*Amelia's Reply to Ludovico* shall be inserted with pleasure.

P. W's Communication is before us. To say the least, it has the merit of being *original*—a trait, which unfortunately, is not possessed by two or three of the previous favours, received from the same person, though under different signatures.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

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No. 24.] FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1820.

> It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,
> When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
> Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,
> And wiser men's ability, pretence.
>
> *Cowper.*

IT has often been remarked, that men of studious habits do not always exhibit that superiority in conversation, which might be expected, from their high attainments in learning. Seen through the medium of their works, or as they are represented by some intimate, who is able to appreciate their talents, they appear giants in intellect; seen in a polite circle, they exhibit evident marks of imbecility in their colloquial efforts.

The deficiency alluded to, is produced by different causes in different individuals.

One of these causes may be a *want of familiarity with company*—The person may be one, who is sensible, that certain rules of conduct have been established in polished society, and yet is ignorant of these rules—or if he has made himself acquainted with the etiquette and ceremonials of good manners, yet from the want of familiarity with the application of these rules in his own personal conduct, this very acquaintance, may embarrass him by making him the more sensible of the sins against the graces, which he is constantly committing. Perhaps he is brought before a bright array of beauty; or is placed in a circle of polished gentlemen, who have been so long hackneyed in all the complimentary expressions and current phrases of company, that every tone and inflection which Walker himself would have used, comes unbidden: thus sit-

uated, his mind is as much cramped in its operations, as ever was the fine form of a lady, by the shape-compelling corset; and instead of being able to convey a deep and copious stream into the general current of conversation, he can afford only a scanty and intermitting supply.

A second cause may be *too high a standard of taste.* By elevating the standard of taste, the difficulties of accomplishing an object in which taste is concerned are enhanced, "despair cuts the sinews of exertion," and what might have been performed in a respectable manner is left unattempted, because complete success, is unattainable. There are innumerable instances of men of uncultivated minds and that too in the higher professions, who are useful, and to some extent, respectable. They are neither pained by the perception of present defects, nor by the recollection of past blunders. Elevate their taste, make them sensible of their defects and unless you raise the other powers of their mind in proportion, a sense of their defects will press so heavily on their feelings, that they will be discouraged from making exertions; and they thus become less useful and less respectable, than if they had blundered on in blissful ignorance. The student may be one who has cultivated his taste, much more than his inventive powers, in conversation: he may have heard of the "full flow of London talk;" he may have made himself familiar with the best specimens of elegant conversation, as they appear in genteel comedy, or in scenes from real life; compared with the high standard he has formed, his own remarks appear tame and insipid, and he is ready to settle down on the conclusion that he must be content, with the humble admiration of excellence, without endeavouring to attain it.

An additional one may be *his ignorance of the topics of fashionable conversation, and his fear of incurring the charge of pedantry by introducing his favourite studies in company.* I have some where seen it stated, that Boscovich, was the only philosopher that ever succeeded in introducing the sciences to which he was devoted, into mixed company in such a manner

that they could enter with ease and interest into the discussions and not feel their pride wounded by his decided superiority. Mankind dislike even the appearance of a display of learning. The traveller may talk of the different places he has visited, the curiosities he has seen; may display his knowledge of the manners and customs of different nations, which he has gained by actual inspection. But this in a mixed company is not deemed ostentation. The soldier may describe his battles, and victories and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," with a free use of military terms, without incurring the charge of ostentation. The sailor may in his descriptions go through his whole vocabulary of technical terms, and yet give no offence. But if a student, in the same situation, makes use of the terms of science and literature, and brings up to view his extensive attainments; the general cry is pedantry, pedantry. I was once in company with a gentleman of handsome literary attainments but of retired habits, who appeared to be unable to enter into conversation. He could not strike the joke which flew backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock. He could not analyze the beauty of a *reticule*, nor enter into the distinction between Nankin and Canton crapes, nor into the mysteries of real Merino shawls. One of the ladies, apparently from compassion, introduced some topic of literature: He seized upon it with avidity, and for a few minutes, they held a very animated discussion. The other ladies at first sat in silence, occasionally looking at each other but without discovering a single ray of feeling. Their faces however soon showed something more than apathy: And though they smiled; yet there was something lurking in that smile, which put to flight all the graces that hovered round their lips. They appeared to feel that such topics should be proscribed in polite circles. What then could he say? His knowledge of the deflections of Greek verbs, does not assist him in following the digressions (pardon me ladies) in conversation: his knowledge of Chemistry does not enable him to infuse into his remarks the "magic of politeness." There is no affinity between the attraction of matter and the attraction

of mind; and if in the height of his gallantry he should attempt to compliment a lady, he might succeed like the classical lover, who, having compared his fair one to the "Laughter loving Venus" and the "Oxeyed Juno," was discarded for his pains.

Another cause may be his *ignorance of human nature*. Cut off from commerce with the world by his continued habits of seclusion, accustomed to view man through the medium of books which at best can give only the outline, and which more frequently presents a distorted image, he may be totally unacquainted with those nice shades of the human character which can be known only from actual inspection. Conversation does not consist merely in the exhibition of valuable or sprightly ideas in an elegant manner. The social feelings must be interested; and to enter into the feelings of another, one must be able to read those feelings in the tones of voice, in the expression of countenance, in the connexion of ideas. Thus he can dwell upon those topics that are pleasing, and avoid those that are not. This was the great excellence of Franklin in conversation. He understood himself and his companion, could enter into his feelings and gain his affections, rather by proving himself possessed of kindred feelings, than by the exhibition of those splendid qualities which as often provoke envy, as excite admiration.

Many are remarkably interesting from a certain glow of feeling, which by the power of sympathy they communicate to all around them. The nature of a student's pursuits and his habits of life are unfavourable to this animation and flow of spirits. If engaged in the discovery of truth he finds it necessary to repress his gay ideas, and to place his feelings under the dominion of reason. His spirits, by being thus trampled upon, lose their elasticity.

He may be one who has injured his health by a sedentary life, and his spirits may sympathise with the debility of his body. Whoever has been subject to that "horrible depression," which follows in the train of nervous affections, knows how vain are all attempts at gaiety, how vain is the voice of reason,

and as it depends on the disease of the body, how vain at times are even the consolations of religion, to restore a cheerfulness and lightness of feeling. How then can he whose own soul is barren of enjoyment and of hope, by his animated conversation contribute to the enjoyment of others? how can he enliven society by his wit when its very coruscations would render more visible the darkness of his own mind?

On the supposition that the student has furnished himself with a knowledge of those topics usually agitated in company, still from his habits of memory he may be unable to bring it forward in a proper form. He has been accustomed to remember things according to some classical arrangement, as cause and effect, premise and conclusion, genus and species; and while his mind is dwelling on this arrangement—tracing effects to their causes, particular truths to their general principles, and is thus preparing to state and illustrate his opinions; the subject has gone by: like "Addison he has not a shilling at command, though he could draw for thousands."

Thus have been selected a few from the many causes which prevent men of studious habits from appearing to advantage in company: and while they account for the fact that fluency in conversation is not always a safe criterion for estimating talents and accomplishments; they may likewise serve as an apology for sometimes failing to interest the miscellaneous circle.

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*Gentlemen of the Fraternity,*

In the *seventeenth* number of your paper a letter appeared under the signature of *Ludovico*, who professed to be an entire stranger in our little city. After delineating the manners and conversation of a few ladies in whose company he chanced to fall, he enquires of you, whether his description is applicable to *all* the young ladies of New-Haven. I have been anxiously waiting for a reply from "the Fraternity" until a day or two since when I recollected your avowed determination to aim at *impartiality* in your lucubrations; the fear of being

thought to take sides is then I suppose the reason that prevents your answering this Ludovico yourselves; you will therefore I hope excuse me for attempting to give him a little information.

He says on "entering the room our salutations were returned by sly looks, suppressed smiles and a confused whisper from all present." Truly, there must have been something wonderfully striking in his manners or his appearance, to cause such a general sensation. I would have him know that the young ladies are so much accustomed to the society of well bred gentlemen of our own place as well as occasional visitors from abroad, that we are not apt to be put into such a tremor by the approach of ordinary mortals. And then he says "a universal silence ensued." I really wonder who this self same Ludovico can be; surely he is something more than common, to produce such an extraordinary effect.

It seems the young man set his wits to work to find interesting topicks for conversation, and at last mentioned to the young lady to whom he was introduced "numerous standing works of celebrity" with which she was unacquainted. He does not say what they were; for aught we know they might have been "Blackstone's Commentaries," or "Coke upon Lyttleton," or "Stokes' Botanical Materia Medica," or a "Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonmetry," celebrated works to be sure; but not exactly within the compass of a lady's reading. But now was Ludovico compelled to be mute in his turn" for the lady (perhaps for the very purpose of retaliation) began to talk about books of which he confessed he knew nothing, and canvassed their merits without his being able to have any part in the conversation. "Silence now seemed to be his lot" and the poor fellow did not again venture to open his lips; at least so we may reasonably conjecture from the remainder of his letter. Perhaps there was some peculiar defect in his introducing topicks of conversation. There are some persons, who wish to be very agreeable, but are in fact complete dampers to every thing like so-

ciability. You might as well undertake to converse with an icicle as one of these long lockram-prosing characters.

Admitting the fact that the works which Ludovico mentioned were such as a young lady might be expected to be acquainted with, still I should consider it no disgrace not to be able to talk about them. To tell the plain truth, now a-days, it requires more confidence than most ladies possess, to say they *have not read* a new publication; they expect that the avowal will of course be received with a stare of the most unqualified astonishment. Ladies generally have so little time to spare from their necessary avocations that it ought not to be expected that they should have an intimate acquaintance with every work, even of great and deserved celebrity, that has ever been written. It is the fashion of the day to discuss the merits of authors and their productions, and hardly any *other* subjects are considered sensible or polite; but I venture to say *there are* other subjects on which a lady might *possibly* talk sense. Much of the information which they possess must be derived from other sources besides books. By observation and experience they acquire a large fund of that knowledge which fits them for usefulness.

Supposing that such trifling and vain subjects engrossed the attention of the circle where Ludovico spent so miserable an evening, and that he might find others like it; I wish to enquire where these defects mainly originate. The gentlemen always take the lead in conversation; is it not then their part to start proper and interesting subjects? Do they endeavour to make themselves agreeable by being sensible and intelligent, as well as amusing? Is not the syren-sound of flattery that which most frequently meets the ear? It is perhaps a trite but a very true remark that a lady may know what a gentleman thinks of her by the conversation he addresses to her. The light and trifling chit-chat with which they generally endeavour to entertain, might lead us to suppose that they were firmly of the Mahometan belief that women have no souls. To ask one fair question, would not most gentlemen be very unwilling to have, the estimate of their abilities formed from

the talents they display in ladies' society? Instead of encouraging us to talk like rational intellectual beings, they seem to consider us as mere play-things, from whom they expect nothing but a few hours' amusement. Let them treat their female associates more like equals in mental capacity—let them endeavour to call forth their talents and encourage them to advance their own ideas and opinions; and they will soon *find*—or rather *make*—them different from what they now are.

Yours, &c. AMELIA.

THE VIOLET.

Among all the sweet blooming flow'rs of the spring
That deck every meadow, and scent every gale;
Oh! there's none to my heart such a transport can bring
As the violet that blossom'd unseen in the vale.

The rose may delight with its odours and blushes—
We may hang on the Lily's leaves tender and pale—
Hues of beauty may glow on the Laurel's gay bushes—
But lovelier the violet that blooms in the vale.

Though the earliest dawn of the morning should find me
Inhaling the fragrance that breathes in the gale,
I would leave all the flow'rs of the garden behind me,
To view the sweet violet that blooms in the vale.

When the fields are one flow'r-bed all blooming and gay,
And clouds of sweet incense on every breeze sail—
Still no hues in the sun-beams so pleasingly play
As those on the violet that blooms in the vale.

I have seen many beauties in woman's soft form—
In the cheek gay with hope, or with sorrow all pale;
But none could my heart so delightfully charm
As the maiden, that bloom'd in obscurity's vale.

At the accent of joy oh! how bright was her eye—
How she wept when she listen'd to pity's soft tale—
From every gay beauty of fashion I'd fly
To the maiden, who bloom'd in obscurity's vale.

ALFRED.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 25.] TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1820.


"Satire delights, in every sphere
To make men laugh at what they are."

*A Dissertation on certain traits in the American Character; with an Appendix, containing a short account and a likeness of* Mrs. TABITHA BUSYBODY, *the she-politician.*

WE Americans are a strangely *docile* people. It is generally admitted by other nations that there is but one sure way to knowledge, *towit*, industry and perseverance; with us it is very different: here every thing thrives *spontaneously*; a few lessons at most are amply adequate to the mastering of any art or science, however difficult. It is a matter of almost universal credence (and a stupid blockhead is be at once branded, who dares to doubt it) that the *French* language can be perfectly acquired in twenty four lessons of one hour each—the *Hebrew*, in thirty—both the *Latin* and *Greek*, in about the same time—*Writing*, in a dozen sittings; and *English Grammar* in less than a dozen additional ones; nay more; as to the last branch, the necessity of exerting, or even possessing *any* mental strength whatever, is entirely done away by an ingenious machine, lately invented in an auspicious moment by a favoured son of Apollo. All you now have to do, is to provide yourself with one of the aforesaid contrivances—toss in the passage to be parsed—apply your hand to the crank—and out comes a whole bevy of nouns, verbs, adjectives, &c. &c. arranged in perfect grammatical order. Glorious invention! Farewell to all dull, tedious, laborious study; farewell to the midnight lamp, and the pale emaciated broken-down body! Deluded mortals, who in ages past wore out their health and

spirits in pouring over the musty pages of their predecessors! Vain labour! foolish waste of time and strength! These men spent all the spring, and often much of the summer of life in storing their minds with knowledge and preparing for future usefulness. But happily the case is changed with us Americans at this day! The old-fashioned round-about highway is now deserted, while multitudes skip along in the true republican cross-cut foot-path to learning and eminence. To a young man of these happy times a few months at most are all that are necessary for attaining a thorough and entire acquaintance with every *knowable* branch of knowledge preparatory to entering into active business or commencing one of the *learned* professions. Having now become perfectly familiar with every thing of the kind, that ever has been or ever can be known, he may truly be said to be both *learnt out* and *read out.*

At this stage of life, when the American youth is yet in some one of the last years of his teens, another glorious and still more wonderful change takes place. The knowledge he has before acquired, though gained ever so rapidly, was yet gained *progressively;* whereas at this moment, all of a sudden and all at once, in the twinkling of an eye—he is surrounded on every quarter, perforated and transfixed through and through, and illuminated inside and outside, by an overwhelming flood of new and precious intelligence—lo! he is now become a POLITICIAN: all the intricacies and perplexities of this profound and extensive science are forthwith stript of their difficulties; and the youthful giant handles them with as much dexterity and as little ceremony, as a child, his wooden sword; neither is he a whit behind him in chivalrous fearlessness, and presumptuous and comfortable self-ignorance. He attaches himself to one of the great political parties, with which our country is uniformly blessed; he then sallies forth and, by means of the gratuity of a *disinterested* friend, and without being worth a stiver himself, he gains a deed of some small strip of land, with no other *consideration* paid down, than a promise *to reconvey the property the next day;* in the meanwhile he pre-

sents himself before the selectmen and, recognizing the presence of the great SEARCHER OF HEARTS, he deliberately and solemnly declares himself to be a *bona-fide* possessor of the *Fee* of real estate to the amount of more than one hundred dollars; he then returns the aforesaid deed, and his business is done.

Thus commencing his career with what might by some ignorant or *falsely scrupulous* persons be thought to border on *perjury*, he does not afterwards stick at trifles. Having already swallowed the *camel*, he finds no difficulty in disposing of the *gnats*, that chance to fall in his way: he walks abroad in all the majesty and dignity of one, who rightfully possesses and of right exercises the *elective franchise* in a free and enlightened republick. Having in the onset completely stifled the cries of an accusing conscience, he now proceeds without compunction to traduce, in conversation and (if he writes a legible hand and can put a dozen sentences decently together) in print, every body and any body, that is in the opposite ranks, or happens to be indifferent or even moderate on the great subject so near to his heart. No matter how wise, or good, or how unexceptionable in conduct; his character is torn in sunder without mercy and without decency.

There are two or three general remarks, that usually hold true in application to these rising gentry: *First*, the noise and blustering and *obstreperousness* of such a character is always proportioned to his ignorance. *Secondly;* all his movements —all his fear and hopes and joys—result (if you believe his professions) wholly from a patriotic regard to the public welfare—from pure disinterested *love to de peop.** *Thirdly;* if a book or paper is ever taken up by him; it is not for the sake of gaining correct views on politicks, as a *science*, but for the purpose of finding what is capable of being twisted and perverted so as to support and benefit *his party*.

We have often been struck, when reading in his native tongue our much valued author *Leuwenbergius* (an author, by the way, who has discussed with matchless ability almost *every* topick,

* "Shew me"—said a distinguished French emigrant—"shew me one man dat say he *love de peop*, and me shew you *one greal rogue*."

and whose works we have the happiness and honour to possess entire in a number of folios—being the only copy now extant) —we have often been struck, we say, with the remarks on this subject. *His* veracity, gentle reader we have the confidence to believe you will not venture to question and for the defects of our translation we humbly crave pardon; for we are duly sensible that it falls far short of the life and vigour of the original. But such as it is, you shall have it. Now our author affirmeth that *on the continent* the science of politicks is deemed one of the grandest and most comprehensive, that can engross the mind of man—immeasurable in its extent, and fathomless in its depth. All confess that talents of a high and peculiar stamp are indispensably necessary in order to make any thing of a proficient therein.—"And who"—exclaims our author, in his own original, honest and forcible way—"who *should* have greater talents and greater acquirements, than he who weighs in the balance the claims of contending empires—who legislates for millions now on the stage and millions of millions yet unborn. Well does it become the young here to remember their want of experience, and the ignorant their want of knowledge."—Accordingly it is elsewhere observed, that as politicks is admitted to be a great and a *distinct* science; many men in that country devote their entire lives to it, as a calling and a profession, to be even tolerably understood, only *after* years of laborious and persevering study—of close and extensive and discriminating observation. However well therefore a man may be acquainted with other subjects, or however eminent he may be in his own particular profession or occupation; he is not *of course* well versed in this subject. However great a divine, or *lawyer*, or merchant, or mechanick; he is not *necessarily*, nor probably, equally great as a politician. Indeed the fair presumption is that he is *ignorant* of this subject, in proportion as he has directed his attention exclusively to other subjects.—Thus reasoneth the sage—the profound Leuwenbergius.

However, these Dutchmen are a slow, plodding, snail-like people (as our countrymen often shrewdly observe,) and con-

sequently require a mental discipline entirely *different* from that suited to a nation which, by an inherent and native vigour, glides with a rapidity and soars to an elevation, emblematically designated by the EAGLE so happily appropriated, for this very purpose probably, to be the characteristick standard of this wonderful and wonder-accomplishing republick.

We abstained from observing before, in order to have the pleasure of doing it here, that this strange *aptitude for political discussions* is not confined to the gentlemen in our favoured land: the ladies are blessed with it in an equal degree, although untoward circumstances sometimes operate unfavourably to its complete disclosure in all its luxuriance and vigour. There are instances however, where native genius surmounts every difficulty, and shakes off every obstacle "like dew-drops from the lion's mane."

One such instance, we have the satisfaction to inform you, is found in Mrs. TABITHA BUSYBODY, *the she-politician*, of whom we venture to say a few words.

First and foremost then; our heroine is a great stickler for the rights of women, especially for their political rights. With mingled emotions of pleasure and pity, I have listened to many a long lockram argument of hers, tending to shew that the administration of publick affairs in justice belongs to the women. Among the reasons which she is wont to urge, there are some that are really pretty difficult to be resisted, and may truly be said to be of the knock-down kind. For example; it is clear, she insists, that ladies should have the preference in legislation, since they can say *more in less time*, and therefore would bring less expense upon their constituents. Further; they would make better *diplomatists*, since they are naturally possessed of greater art and cunning, and are more given to intriguing. Again; their excellence and ease in epistolary compositions, give them peculiar qualifications for penning *despatches*. But the argument, she most frequently and fearlessly urges in the *absence* of her husband is this: women

*do* even now really manage publick affairs, and may as well have the credit of it, for many of them in most respects govern their husbands, who have the controul of political matters only *ostensibly*.

All the aforesaid considerations, and a multitude of others, Mrs. Busybody urges with extraordinary violence and positiveness of manner and language, accompanied by a pettishness and surliness of look rarely equalled, the general expression of the countenance being at the same time such as not to give the by-stander a *very* favourable idea of the exuberance of her charity towards the unhappy wight who is so unfortunate as to differ in sentiment from her own dear self. She is sometimes however put into a somewhat ludicrous situation by such of her opponents as are aware of her peculiar iritability of disposition. Their first effort when they find her rather warmly engaged is to worry her a little, that her temper may become ruffled, which is always accomplished in a few moments. Then after spluttering and stammering a while, she is completely unable to proceed ; and her waggish opponent makes off in triumph, convulsed with laughter.

Mrs. Busybody, as is usually the case with such personages, is so taken up by public matters, that she is entirely unable to attend to the concerns of her family, even to her own clothes —to say nothing of those of her husband and children. This readily accounts for the general slovenliness of her dress, particularly of her stockings, the usual appearance of which forcibly reminds one of the consequences of neglecting that homely proverb, *a stich in time saves nine.*

> " Her toes perchance are out her shoe,
> Yet she's a patriot through and through;
> Her lungs can for her party roar
> As loud as twenty men or more."

So *extensive* is her interest in political affairs that the concerns of little Connecticut are insufficient to occupy her voracious *Charybdian* attention. She is in a constant worry about the measures of neighbouring governments. Her mind has been much occupied and harassed during the last spring by the election campaign in New-York. I shall

never forget her mortifying predicament a short time since: After a long period of the most agonizing suspense about the success of the aforesaid election—her spirits having already been several times alternately elevated and depressed by contradictory accounts as to its result—she had just discovered a newspaper, that gave the first certain intelligence on the subject. The paper and a pinch of snuff in her left hand, with her right she snatched up the candle, threw herself into the nearest chair, and her eyes were instantaneously fixed on the interesting paragraph:—her attention is riveted—her mind completely absorbed—when behold! volumes of smoke and flame burst forth from her rich but tarnished head-dress—

*Lambit flamma comas et circum tempora pascitur—*
The fire attacks her greasy cap and curls
And round her pate in smoky eddies whirls—

Away she scampered—down went the paper, snuff, candle, curls, and all; and the poor woman came well nigh being burnt to death, and actually *would* have been burnt to death, had it not been for a *friendly* pail of water standing hard by, which was in a twinkling emptied upon her head.—

This unlucky event has already considerably cooled her political ardour, and will probably, as is sincerely to be hoped, be of permanent benefit to her.

Gentle reader! if you are a single man; would you be willing to marry such a woman? If you are married; do you desire your partner to possess a character like this? I anticipate your reply: Then my *fair* readers, both married and single! let me intreat *you* to beware of the ugly bewitching subject of politicks; and whenever you feel the least tendency that way, remember, I pray you, Mrs. TABITHA BUSYBODY, *the she-politician.*

It was our intention to sketch, by way of contrast, the character of Mrs. *Tidy, the good housewife*, who discharges with dignified ability, the duties *appropriate* to her station; but our limits will not permit. We shall therefore conclude, by solemnly averring that what we have said is meant for no individual, or individuals in particular; but for all politicians in general, male and female. Consequently, if any appropriate it to themselves; it is their doings—not ours.

## THE EYE-LID.

Soft velvet lid, that shades the living spring
Where flows the stream of sensibility—
Where meek-ey'd loves in gentle ambush lie
And graces flutter round on glittering wing!
Why o'er that sparkling fount thy curtain fling?—
Why hide the lustre of that ebon eye,
While Sylphs on filmy pinions hover nigh
And fairies trip around in frolic ring.

C.

*** *Timothy Steadfast* shall have a place.

*Peter Keen* shall appear as soon as our present engagements are discharged.

THE

# MICROSCOPE.

EDITED

BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

"Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."—*Virg.*

## VOL. II.

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1820

# TERMS.

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II. It shall be printed on good paper, and each number shall consist of 8 octavo pages, of original matter.

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# THE MICROSCOPE.

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NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 26.] FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1820.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
They who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

*Cotton.*

MRS. TIDY, to whom we alluded in our last number, as "the *good housewife*, discharging with dignified ability the duties *appropriate* to her station"—is a personage deserving a more respectful and extended notice; our readers will therefore bear with us a few moments, while in compliance with inclination, we speak a little more at large of the merits of our friend.

MRS. MARTHA TIDY is the mother of four children—two sons and two daughters, being the partner of a distinguished member of the bench of one of our higher Courts of Justice. Born of parents who moved in the most respectable circles, she possesses a nice and delicate sense of propriety respecting every part of female conduct, together with a mind expanded by extensive reading and invigorated by long established habits of reflection. In her mother's deportment she uniformly witnessed a happy exemplification of the various duties arising from the domestic relations. To her, she is indebted for the *daily industry* and *systematic economy* so evident in the management of her family.

Our friend's economy is not however, the niggardly kind of saving, that pinches and screws in some things, and spends profusely in others; she will not, as many do, regularly act the sharper with the honest mechanick in chaffering for

the odd half-penny, nor will she starve her family for weeks running, in order to make a splendid party, or to purchase a costly piece of furniture or an extravagant article of dress. Mrs. Tidy's conduct is equally removed from meanness on the one hand, and profusion on the other. Her liberality is apportioned to the value of the end to be attained; and such is her ordinary self-denial that when a truly laudable object presents itself, she has always something to give, and actually gives with a liberal hand and a cheerful heart.

She is not only an economist of money, but of time. The systematic arrangement of her domestic affairs enables her to accomplish more in a shorter period and with less bustle, than some of her busy neighbours, who for the want of such an arrangement bring but little to pass, though always in a hurry and constantly complaining that all their work *will* come upon them at once. Mrs. Tidy is not industrious by fits and starts; but each day brings its allotted employment, and finds her ever ready to perform it. Being no friend to doing things by proxy, she herself superintends all the concerns of the family. Notwithstanding her highly respectable mental acquirements and her fondness for literary pursuits, she is neither ashamed, nor unwilling to lend her own assistance, even in the kitchen, if it be necessary. She considers *home* as peculiarly her sphere of action, and extraneous employments are only to be admitted when they do not interfere with her appropriate duties in this department. With such an example constantly before them, her daughters and her domesticks are, you may be sure, ashamed to be idle.

As every thing here in common times goes on as regularly as clock-work, so sudden emergencies do not disconcert them. The unexpected arrival of a visitor, for example, occasions no extraordinary commotion; the house is not (as we sometimes see it) turned upside down, and such an unconscionable stir and uproar made as if every thing belonging to the family both animate and inanimate was called into active service; thus giving the poor stranger indubitable evidence that he is putting them to a vast deal of trouble, and, of course, that the soon-

e is off, the better for their comfort. Not so with Mrs. dy. Her friends, after receiving a cordial welcome, soon l themselves entirely at home, and really enjoy their visit, ce they have every thing calculated to make them comfort- , while it is not apparent that they cause the least trouble inconvenience to the family.

I wish every young house-keeper could witness the *cleanli- ss* and the *order*, so conspicuous in Mrs. Tidy's dwelling. very article has its appropriate place, and there you may ways find it. And such is her own dress that one would ink her to be neatness personified. The same may be said the appearance of the rest of the household.

Mrs. Tidy's ready discernment of what conduct is proper in ny given case, is in nothing more manifest than in her per- eption of the line that divides her husband's province from er own. Even in pecuniary matters, if she wishes to turn is attention to any particular course; it is done rather by way of *suggestion* than of direction, her remarks in such in- stances being usually prefaced by a modest *would it not be best*, or some such phrase. With the concerns properly belong- ing to men, she never interferes. This is especially the case with their political squabbles. No considerations are suffi- ciently powerful to get her warmly engaged in a party dis- cussion. I need not add that in this particular, as in most others, she is at antipodes with Mrs. Busybody.—Mrs. Tidy is equally cautious about intermeddling with her neighbour's concerns, and is entirely free from gossipping tittle-tattle. If an unfavourable rumour is started respecting an acquaintance, she never joins the pedlers of small scandal whose character is touched to the life by an unerring pen—and in few words : *Withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not.* In short, our friend is in scriptural language—and with the scriptural import of the phrase too—*a keeper at home.*

In the government of the family, Mrs. Tidy and her hus- band make it a point always to be agreed; at least never to

counteract or defeat each other's efforts. The system of discipline they pursue is the only good one: it is uniformly mild yet firm—moderate, yet decisive. Partiality, prejudice, and anger here have no place. When the severe reproof is given or other chastisement administered; the subject of it feels that it is done with reluctance and that *his* true interest is the sole motive. Nothing can be more correct than their ideas of the proper object of the education of children—to train them up for usefulness in this life and happiness in the life to come. Accordingly, the attention is not directed exclusively to the cultivation of their persons or of their minds; but every lurking evil of disposition is carefully corrected—the temper is watched with an anxious eye, and, if occasion requires, is disciplined with a steady hand.

Such are the outlines of Mrs. Tidy's character. It is almost unnecessary to add that it is in the company of a partner and a family like this, her husband delights to spend his leisure hours. He need not wander abroad in search of relaxation; varied and intelligent conversation awaits him under his own roof. When misfortunes befal him, he is not driven to the places so frequently resorted to, for the purpose of drowning care and stifling sorrow: there is at home, one who shares his trials, sympathises with him in his afflictions, and rejoices in his successes. No wonder then that this favoured husband habitually recommends matrimony to his single friends, and so often repeats, with a warmth and energy that does him honour, the language of our motto:

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet *experience* know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

---

*A loving epistle on Idleness, addressed to all whom it may concern.*

Be not alarmed, gentle reader, at the annunciation of so stale a subject. Although much has been said upon it by the

ralist and the school-boy; still much remains to be said. I ll be brief however; for brevity, in this enlightened age f country, is a quality of all things the most interesting. ny most excellent people are deterred from reading any ng when they see it extended beyond the length of their se. A grave gentleman (no doubt a very great reader,) as- red me the other day that he had not patience to peruse a iece of unquestionable merit, because, forsooth, it was full ght pages in length! I will not, in the following epistle, espass so upon thee.

It has been usual with moralists to enlarge on the *criminality* f idleness, and its destructive tendency in the person who is nder its dominion. But I am far from thinking this its worst ffect. What is it to me if a man chooses to waste his time nd advance towards old age with no accumulation either of property or intellect? That is his concern, not mine. But when he is determined to keep *me* from any useful employment of my time, then I am on the lookout.

What right has a man to call me off day after day from serious pursuits merely for his own amusement? If he will not read or employ himself in some other way, let him consort with those who are of a similar disposition, and not impose upon a good natured man who would fain be otherwise engaged.

Now, reader, though I am none of the most diligent myself; yet I love to have my time at my own command, and therefore, in business hours I do not wish for company. Do not conclude from this last expression that I am a man of active business. I am engaged, beloved reader, in the same pursuits, peradventure, with thee. My books or my pen are my companions; and I love to retire from the busy world and enjoy my own thoughts in their society. But of late I have found this to be impossible.

I am no sooner cleverly seated at some interesting employment than Mr. ** comes in and takes his seat. I am then sure to be detained at least two hours. This same wise gentleman seems to have nothing in particular to say. His whole

conversation will be engrossed by the infinitely diverting, instructive and rare subjects of the weather, the fashions and the ladies. Under the first head will be discussed the interesting question, whether we are about to have rain or sunshine; under the second, some *original* observations will be made on the extremes to which many go in these days; and under the third, much of that acute genius which is necessary to discover who are handsome and who are not, will be elicited. I might specify many other topics of equal importance on which I am often entertained; but these will serve as a specimen. Now such subjects are perhaps well enough in their place; but when I am otherwise engaged, I had as lief hear a discussion whether the Emperor of China is at this moment in Pekin or in any other part of his empire. I do think, most courteous reader, whoever thou art, that this mode of interrupting others in their lawful pursuits is the most pestilential sort of idleness that I can easily form a conception of.

There is no way of getting rid of such visitors. Hints you may give them; but these are entirely unavailing. Either their faculties, by continual inaction have become so stupid that they cannot perceive when they are unwelcome; or they are determined to brave it out, whether their company is acceptable or not. I have a hundred times thought of that capital maxim of Solomon: "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee;" and as often been upon the point of quoting it; but as I am naturally, and from habit, somewhat polite, I really cannot muster assurance enough. I do think there is a practical lesson in this passage which few of these idle people take into consideration.

The University in this place has many excellent people in it; but it is most grievously infested with these same interlopers, who, like the dog in the manger, will neither eat themselves, nor suffer others to eat. There is a very strict watch kept over them by the Faculty; but as they cannot be always present in all places, it is out of their power to prevent these encroachments on the time of the studious.

Now, reader, if thou art one of these depredators on the peace of society, let me give thee some wholesome advice. Always ask thyself, whether thy company will be acceptable, before thou palmest it upon thy neighbours. And to determine this question, ask thyself another, viz: whether it be a seasonable hour, that is, whether the person to be visited is not, in all probability, engaged. Thou wilt thus free thyself from a sort of idlenes which is infinitely more distressing to others than that of wasting thine own time in doing nothing.

I am affectionately thine, TIMOTHY STEADFAST.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 27.] TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1820.


Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
Yet shall they weep,—for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak
With beaming eye, and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look, recal,
The last, the loveliest of all.

*Montgomery.*

IT was on the bank of one of those beautiful lakes, which reflect the bold outlines of the neighbouring mountains, that Mr. P—— about the year 1760 erected his mansion. Descended from an ancient family in England, he passed his earlier years in one of the universities. Having completed his education, he visited those countries in Europe, which art had sufficiently improved to arrest the attention of a traveller. When he had passed three years in polishing his manners by association with foreigners, and in repairing to places rendered interesting as the theatre of great events, he returned to his native country. Soon after his arrival, he was married to a young lady to whom he had been attached from his childhood.

Preferring bold and irregular scenery, to the finished beauty of his native country; he determined to remove to Scotland, where amid its lofty peaks and crystal sheets of water, he fondly hoped to pass his life in all the happiness which his ample fortune promised. In the vicinity of Loch——his time rolled away in the calm tranquillity, which is so often the result of independence in retirement.

His affections centered in an only daughter, who in this de-

lightful abode passed her earlier years in the acquisition of knowledge, under the care of a private instructor. Her mind was a reflection of the peaceful lake which slept beneath her, never ruffled or discomposed by the storms of passion. Her rapid acquirements did not escape the observation of her parents, who beheld her progress with delight, and looked forward with no little pleasure to the time, when they should present her to the view of the world, arrayed in the charms of female beauty, with a mind improved by an extensive acquaintance with literature and science. She admired the grand and beautiful scenery which had been liberally spread around her, and indulged the hope of passing her life in this abode, rendered doubly interesting as the place of her nativity: she would listen with delight to the narration of those incidents which occur in the world, but when she looked forward to that period which should present them to her inspection, she shrunk from the contemplation, and found all her affections entwining around the pleasures of youth, and the theatre of their action.

Her sixteenth year being completed, her parents removed to London, to improve her manners by mingling with the polished society of that city. With no little sorrow she left that retreat, where happiness had so long held undisputed sway; and with an anxious parting look, she saw her native mountains fade away on the distant horizon.

Amelia entered the world of fashion unfitted to unite in its follies, and ill prepared to encounter those tempests which had wrecked so many a voyager. Her life had been a picture of a summer's evening; its calm serenity never having been shaded by those clouds of sorrow, which so often obscure the brightest sunshine. Her pleasing deportment, excited the liveliest interest in all who beheld her, while her retiring manners, formed in seclusion from the world, exhibited a striking contrast to the deportment of those, who had passed their existence in the giddy whirl of amusement and fashion. Her auburn locks, falling in ringlets on a neck of snow, her eye of blue sparkling with intelligence, on retiring from the gaze of the spec-

tator, added to the bloom which health imparted to her complexion, riveted the eyes of many an admirer.

Among these there was no one whose countenance beamed in her presence with more pleasure than Alonzo, a young gentleman of birth and fortune, who had a few months before finished his education in the University of Oxford, and at the age of twenty entered the army. From his childhood he had been delighted with the pomp of war, and while pursuing his studies, he looked forward with no small satisfaction to the time, when leaving the *groves of Academus*, he should be permitted to enroll his name among the defenders of his country's honour and the promoters of its glory. In anticipating the splendour of triumph, and the plaudits of thousands, his mind was raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. In contemplating them, the pleasures of domestic life had never appeared to him of any comparative value, until accident brought him into the society of Amelia.

A former intimacy between his father and Mr. P——, gave Alonzo access to the house of the latter. His visits which at first resulted from mere civility, were often repeated; and his *friendship* was soon succeeded by an *emotion*, which has been more frequently realized than described. Before he was aware, he found the charms of London concentrated in the house of his father's friend. His visits were received by Amelia, with that politeness which is conspicuous in a mind refined by education. Although it was visible to all around her, that she was the object of attraction, she did not permit herself to impute them to any cause, but that urbanity which appeared to be characteristick of Alonzo.

The regiment to which he was attached was soon to embark for America, where it was expected to remain, until the colonies should be reduced to obedience. As the time for embarkation approached, his visits were more frequently repeated, and it was not without regret, that he saw the certainty of separation so near at hand. Her image in all its attractiveness, was continually before him, whenever his professional duties called him from her society, and he found with sur-

prise that the brilliancy of his employment, was daily less and less vivid. As the time for return was uncertain, he proffered his hand to her, who had so long been the object of his love and admiration. His hopes were soon crowned with success, and although he was to part from her whom he had tenderly loved until months and perhaps years should roll away, still he was consoled with the hope, that he should weave for himself in the field of glory, a wreath, which would bloom with increasing beauty, cherished as it would be by the affections of one, whose happiness was identified with his own.

The dreaded day at length arrived. The sorrow which was visible in every expression, and the fear that they might never meet again, spread a melancholy over the countenance of Amelia, imparted loveliness to her native beauty, and excited the liveliest interest in the mind of Alonzo. He wiped away the tear which stole down her cheek, and with the conflicting emotions of love and a thirst for glory, he bade her a fond adieu, and was soon borne beyond the sight of his native island. He caught the last glimpse of its azure peaks, and with a heavy heart, saw them melt away in the blue waves of the ocean.

A prosperous voyage soon brought the detachment to which he belonged to New-York, which was at that time the head quarters of the British forces. The glitter of arms, and the shouts of battle, filled his mind with transient delight ; but in those calm moments which often occur in the life of a soldier, he fixed his eye on the happiness he so recently enjoyed, while memory presented to his view the image of fair Amelia. He looked forward with anxiety, to the time when the regiment should be recalled and his dreams of bliss should be changed into fruition. The colonies persisted in refusing to acknowledge the sway of the mother country, and continued to assert their right to rank among the nations. Although he had from time to time received from her a tribute of affection, he found his suns revolving more slowly than formerly, and after one year had elapsed, the time for his return, apparently no nearer than at his arrival. The courage which he displayed in

several engagements, and his intimate acquaintance with the profession which he followed, elicited the commendation of his superior officers. Promotion which soon succeeded, afforded a temporary pleasure and furnished a slight relief to his protracted absence; still the pictures of happiness which affection presented to his view, were like the evening cloud, rapidly vanishing away.

The mind of Amelia since his departure had been continually agitated. His absence had been prolonged much beyond his expectations. The dangers of war were ever present to her imagination. Often she fancied him cut down in the heat of battle, or suffering from wounds received in the shock of conflicting armies. She dreaded the perusal of intelligence from America, lest the name of Alonzo should meet her eye among the number of those, who had fallen a sacrifice to Britain's glory. Several months having elapsed since she had received any intelligence from him, the hope that he still survived the numerous actions in which he had been engaged had almost expired.

Her parents in the mean time removed with her to their residence in Scotland. Although association spread a thousand beauties over the objects around her, and presented to her view all the glowing pleasures of childhood, she found to her surprise, that their charms had fled away. Her parents exerted themselves to dispel that sorrow which seemed to be rapidly corroding her present happiness, and watched her declining health with no little anxiety. They suggested the probability that Alonzo was so occupied with his professional duties, as to be unable to write as frequently as he might wish —that the vessels conveying his epistles, might have been captured by some of the numerous French cruisers, whose sails whitened the Atlantic—or that he might have been taken a prisoner, and found it difficult in the interior of the provinces to communicate intelligence to his friends.

An officer of the same name as Alonzo had been killed, and but little doubt existed in the minds of her friends, that he had fallen in battle. This intelligence was concealed for many

weeks from Amelia, who educated in indulgence, and finding all her wants anticipated by the affection of her parents, was ill qualified to encounter the trials which are endured with so much fortitude, by those who have often drank of the cup of adversity. She read in the countenances of her friends, and in the whispers of the servants, the supposed fate of Alonzo. She shunned the society of her friends; melancholy spread over her countenance, and to the eyes of her fond parents she appeared to be rapidly wasting away. The dark cloud of sorrow had overspread her horizon, and through it pierced no ray of consolation. She would daily survey the prospect around her, and with an ever active imagination, contrast her present situation, and her former happiness. As no intelligence was received from Alonzo, all hope of his being alive, disappeared. Her melancholy increased; she soon became bewildered—despair and frenzy alternately absorbed her mind, and triumphed over her happiness.

It was at the battle of Eutaw springs, (Lord Rawdon having given directions for a charge,) that Alonzo as he was leading his detachment to the attack, received a wound and fell in front of his troops. He was discovered at the conclusion of the battle, fainting from the loss of blood.

"The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
"Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart."

In this situation he was conveyed to a neighbouring cottage, where having his wounds dressed, he soon recovered to such a degree, as to be conveyed to Charleston. As his health had been impaired by his recent sufferings, he obtained permission to return to his native country, and embarked for England. His anticipations of happiness were soon blasted, by the appearance of a French frigate, which giving chace captured the ship in which he was sailing, and not long after, arrived with the prize at one of the islands of the West-Indies. Here he continued several months, anxiously waiting to be exchanged. During his detention he made known his situation to Amelia, drew a lively picture of the hopes he entertained of soon seeing her—of passing the re-

mainder of his life in her society, and concluded with expressing a determination to leave the army.

This letter arrived some months after the supposed death of Alonzo had been discovered by Amelia. The information it contained, greatly encouraged her parents, who hoped that the knowledge of his existence, would be the means of her restoration. It was conveyed to her during one of those tranquil moments, which appear in the life even of a lunatic. She listened to the intelligence with astonishment. The pictures of happiness presented by her ready memory—the fear of some accident still befalling Alonzo and the numerous prospects of bliss rising before her imagination, rushed upon her mind like an irrisistible torrent, and swept away every vestige of her sanity. Her dishevelled hair—her distrust of her nearest friends and her frantic eye wildly rolling, exhibited a powerful contrast to the retiring modesty, so conspicuous in her earlier years. Her parents hung over her with intense earnestness, when they saw disease rioting upon her health and beauty, and that mind which had been to them a source of so much happiness now fallen into ruins. They had looked upon her as the solace of their declining years—she was their only hope—had long been the pride of every circle—and with delight they had often beheld the riveted eye, and the smile of approbation, silently portraying her praise.

Alonzo whose exchange had been effected, returned to his native country, and immediately hastened to Scotland. He reached the mansion of Amelia, with a heart overflowing with joy, and by her father was informed of her situation. His distress, was as intense as his previous happiness, as he beheld his fairest hopes vanishing away. The news of his arrival was conveyed to Amelia, with the greatest caution and tenderness; but instead of proving a balm to her tortured heart, her madness seemed to collect, and to be on the point of overwhelming her in ruins. This storm was soon succeeded by a calm tranquillity, which flattered the hopes of her parents. By the minute attentions of her lover, and by the gratification of every want, her mind began to dawn, and

spread a twilight through the melancholy darkness, which had so long obscured it. The gloom which surrounded her was soon dispelled, and succeeded by an unclouded sky. As no vestige of her insanity appeared, she yielded her hand to Alonzo. As her health was still feeble, it was the advice of her physician, that she should remove to the south of France, in order to pass the approaching winter. In company with her parents they embarked from Glasgow, with the hope after the lapse of a few months, of returning to Scotland. The ship spread her canvass to a gentle breeze, which wafted them on their way; and with them

——" many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer."

A few hours after their departure, a violent storm arose, shrouding the heavens in darkness, and pouring all its terrors upon the ocean. It swept before it many a gallant ship,—which had proudly rode the waves, and spotted the ocean with the fragments of many a wreck. Those who sailed in company with it

——" mark'd the high mast head
Of that devoted vessel, toss'd
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost;
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar;
At length they saw—they heard no more."

EUGENIUS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Mermaid* has been received, and shall soon have a place.

*Azrael* shall be admitted.

*Allegoricus* is under consideration.

The *Death of Lawrence* has come to hand.

Several communications without signatures, have been received, and shall have due attention.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 28.] FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1820.

We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the stars.

*Young.*

AGAIN, children of the dust, your guardian condescends to address you! He has been farther from you than your imaginations ever traveled. He has witnessed what you could not see and live. Yet no haughty passion has entered his mind. Angels do not become elated by the grandeur of the objects they survey, or the importance of the occupations in which they are engaged; for they perceive too well the comparative littleness of all they can attain to or comprehend. They see that the poorest thing which shews vitality and volition, when viewed in connexion with its great Author, stands on the same level with the highest spirit that bows before his throne. Their faculties are ever growing—the sphere of their knowledge spreads wider and wider—some few individuals of their number have already gained intelligence and power, which surpass all that the whole of created existence originally possessed—and the station now occupied by them shall hereafter be far beneath that of the meanest of their associates, for all shall advance rapidly, and still move rapidly, in strength, skill, science, understanding, goodness and enjoyment,—but the immeasurable distance between the first of them, and Him who alone is great and wise, must forever remain exactly the same. Your feeble companions in guilt have but slight knowledge of God, and are filled with pride—we have seen him, and we know that before him, all which ever began to be is less than nothing and vanity.

In obedience to high command I have visited the palace of

universal empire. In a moment after I had left your world it vanished from my view, and your sun dwindled to a star. Presently all that you have discovered of the universe appeared as a faint and nebulous spot, dimly discernible beyond the brighter systems that surrounded me. These soon faded away while my rapid journey crossed another more glorious collection of congregated worlds, which shone around me for a little period, and were followed in long succession by higher, and still higher creations of infinite power. Your feeble sight would be forever quenched by one glance at the suns which glow near the residence of Him, who dwells in light inaccessible, yet they are dark or viewless to the pure spirits that fill his courts. I have been admitted into their habitation, but as you could not sustain the glory that fills and surrounds it, so neither can you apprehend its nature,—for the bodily eye cannot see, nor the corporal ear hear, nor the heart of those who live in houses of clay understand, what God has there given to them that love him.

Your little minds cannot receive complete ideas of Him, nor even of the place where his honour dwells, yet you are capable of learning, and I am commanded to unfold some few of the operations of his hands. Strange contrast! I have returned from the society of the first of created beings, and the immediate presence of Him who made them, to converse with you. I teach a minute part of your degraded race, when I have just now been concerned in transactions more important than all the joys and sorrows, that six thousand years have brought upon the whole. You may think this degradation, but such is not the judgment of Angels. We can readily turn from the highest, to the humblest employments;—from the worship of Heaven, to the business of Earth,—from the company of blessed spirits, to the instruction of fallen man,—from the temple of the Most High, to this poor abode of guilt and wretchedness;—for we study to imitate Him, who now destroys an empire and then an insect,—now forms a world, and then expands a flower,—now redeems a ruined creation, and then restores a faded plant,—who inhabits eternity, and

controls the events of each successive instant,—who fills immensity, and yet dwells in the heart of the lowliest penitent.

He has impressed upon his creatures the inevitable law of perpetual activity, motion and change. "Cuncta fluunt" was one of the few gleams of truth, that reason or tradition had thrown athwart the darkness of Heathen mythology. You imagine that in vacuity of thought, or the repose of exhausted nature, the mind of man may rest with his body, and that innumerable objects remain unaltered for years and ages. Poor ignorants! stop for one waking moment the motion of your minds,—chain down the soul to the couch of your slumbers, and let no dream ever delight or disturb your repose, before you conclude that spirits can be still. If you think of those monarchs of the forest which the storms of many centuries have in vain endeavoured to remove from their place,—of the perpetual hills, the enduring mountains, and the earth which abideth for ever;—I will not merely tell you of the circulation of the sap, and the growth and decay of leaves, fruits and branches,—of the formation and crumbling of rocks, and gathering and lapse or dissolution of snows,—of the ocean at one time reflecting the skies from its placid surface, and reducing all nature into a continuous sphere of cerulean light, and at another tossing the affrighted seaman in all the horrors of the tempest,—of verdure now spread over half a continent, and anon blasted and swept away by the breath of winter,—of the dry land encroaching on the sea and conveying fertility and the dwellings of men into the waste places of its ancient dominion,—and of the sea covering the land, and leaving the mingled remains of their inhabitants as a testimony to distant ages of revealed truth;—but I will remind you, that every portion of matter tends toward every other, and that all the worlds which you can measure are kept from rushing together, only by constant revolution. Yet this is not the extent to which even human philosophy may lead you. It was once supposed that your Sun revolved only around the common centre of his little system, but later observation has shewn that he too is but an humble satellite, and that with his attendant

worlds he flies through the Heavens so swiftly, as many times in every hour to measure a distance equal to that which stretches from "burning Afric to the pole." So too the other luminaries of Heaven which night displays to your view, and those which the "aided eye" of the astronomer has been able to reach, obey the original impulse that drives them forward in their endless circuits. They and your Sun are preserved by rapid and harmonious movements from mutual destruction, and with all their planets form "one little leaf in the Creator's garden." They are *hung upon nothing*, but with innumerable other, larger, nobler armies of collected systems, they revolve in perpetual succession, around one vast central world, which alone is fixed. Here are placed the court and the throne of the Most High, and here is made that visible manifestation of infinite excellence, before which angels bow, and arch-angels veil their faces. Faint emblem of the Deity, this Heaven of Heavens has remained stable and unaltered from the first appearance of existing things, and it shall last unchanged till the end of that little period, which men call time. Then it will be *changed as a vesture*, for He who alone is forever the same, will make all things new. Then the system of divine operations which now awakes the wonder and the praise of every holy angel shall be done away, and another more glorious shall come into existence, destined like it to last through but one of the moments of eternity.

The human mind is so contracted that men lessen and degrade every noble truth before they can receive it; and they have weakly imagined that after these Heavens and this guilty Earth shall be no more, the new Heavens and the new Earth shall endure forever, under one single dispensation. If you are ready to admit this common error, look back into past times and events, and then abroad upon such of the works of the Deity, as he has permitted you to understand. Search and discover two nations, states of society, wars, revolutions, improvements or inventions precisely resembling each other: or examine and find one fixed or wandering star; one continent, climate, country, hill or vale; one human form, face or limb;

one animated inhabitant of air, earth or sea ; one tree, plant, flower, leaf or seed ; or one rock, stone, grain of sand or particle of floating dust exactly like its fellow ; ere you dare thus to limit the fertility of infinite invention. No the "long ages of Eternity" will not be passed in one dull uniformity. He who here reveals a nature at once unchangeable and ever active—who is pleased to carry on his operations with that constancy which enables his creatures to gain indispensable knowledge, and yet with such endless diversity as prevents mistake and confusion—who demonstrates infinite power and wisdom in the smallest work of his hands, and repeats the proof in some varied form in each and every other individual existence—will throughout eternity appear the same great, wise, good and immutable Jehovah, and yet the same "wonder-working God, who travels in all the greatness of his attributes," not only "in every one spot and corner of the universe," but in every hour and moment of the utmost duration that dependant intelligence can recollect or measure. Filling every atom and every instant with different appearances of incomprehensible majesty, he has not planned the small series of future events or existences by one single model—but after the consummation of all those things that men or angels have as yet seen, he will raise another creation to shew yet veil that infinite excellence, before whose unclouded brightness Heaven and its hosts would vanish away ;—and in its turn this new universe *shall wax old as doth a garment*, and give place to other and nobler exhibitions of infinite perfection. Thus while the faculties of blessed spirits shall forever widen, they will still wonder and admire in the contemplation of the unknown and exhaustless wealth of creative energy—and at the most distant point in futurity to which the imagination of the "living ones" who stand "in the midst of the throne" of God has yet extended, they will be compelled to say, *Great and marvellous are thy works ! oh Lord God Almighty ! in wisdom hast thou made them all !*

Judging according to your own imperfect reason, you may suppose that we look forward with solicitude or restless curi-

osity to the varieties of untried being through which we are yet to pass; but here again you would be deluded by the weakness of your species. We do not endeavour to pry into the unsearchable depths of divine determination, nor to comprehend what our enlarged faculties will hereafter lose and exhaust themselves in attempting to explore; nor do we carry back a profane imagination into the ages which elapsed before we were brought into being, inquiring what or how many millions of successive creations exhibited the grandeur and goodness of the Eternal, to countless kinds of happy intelligences; who through millennium after millennium exulted in his smile, and then without consciousness, apprehension or pain suffered annihilation;—nor do we dread any event which futurity can bring; for we know in whom we trust, and we are assured by the word of Him who cannot lie, that whatever destiny his wisdom may have given to former existences, or whatever his justice may inflict upon the violators of his law, we shall remain secure, for he has formed us holy and invulnerable, and "made us to last as long as himself." Glory be to his name, we "bear the mark upon the forehead that we belong to God, and we are ready to go to any world to which he shall appoint, certain that every where, in height or depth, he will acknowledge us forever!"

The narrow conceptions of your fellow-men will reject the discovery that Heaven is material. Accustomed to reason about that which they do not and cannot comprehend, they speak of matter as if they fully understood its nature, though neither their senses nor their philosophy have brought home the knowledge of even one of its essential properties. All that you see and hear and feel are but mere appearances destined hereafter to vanish away, but the imperishable substance which they clothe shall be adorned with different and brighter qualities, and moulded into the new Heavens and the new Earth; fit abodes of happy intelligences, in a higher stage of their endless advancement. You may suppose that matter is to be destroyed when the Earth and all that it contains shall be burnt up, but this is only the misapprehension of your ig-

norant race. Reflect on what may fall under your own limited observation,—bring every agent that you can control to bear upon the smallest portion of matter. You may reduce it to dust, or dissolve it in fluids, or consume it with fire; but all that you can effect is to alter the form and quality, for not one particle is annihilated. And thus it will ever be, not only in the smaller operations of nature that come within your power, but also in those higher changes which no finite being can guide or understand,—for He who alone possesses eternity past, has given that which is future not only to intelligent, but even to inanimate essence. Hence you may learn how your vile bodies shall be raised glorious and immortal. All their base, loathsome, changeable and perishable properties shall be lost in the grave, but their indestructible substance, though it may be scattered by the winds, divided among distant countries, absorbed into the veins of animals, and the channels which convey vegetable life, and buried in the caverns of the earth and the depths of the sea,—shall remain unaltered, when all that you know of matter shall have passed away.

Perhaps you wonder that while the centres of smaller systems are discovered, no ray has shown you that vast sun whose powerful attraction retains all other suns in their respective orbits. In justice, and yet in mercy you are screened from its effulgence; for its light is too pure to be bestowed upon any being who is contaminated with sin, and too powerful to be sent into any organ that can be dissolved. Unlike the dull element which you call light, it acts by no progressive motion. The sluggish march of your sun's beams, which pass but twelve millions of miles in a minute, would never have brought it down to your world, or carried it hence to the meanest bound of the creation. They too are soon absorbed and lost among unnumbered spheres, or reduced to nothing by diffusion—but this heavenly medium of sight, never scattered or weakened, is as effectual when its source is remote as when it is near, and like the power of gravitation, and the motions of disembodied spirits, it equally extends through empty space and impenetrable matter. Thus being neither "propagated in time," nor

impeded by obstacles, nor diminished by distance, wherever on the farther side of the most solid globe, or near the verge of created things, any holy angel dwells or wanders—it instantly conveys to him the distinct perception, not only of that all pervading presence which inhabits immensity, but also of that glorified humanity, which in mysterious union with the divine nature sits on the throne of the universe, receiving homage from every sinless being to whom thought and feeling have been given. Hence Heaven is at once local and universal, and when Cherubim and Seraphim cast their crowns at the feet of the most High, every faithful subject within his empire bows down in united adoration, and created existence from its farthest extremities returns one shout of praise.

AZRAEL.

## SONNET.

Come Fancy, raise unto my mental sight,
Delightful scenes that ever charm my soul,
Come spread the vernal landscape green and bright
Where whispering zephyrs hreathe and streamlets roll,
Come ope the curtain of the early morn
And scatter far the twilight's mellow shade,
Unveil the hues that heaven's blue vault adorn
That kindle when the gleams of evening fade
And all the scene around in sweetness is array'd.

C. E.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Ode to Music* shall be inserted.

*Perry's victory on Lake Erie* has been received.

*Farewell to my Lute* is under consideration.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 29.] TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1820.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,
The hearth—except when winter chill'd the day—
With aspen-boughs and flowers and fennel, gay.

*Goldsmith.*

DURING a late tour through a remote region of New-England, undertaken principally for the gratification of curiosity, I turned several miles out of the way for the sake of visiting an uncle, who had emigrated in early life, and whose domestic concerns had prevented him, for many years, from re-visiting the place of his nativity. It was towards the close of the day when I rode up, agreeably to my directions, to a neat country residence. On rapping at the door and ascertaining from an elderly lady who appeared, that I had been rightly directed, I dismounted and followed her into the kitchen. I passed a few moments in silence, contriving some expedient to make myself known, when my aunt, who had from the first eyed me with an expression of countenance that indicated a wish for better acquaintance, remarked that she thought she had seen me before, though she could not call me by name. I told her in reply that I did not recollect ever having seen *her;* but that it was very probable she might have seen my father, as he was the youngest brother of Mr. ——. The mingled pleasure and surprise manifested at this unexpected disclosure were a presage of the welcome I was about to receive. "Why if it isn't George!" exclaimed my aunt, running up and seizing me by the hand—"Why how you have grown! You were just

beginning to run about the floor the last time we were down. Well—lay down your hat and come and take a seat by the window in the front room—you can't think how glad your uncle will be to see you." The noise of carding and spinning in an adjacent apartment was soon broken off by a direction very audibly delivered to the girls, "to go up chamber and get dressed as quick as possible,—for a new cousin from *below* had come to see them." In the mean time one of the boys was told to blow the horn for his father. It was not half an hour, before the creaking of a loaded waggon, with the exclamations *haw! haw there I say!* and the twang of the cart-whip, announced the arrival of my uncle in the farm yard. After a few directions to his boys, to see that the cows were brought from pasture—the bars put up—and the hoes cleaned, delivered with the authoritative air of a bustling farmer, who feels himself to be a lord of the soil, and perhaps elevated a little by the supposed arrival of a stranger to see him, he came in—on a pair of cow-hide shoes which made the whole house shake as he walked across the kitchen. The reason for blowing the horn was explained,—and the door leading in to the front room, (where I had been hitherto sitting alone,) instantly flew open, and presented a spare figure, which, from its resemblance to my grand-father, whom I barely recollected to have seen, at first started me. After the first salutations (which were made hoping I would "excuse his hand," and "pardon his rusty frock," as he had just returned from work) he remarked that "he was glad to find I was not, like many who go to learning, too proud to come and see my poor relations. He did not know whether I could live as they did; but if I could eat such as they had, I should be welcome to stay as long as I pleased." I thanked him, and added that I was happy to find in the general appearance of his establishment so much evidence that whatever "poor relations" I might have, *he* was far from being among the number. "Ah," said he, "we have laid up a little, to be sure; but then we have had to work for it. We do, it is true, though I say it myself, cut about as much hay, and keep as many young cattle as most of our

neighbours. I should be glad to send one of my boys to learning, as your father has done you; but your aunt and I don't feel yet if we could afford it. But when did you leave home? and how do they all do there? We have not heard a word from you, I know nothing when." The answer to these inquiries drew us into a protracted conversation (which my aunt soon joined) on the late incidents which had occurred in different branches of the family. To learn that *this* second cousin, who was scarcely grown up when they moved, had a large family of daughters one of whom was on the point of being taken off,—that *that* uncle had married a third wife in his old age, —that *the other* nephew had swapped farms with his next neighbour on the north, and had just finished an upright house which was one of the handsomest in town, &c. &c. could not but interest those who had known scarcely any thing of the family history these twenty years. Our conversation was interrupted only by my uncle's taking out a square bottle of old spirits from the gin-case that stood in the corner, which he placed before me,—and giving directions to Thomas "to come round and put out his cousin's horse." "Turn him," called out my uncle after the boy as he was riding through the gate, "turn him into the new pasture behind the barn." Then resuming his seat and addressing himself to me—"there is better feed in that pasture than you will find at the taverns." A quart tumbler was taken down from among the furniture in an antique cupboard that cut off one corner of the room, a pitcher of water and the best of maple sugar were placed on the table, and we were preparing to drink in honour of our common birth place, when Thomas came walking the horse up to the door, with the inquiry "what should be done for the swelling on his back?" I had noticed a little rising of the skin the evening before; but it was not such as to occasion any apprehension, and I requested my uncle to give himself no trouble about it, as it would doubtless go off by letting the horse rest the few days I proposed remaining. "A few days!" exclaimed my aunt, dropping her knitting work and fastening her eye upon me—"you certainly don't intend to tarry less than a fort-

night. It is the first time that you have ever come, and you certainly must not go away now you are here, without making us a visit." Presuming it would be difficult to convince her that a visit could be made in less than a fortnight, I contrived to divert the conversation into its former channel. I was now amused in my turn with their answers to various inquiries concerning the early history of the place where we originated. My uncle's memory extended farther back than my father's; and besides this, my parents always maintained a degree of reserve in my presence, in regard to the affairs of the neighbourhood during their earlier years.

My attention was soon directed to the clatter of some half a dozen pairs of feet, tripping down the front stairs. I bowed to my new cousins as they entered—they returned it with a curtsey, and made the best of the way to the other side of the room; where, after some confusion, they were at last ranged in a row of chairs directly opposite to me. I make no pretensions to stoicism; and therefore am not ashamed to admit that, although the old folks still kept the conversation in their own hands, my attention sometimes flagged, and my eyes were now and then guilty of impolite wanderings. My cousins were certainly pretty. Had their native charms been set off by the advantages of education, and had the awkward bashfulness which is generally found in those who grow up in obscurity been worn away by intercourse with the world, some of them might have done no dishonour to higher circles of society than they were born to move in. But I observed with regret in most of them a wan and sickly aspect. The colour in their cheeks, instead of forming that

> —— beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,

was too evidently superinduced by the exertions just made in preparing themselves for their appearance, and the flurry attendant on their introducing themselves and getting their seats. The girls, after spending a few minutes in glancing an eye at each other and at me, altering their positions in their chairs, and other movements which proved that to them sitting still was not the least laborious thing in the world, at length ven-

tured to take out their knitting and sewing; and without a word passing between them, went about their work, in postures as prim and as angular as a drilling sergeant ever taught his platoon.

I was several times on the point of changing my seat for one on the other side of the room; but, how to get conversation started was the difficulty. It would probably be to no purpose to inquire how they liked Walter Scott's last Novel, or what progress they had made in painting and embroidery; and to ask where they found the best market for butter and poultry, or how many runs of yarn were reckoned a good day's work, might lead to disquisitions on topics in which my own information would not appear to the best advantage. I at length bethought myself that there is one subject of conversation in which all sorts of people can join; that is to say—the weather. An introductory remark on "the clear sky which had succeeded the late storm"—to the truth of which my cousins assented with one accord—led to some reflections on the peculiar importance of genial skies and refreshing breezes to the comfort of the traveller. Association naturally brought up to view the incidents of my journey:—the impressions produced on my own mind by the rude scenery through which I had passed were described:—and finally, the general connexion between the external character of a country and the manners of its inhabitants, and the condition of the middling classes of society in their own vicinity—their education—their customs—and their habits of thinking—became the predominant topics. The remarks of my fair cousins at first were chiefly in monosyllables; but as they became more acquainted, I could plainly perceive that a vein of good sense lay concealed under their awkward exterior; and I began to believe that to minds of native vigour, however deficient in the accomplishments of a fashionable education, there will never be wanting media of social intercourse quite distinct from poetry and romance on one hand, and the details of domestic economy on the other. One thing I observed in them, which I could wish were equally applicable to some of my acquaint-

ance for whom I have a great respect, in higher walks of life. They were not insensible of their own deficiencies. If they had not the merit of refinement, they had at least that of modesty. They made no pretensions to knowledge, on subjects of which they were ignorant; or to sensibility, in regard to objects of taste which they had never studied. It is probable they might have lived and died, without knowing that there was any thing peculiarly sublime in the outline of the mountainous country to which they had been accustomed from infancy, had I not informed them; and when I remarked on the enchanting beauty of a neighbouring water-fall which I had passed on the road, it was surprising to observe with how cold an assent the remark was heard.

It is not my design to give a complete account of this visit: my readers must therefore allow me to take leave of the daughters, and confine myself hereafter to incidents illustrative of a peculiarity, not perhaps often found in an equal degree, in the character of the parents.

(*To be resumed in our next.*)

## THE DEATH OF LAWRENCE.

### I.

Evening has clos'd o'er the waves of the ocean,
Peace has return'd to the sailor again,
Hush'd is the din of the battle's commotion,
Nothing is heard but the roar of the main
Far as the eager eye, through the dark shade can spy—
Nothing is seen but the foam of the wave,
While the loud tempests sweep—wild o'er the heaving deep,
Ploughing the breast of bold Lawrence's grave.

### II.

What is't that steals on my listening ear
Oh 'tis the accent of mourning and woe,
Grief—for the loss of a leader so dear—
Grief—for the death of a generous foe;
Now bleeds each sailor's heart—wounded by sorrow's dart,
Tears flow in torrents for Lawrence the bold,
Oh we shall ne'er—they cry—see his fire-flashing eye,
When on his country's foes fiercely it roll'd.

III.

Oh! what a sight, on that glorious morning
Glanc'd our bold ship o'er the billowy wave,
Freedom and valour its banner adorning,
Victory cheering the hearts of the brave
Glitter'd the sailor's eye—throbb'd his rough bosom high
While the starr'd flag floated wide on the wind,
Bright glow'd the Hero's soul—proudly his glance did roll,
Fix'd were his features and nobly resign'd.

IV.

See on the distant main swiftly advancing,
Albion's sons spread their banner afar,
Light on the crest of the foamy wave dancing,
See they unfurl the red ensign of war;
Mark'd you the hero's eye—bright as the noontide sky,
Stern as the frown that the rous'd lion wears,
When like the whirlwind's rage—fiercely the foes engaged
Mingling in battle, the cross and the stars.

V.

Loud swell'd the cannon's roar o'er the wide ocean,
Lash'd by the prow, heav'd the crimson-dy'd foam,
Wild was the din of the battle's commotion;
While many a soul sought its long latest home;
Bright glar'd the fatal flame—death wing'd the bullet came,
Full on our leader it darted its blow,
Then each tar heav'd a sigh—tears gush'd from every eye,
Lawrence is wounded, our hero is low.

VI.

Mark from his breast, how his life-blood is streaming
Mark how his eye-balls in agony roll,
Still through that mist, valour's spirit is beaming,
Still his last words, speak the fire of his soul;
"Rear up the Eagle high—point it unto the sky,
There let it soar while the bloody fight raves,
There let its wings outspread—flap o'er the mighty dead
Till it shall plunge in the fathomless waves."

VII.

Long shall his spirit illumine our stars,
Long as our flag on the tempest shall fly,
Long as our Eagle the thunderbolt bears,
It shall soar on its pinions and flash in its eye:
When on the stormy main—venture our ships again

Then shall his valour our bosoms inspire,
When we the broadsides pour—and war's dread thunders roar,
Lawrence shall lead like a pillar of fire. EDGAR.

## *A birth-day reflection.*

When hope dances high in the bosom of youth,
And visions of fancy our path strew with flowers;
Then, thoughtless, we heed not the lessons of truth,
But to present enjoyment give life's jocund hours.

The return of each birth-day with transport we hail,
And in mirthful amusement the glad season spend;
The young flow of soul no reflections assail,
Nor think we that earthly enjoyment can end.

As Time speeds his progress, and Truth sheds her light,
How false proves the picture Hope painted to view!
The day-dreams of fancy all vanish in night,
And tell us that naught but eternity's true.

Then the beams which the morn of a birth-day enlighten
The calm of reflection spread over the soul;
Faith points us to Heaven where the prospect will brighten,
While ages eternal shall over us roll.

## IMPROMPTU,

*On taking leave of an agreeable circle of female friends just at evening.*

The western sky at parting day
Reflects a golden light;
But fast its splendor fades away,
And earth is robed in night.

Fit emblem this of social joy
Mid scenes which pleased we view;
E'en with delight is mixed alloy,
Too soon to bid adieu.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

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No. 30.] FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1820.

Quæ omnia cum non nisi a perito Medico cognosci possint, non debent mulieres temere et audacter hisce rebus et immiscere. Demum remedia solent ex libris quibusdam vernacule scriptis depromere, aut etiam ab aliis communicatis uti, et tunc se rara ad omnes morbos remedia habere putant.

*Iac. Primirosius.*

(*Continued from p.* 30.)

I HAVE often noticed that country people are apt to form a wrong judgment concerning the health of students. The pallid aspect and thin visage, which are the mere effect of seclusion, are easily mistaken for the inroads of disease, among those who have been accustomed to see Health in the plump features and russet complexion of the country. But the truth is, abating an hour or two in the morning, few classes of men exhibit more unequivocal signs of the "mens sana in sano corpore," or at least the latter, than do the community of the studious,—even during the long confinement of a collegiate life. The punctuality and dispatch with which they execute the duties of the refectory, their activity during the hours of amusement, and the close application of which they are capable—whether to books or balls, to lectures or ladies, makes no difference in the argument—all concur in establishing the point. For the reason just stated, however, I was not surprised to find my aunt, almost from the time I came in, occasionally eyeing me with looks of concern, and finally expressing her apprehensions "that something was the matter with me." She rose and asked "whether I would not have something to take?" I declined, with a little surprise at being supposed so unwell as to stand in need of medical aid. With the exception of a slight cold, taken the evening before, and the fa-

tigue of the day's ride, I never enjoyed better health or spirits. She insisted upon it, however, that I must lie down till supper time, for I "didn't look fit to sit up." More to comply with her wishes than my own, I consented; and an hour of slumber (which proved more grateful to my wearied frame than I had expected) brought me to the call to tea.

On sitting at table, the rest of the family, except two or three of the youngest, who were busily handling their spoons in the chimney corner, were served in the usual way; but my tea was poured out from a large pitcher, with a handful of dried herbs sticking out at the top. I expressed my regret that my aunt had put herself to so much trouble on my account. The amount of her explanation was, that while I staid she should treat me just as if I were her own child. She was very much afraid I was going to be sick,—so she had made me a dish of horehound, for there was nothing like horehound, that she had ever tried, to drive away a fever. I must eat a light supper, and take a sweat over night; and she hoped I would feel better in the morning.

In truth, I felt much more like a starved than a sick man, for (as other travellers sometimes do, who have cousins on the road) I had postponed my dinner, with the expectation of making amends for the deficiency at supper. In spite of the danger of fever, I should much rather have seen the cold meat and vegetables which were probably left from their last meal on the table, than the horehound tea and crackers. However, the kind attentions of my aunt were so evidently well meant, that it would have been the height of incivility to express any dissatisfaction. I sipped my tea as well as I could, and left off my crackers long before the cravings of appetite were allayed—but not till long after my aunt had signified by her looks, quite as intelligibly as words could have done, her apprehensions lest my symptoms should be aggravated by repletion.

The rocking chair was brought out for me to sit in, and the remainder of the evening passed off without any occurrence worthy of narration. At a pretty early hour, my aunt, who

had disappeared from the family circle some time before, came down stairs; and as she was emptying the coals from the warming pan, observed, that she believed she had got every thing ready. I followed her to the place where I was to sleep. A fire had been made up in the room, to take out the damp; and teapots, earthen pitchers, and pewter porringers, stood marshalled on the embers. "Here," said my aunt, "is balm tea; this is fever-bush—you may take either of them when you feel dry—and that pitcher of hot toddy is to be taken as hot as you can drink it, just at going to bed. If you should have pains in the limbs, apply some of the brandy and red peppers in that largest porringer." A pair of heated bricks at the foot of the bed, and a huge pile of Dutch blankets in a chair near the head, were probably supposed to have too obvious an application to render any explanation necessary. As she was leaving the room, she observed that hot bricks were not always sufficient—that she should therefore have some burdock leaves ready, which I might rap for, if necessary, at any time in the night.

Such a formidable array of preparations, I must say, rather startled me. I felt of my pulse, and found it evidently accelerated. It is possible, thought I, that this may after all be an approaching fever—almost all fevers originate in colds—and it would at least be taking the safe side, to try the effect of perspiration. "If it did no good, it could certainly do no hurt"—said I to myself as I was swallowing my aunt's diaploretics, and piling on the bed-clothes—but before the end of a restless night, I began to be rather sceptical about the truth of a maxim which is so often repeated concerning family prescriptions. It was not till after the clock struck three that I involuntarily tumbled off the greater part of my load, and suffered nature's prescription (the only one of which I had in reality the least need) to take effect.

Notwithstanding all my aunt's efforts to force sickness upon me, my constitution stubbornly refused. I rose with no more disease about me than the languor of spirits and dulness of aspect which usually follow a period of watchfulness. As

I joined the family in the morning, I was beset on all sides with inquiries how I felt—whether I had had a comfortable night—and what I would take. My replies to these inquiries, compared with my general aspect, so far allayed the apprehensions of my good aunt, that I was invited to take a seat with the family at the breakfast table. She congratulated me on my prospect of so speedy a recovery; and took occasion to pour out a flood of commendations on her peculiar remedies. The danger of a settled attack of fever she considered as almost entirely over; but I still appeared feeble, and needed to act with prudence. She would make some bitters for me in the course of the day, composed of such roots as were strengthening in their nature, and calculated to drive bad humours out of the blood. By taking a glass of these every morning, and dieting, she had no doubt that I should soon be almost well.

In the course of a week's acquaintance with this family, I found that my aunt's promise, to treat me as she treated her own children, had been literally fulfilled. My cousins, from infancy upwards, have been incessantly nursed and dieted, and dosed and bled, under the idea of improving the constitutions of the sickly, and making the well more healthy. Yet so it is, that they have all to an individual grown up tall and slender, and their countenances indicate any thing but a robust and hardy constitution. I was particularly struck with the appearance of a little boy of perhaps four, who was the son of my uncle's old age,—for he was at least a half a dozen years younger than either of the other children. "Here," said my uncle one day, calling him to me, "is a little man that we thought we should never have raised. But your aunt and I have taken a great deal of pains with him, and we hope he may be a clever boy one of these years." To understand what follows, you must imagine a puny, emaciated figure, sitting on my knee, in a loose woollen gown,—his body enveloped from the neck to the ancles, with red baize, his hair grown to a most unsightly length, and both his ears stuffed with cotton. I inquired into the reason of this last piece of

management. The reply was, that the boy had once an imposthume in the ear, when this expedient became a matter of necessity; and that it had been continued ever since—my uncle hardly knew why. It occasioned him no inconvenience, except an artificial deafness, which rendered him rather backward about learning to talk. The reason for letting his hair grow, I presumed, without inquiry, to be the belief so generally prevalent in certain parts of the country, that if a child's hair or nails are cut before a certain period, he will prove a thief. As to the baize under dress, my uncle observed that he had always kept it on his children till they were fourteen; and added, with some emphasis, that "there never was a child under that age, that had discretion enough to keep out of the way of colds and coughs."

The reader will be surprised when I tell him that my uncle is nevertheless a declared enemy to all professed physicians. He is of opinion that all the secrets worth knowing in this profession are in the hands of the Indian doctors; and often says, that nothing can account for the great increase of fevers and consumptions, of late years, but the enormous quantities of mercury and opium which are dealt out by the regular bred physicians. He boasts of having lived fifty six years without paying a cent of his money to the doctors; nor has he had any thing done for him out of the family, except once, on occasion of a dislocation of his shoulder, when he went to Bowers, the famous natural bone-setter. It is an impeachment of Providence, according to my uncle, to suppose that we have not growing, in this country, remedies for all our own diseases. He is afraid that the doctors will always kill more than they cure, till they throw aside their foreign drugs, and learn of the Indians the virtues of our own roots and herbs.

In regard to what concerns the human constitution, my uncle does not pretend to know so much as some. When any of the children are unwell, though he has an opinion of his own it is true, he generally yields the point to what he admits to be the superiour judgment and skill of his wife. But in all that pertains to the nosology of the brute creation, he acknowl-

edges no rival. For the maladies to which sheep, horse and ox kind are liable, no man within half a dozen miles rides so much—no man's judgment in the whole veterinary faculty of the neighbourhood is half as highly prized. But notwithstanding his acknowledged skill, in the management of my horse my uncle was rather unfortunate. The first intimation I had of what was going on was from one of the sons; who come running breathless into the house after a searing iron,—accompanied with a message to me from his father to come out to the stable. "I have done all I could for your horse," said my uncle, as I stepped over the lintel, "but I fear after all that you will have to lose him." Not to be tedious, I shall only say in general that the animal, instead of being "turned into the pasture behind the barn," was confined in close lodgings, where with the heat of the season, neither salt and water, brandy and water, dock-root decoctions, nor all the other discutients which lie within the farrier's Materia medica, could prevent the difficulty from growing worse and worse. The use of the lancet had been deemed necessary; and the consequences of an ignorance concerning the locality of some of the smaller arteries (for my uncle was not profound in comparative anatomy) need not be enlarged on. Suffice it to say, that I prevailed on him to leave the animal entirely to himself. The consequence was, that nature accomplished in about a week what she would have been glad to perform in half the time, if my uncle had permitted.

On the morning of my departure, supposing that I was opening into a closet belong to my chamber, where I had some articles of baggage, I by mistake took another door in the same side of the room, which led into a sort of half garret, peculiar to those houses which are built with a *leanto*. Here, by the light of a small diamond window at the farther end, I discovered fresh proof of my aunt's providential care. It was the family herbarium. Catnep and rue, motherwort and tansy, chamomile and heart's ease, hung suspended in dense array from the rafters. Among the innumerable bundles of stalks which surrounded me, the leafy ends of by far the great-

er part had been stripped off for use, and what remained was enveloped in dust and cobwebs—the exuviæ, perhaps, of some thirty or forty annual herb gatherings. On the floor stood empty half hogsheads, baskets filled with wool and tow (probably deposited there since my arrival) and boxes containing labelled papers of barks, roots, and seeds, without number. I made my way, not without some difficulty, to an old trunk in one corner, which proved, on stealing a look into it, to be the medicine chest. Here were the patent Essence of Mustard, Lee's Pills, the Vegetable Pulmonic Detergent, and the Catharticon Naturæ, besides a variety of other nostrums. I could not perceive that any principle guided my uncle's choice in his purchases, except that the compound should be advertised as containing not a particle of mercury or any other pernicious ingredient, and that it should be an infallible cure for at least twenty different disorders. In another compartment of the trunk were syrups, boluses, emulsions, cataplasms, and gargles, in distracting variety. On a shelf near the door were piled the few medical books belonging to the family. Among them, Buchan's Domestic Medicine, The Virtues of Tar Water, and Every Man his own Horse Doctor, were the only ones which I examined. The second was probably put there more for the title than the contents. The first was much worn and full of dog's ears, especially the chapter relating to diseases of children. After having satisfied my curiosity, and being almost stifled with the dust which shook from this wilderness of dry leaves, I made good my retreat.

I now performed my errand to the other door of the chamber, and put my baggage in readiness. We breakfasted; and my horse was brought to the gate. My uncle and aunt desired to be remembered to their old friends, and wished me not to fail, if I should ever travel again in those parts, to call and see them. I thanked them and promised to comply—shook hands with my cousins—and pursued my journey.

## *For the Microscope.*

### LINES

*Written on a particular occasion.*

" There is a drapery of death
" (No mockery of Fancy's breath)
" Hid in the future's doubtful gloom ;
" It waits the tenant of the tomb.
" Hail spotless robe ! thy peaceful fold,
" Lies quiet on the bosom cold."

PROPHETIC Minstrel ! on my soul
Thy voice in speaking sadness stole !
I see the forms of those I love,
Long laid in peace beneath the sod ;
Who, sinking in the arms of death,
Soar'd to the bosom of their God !
The spirit left its house of pain,
The dust to dust return'd again ;
And round the mouldering ruin seen,
Sad Memory twines her evergreen.

Clad in the tomb's cold drapery,
*Thy* semblance glides before me now !
I saw thee on thy silent bed,
" Ere the first day of death was fled :"
Thy cheek was beautiful in death,
As when the rainbow vanisheth,
It leaves a soft, a tender hue,
Athwart the circling arch of blue ;
Clos'd was thine eye, no spirit there,
Beam'd forth to chase the soul's despair !

*Thou* too ! whose limbs unshrouded lie,
In dark Columbia's ocean wave,
I hear the sea bird's nightly cry,
Careering round thy lonely grave !
And when the night is soft and still,
I see the mellow moonlight play,
On thy sad grave, as murmuring there
The reckless waters roll away.

* * * * * * *

This form shall rest within the tomb !
That robe upon this breast shall lie—
Unlifted by the fitful breeze
That howls above my cemetry !

EMMA.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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No. 31.] TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1820.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

*Beattie.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

A few days since, as I was comfortably seated in my elbow chair, my thoughts being on an excursion after some subject which I could extend to six or eight pages, I unconsciously fell under the influence of Morpheus. By his wand my eyelids were effectually closed, while my mind wandered unrestrained through the regions of Fancy. Having passed over created and imaginary worlds with the rapidity of thought, I discovered in the diversified prospect which spread around me, a tract arrayed in etherial beauty and blooming with the freshness and luxuriance of spring. Its peculiar lustre attracted my attention, and towards it I directed my flight with a rapidity commensurate with my curiosity.

As I approached I discovered that it was inhabited by beings resembling those on earth, but differing from them in their occupations. It was divided into separate districts, in which each individual wandered at pleasure. These tracts, which were separated from each other by various boundaries, extended beyond the ken of those who inhabited them, who were eagerly pressing forward to arrive at their termination, where

they all united in one. At this union was situated the GOAL OF IMMORTALITY, to arrive at which, the energies of every individual were called into exercise. Those who reached this goal, had their names inscribed on the TEMPLE OF FAME, situated on a lofty eminence, which rose with a steep ascent from the vale beneath. This edifice mocked the attempts of art, and shone upon this region with refulgent brightness. It resembled transparent crystal, variegated with the colours of the prism, while its windows were adorned with gems of the richest hue, and sparkling with a continual emanation. It towered in the firmament to a great elevation, and was visible to all the inhabitants of these districts, who pressed eagerly towards it, believing it to reach to heaven. Its brilliancy arrested the attention, and gave an impulse to the exertions of thousands, whose object was to behold their names inscribed in sun-beams on the front of this *Temple*.

Some moved forward without difficulty through every part of this region, while others, after exhausting their vigour, or wasting their time in several pursuits, returned to that one for which they were fitted by nature. The rapidity with which they moved, was not in proportion to the strength which they exercised, but often depended on accident. They seemed to be regardless of those behind, but ever intent upon retarding the progress of those who preceded them. Tney were surrounded by many spectators, who appeared regardless of their pursuits. A few who did not embark in this course, fixed their eyes upon those who were moving onward, and bestowed upon this or that individual, the plaudits of admiration, while most looked upon them with contempt, regarding them as destitute of those feelings, which give a zest to existence. To attract this attention while living, and to elicit the admiration of succeeding generations long after they had disappeared, occupied their minds, and gave an increased rapidity to their progress.

As my curiosity was no little excited by the prospect I was observing, I determined to mingle with some of the spectators, and ascertain from them the name of this region, and the peculiarities of its inhabitants. Addressing myself to one

who appeared to examine their pursuits with more than ordinary interest, I made these inquiries of him. He informed me that this was the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS: that it was divided into districts, separated from each other by imaginary lines, but totally unlike in their appearance. That in adorning these districts with ever varying beauty, its inhabitants exerted their talents, and passed most of their time. As my curiosity was increased by this information, I requested him to accompany me through this diversified region, and point out to me its peculiarities.

We soon entered a valley gay with ornament, its surface decked with flowers endlessly variegated. The atmosphere was filled with living fragrance. A serene and cloudless sky, softened into etherial beauty, arched above this vale, while on this azure was painted, a thousand images, whose hues were brightening with a constant emanation. The landscape was adorned with the flowers of spring. In breathing their odours, and drawing from them their choicest tints, its inhabitants were occupied. They appeared to possess the "magic wand of genius," and with it to transform every object they touched, into the splendour of gold. Regions peopled with imaginary beings sprung into existence at their bidding, and the endless diversity around them, was used to give a brightness to their pictures, and to fill up the outline. This district, which was called the VALE OF POETRY, was inhabited by many of all ages, but particularly by the young, who were fascinated with its beauties. The difficulty of forming a perfect picture, of discriminating between so many objects in such a manner, as to produce the greatest effect, disheartened many a bold adventurer. To my surprise, most who first exulted in its brightness, were overpowered by its splendour, and left this flowery vale, soon after they had entered it.

Those who continued their course, were delighted with the new variety which opened to their view, and by a happy combination of brilliant colours, the approbation of thousands was elicited. Some delineated the scenes of affection, where worth and loveliness completed the picture, while others pour-

trayed the exploits of the hero, breasting himself against the enemies of his country, and rising on their ruins in all the sublimity and greatness of a conqueror and a deliverer.

Presiding over the inhabitants of this vale, were NINE FEMALES, of supernal beauty, who distributing their favours among the multitude, held out to them the palm of victory. Every individual, as he entered this vale, invoked their aid, and indulged the hope of becoming a favourite of the NINE. To many they gave with a liberal hand, others, owing to some unhappy construction of their intellects, received from them little or no assistance, while now and then they adopted an ardent suppliant, and bestowed upon him their choicest gifts. A few who reached the goal at the end of their course, received from some one of the Nine a wreath, whose bloom would never be impaired, by the frosts of ages. Those who received this wreath, had their names inscribed on Fame's bright Temple, which from its Alpine height, shone on the thousands who were toiling beneath it, and dazzled the eyes of every beholder. Among the names inscribed, I discovered that of the great poet, who by "striking his lyre," made

> "The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
> The Argive chiefs respire."

Rome, among the number of successful candidates, ranked several of her sons; but no names could be read with the same distinctness, as his who made "the storms of battle again rage" around the walls of Troy. Of England's favoured sons, there was the bard, who first sung the fall of our great ancestor, and *he* who by his magic pen, gave life to heroes of renown, and made them live in Drama. These shone with a bright effulgence, unimpaired by time, and brightening in the lapse of ages.

From this vale we directed our flight towards the extremity of this Republic, passing the region of FICTION, which bordered on that of Poetry. The landscape varied as we moved onward, presenting its hills and dales and gentle undulations. This tract bore a strong resemblance to the one we had left in its luxuriance and variety, but did not exhibit all those regular beauties, which fascinated the eyes of so many of the young. As we went onward, we discovered at a great dis-

tance from the Poetic Vale, an immense Bog, in which a few travellers were toiling, cheered by the hope that they should eventually reach its termination. As they moved forward, often before they were aware, they sunk into the marsh, and with great difficulty were they able to extricate themselves. To my surprise they appeared delighted with their pursuits, and when they were stationary or immersed in this fen, they fancied themselves moving with the rapidity of the Eagle. They seemed to be constantly endeavouring to grasp at something which lay beyond them, but notwithstanding all their exertions, it proved to them an Ignis fatuus, and led them into the mazes of doubt and error. Often they wandered in a circle, and after exerting all their strength in the pursuit, they found with surprise, that their progress was retrograde. Still they would grasp at it, with the certainty of success, but like the retiring rainbow, it always flew before them.

This *Morass* was enveloped in a *fog*, which obscured their way, and through it every object was magnified, and presented a delusive appearance. It was so dense, that the Sun of Truth, pierced through it with scarcely a solitary ray, to direct the bewildered inhabitants. Regardless of this feeble glimmering, they wandered on their way, which was illumined by the *lamp of Confidence*, which brightened in this humid atmosphere. Unconscious of their situation, they imagined themselves moving in the light of day, while all around them readily perceived that they were involved in perplexities and bewildered in darkness. To my surprise those who were so immersed as to be scarcely visible, were confident that they had attained the desired object, and that they had made it evident to all around them. Many who entered this cheerless region retraced their steps and bid it a final adieu, while others were delighted with its opacity, which to their vision appeared in all the brightness of sunbeams. "This" said my companion "is the Bog of Metaphysics, where so many wander in bewildering mazes, and finally are lost in the *Labyrinth of Error*." Those who are long exposed to the humidity of this region, have their intellects impaired, and un-

less they extricate themselves from its intricacies, they are afflicted by a disorder peculiar to this district, called the Bog-delirium. The first symptom of this disease, is a peculiar acidity of expression which is visible in their countenances. Soon you hear them inviting those around them, to pursue the same path, as it is the only road to eminence and glory. On the inhabitants of other districts of this Republic, they look with contempt, as breathing an atmosphere too rarefied, to afford nutriment, and as having their wants satisfied with trifles. Notwithstanding their confidence, they wander in different directions, and are soon lost in those mists which are constantly thickening around them. The more they are involved, the greater is their confidence that they are pursuing the only way which leads to happiness. Through this medium, they see with so little distinctness, that objects seem to have lost their essential properties, and to their imperfect vision appear inverted. Some who entered it, by pursuing an undeviating course, and by going forward with the greatest caution, met with success. *They* proved blessings to mankind—dispelled those mists of doubt, which so often obscure the light of Truth, and have had their names inserted upon the Temple of Fame; but most who have inhabited this region, however active and vigorous they may have been while living, were soon forgotten, and their names have perished in the *darkness of oblivion.*

At a distance from this Bog, was the region of Essays, in which I found many adventurers. They appeared to be engaged in depicting the manners and customs of those around them, and in presenting to the world a picture of its follies and vices. Few who entered this tract, ever reached the goal at its termination, as they found the endless variety of taste, in all to whom they presented their delineations, delayed their progress. Those who followed the bent of their own inclinations, and disregarded the opinions of others, were most successful, not only in eliciting the praise of spectators, but in having their names cherished after they had disappeared. Notwithstanding the disappointments so many had experienc-

ed, others entered it with alacrity, confident of success; but ere long they found with surprise, that like the distant horizon, it was continually evanescent. While looking intently upon the multitude, I thought I discovered several whose action, shape, and general appearance were familiar to me. To satisfy my curiosity, I approached nearer, to ascertain who these individuals were that bore so strong resemblance, to those whom I had formerly known on earth: but great was my astonishment when I beheld the FRATERNITY tugging onward, regardless of the disappointments so many of their predecessors had experienced, and if not expecting to reach the goal, still gratified with their pursuits. They recognized me as I approached, and stopping in their course, inquired of me what success their last number had met with from its numerous readers. As I was about replying, a knock at my door broke my slumbers, and in a moment, Poetry, Metaphysics and Fiction, were banished from my thoughts, by the appearance of the carrier with the 30th number of the Microscope.

ALEXIS.

*For the Microscope.*

## THE TAMBORINE.

WOULD you know the pow'r of music,
Speaking sound, expressive din;
Mark yon copper-color'd artist—
Hear the charming Tamborine!

What is trumpet, drum or bag-pipe,
Squeaking stop, or martial din,
Harpsichord, guitar, or spinnet,
To the sprightly Tamborine?

They may tell of flute or hautboy,
Clarionet or violin,—
Nay, the lyre of old Apollo—
All must yield to Tamborine.

You have heard what ecstasies
Timotheus threw the Grecian in;
Did you doubt the mighty wonder?—
Listen to the Tamborine!

Mark, as varies the expression,
Varying passions rule the scene:
Nature's children, all-obsequious
To the moving Tamborine.

Now he strikes heroic numbers—
Bobs the parchment with his pin—
How their eye-balls glow and sparkle,
Kindled by the Tamborine!

Now he melts their souls to pity;
Bosoms heave the muslin thin,
While he rubs the groaning minim
From the plaintive Tamborine.

Chang'd again!—I see you startle;
Ask you what these jinglings mean?
Think you 'tis the ploughman's traces?
No sir, 'tis the Tamborine.

Jing a ring jing, ring a jing!
Ah, now the lover's pains begin!
Cupid's fetters—Hymen's ring
Await the tender Tamborine.

Changing still, and still repeating,
Chiming still the same routine;
Bobbing, booing, jingling ever—
Such the charming Tamborine!

MENELAUS.

*** Though we decline publishing the communication of *Aristias*, we do not altogether agree with him in ascribing to it the epithet of "*flimsy*." The sentiments are *just*, though somewhat obscurely expressed; but the subject is not one which would interest our readers.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 32.] FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1820.

— Besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman betook myself to walk.

*Shakspeare.*

SUCH is the constitution of our nature that our feelings with respect to ourselves, and the objects by which we are surrounded, are subject to continual variation. Though our conduct may be regulated by certain fixed principles, and our opinions established upon most subjects of practical importance, we nevertheless indulge at different seasons widely different sentiments in view of the very same objects. The horizon is sometimes overcast, and the same prospect which at other times may have cheered the bosom with its life and beauty, wears a dark and gloomy aspect.

It was at one of these seasons that I wandered abroad, to seek amid the variety of natural objects relief from a depression which resolution could not overcome. The earth was clothed with verdure; and the labours of the husbandman smiled under the influence of a shower which had previously fallen. The cloud which had distilled its treasure was rolling away in dark magnificence, and tempered with its sober reflection the rays of the sun, which again fell upon the landscape. But though nature, animate and inanimate, seemed wakened to new life and clothed with new beauty, and though the air breathed only health and vigour to the system, all could not revive my drooping spirits, or divert my thoughts from the channel in which they had been flowing. Had the hand of affliction been laid upon me, I could have welcomed silent grief as a luxury, and should have felt conscious of its benefits.

But I knew of no cause which should thus operate to sink me in despondency, that did not exist when hope had animated my exertions and sparkled in my countenance.

It is probable that among my readers some may be found of whose experience the above may not be an unapt representation. A few considerations suggested to such may at least induce the enquiry whether they themselves are not in a great measure the voluntary causes of their own unhappiness at such seasons of peculiar depression. He, who experiences that insuperable languor which sometimes results from a morbid state of the system, does indeed deserve our compassion. But there is reason to fear that multitudes deceive themselves on this point, and imagine that the cause of their depression of spirits exists entirely in their bodily constitution, while they unnecessarily distress themselves, and merit reprehension.

We may, it is true, philosophise upon the folly of yielding up the mind to gloomy speculations which give reality to fancied evils, and yet not be able to exempt ourselves from the influence which they exert upon us in seasons of dejection. He whose mind is *never* tinged any degree with melancholy can lay no claim to virtuous sensibility; and the happiness which he enjoys springs from a principle of sordid selfishness. As his heart is perpetually at ease, and he feels neither his own, nor the sufferings of others, his countenance is clothed with the smile of constant gaiety. His susceptibility of social pleasure, being closely allied with selfish feelings, is not indicative of pure good nature; and should always be distinguished from that cheerful disposition which manifests itself in connection with a spirit of diffusive benevolence.

But while we would avoid the extreme of selfish indifference, we should guard especially against that disposition which loves to invest things with imaginary evils, and possesses a transforming power over the objects that are brought to view. He who habitually looks at the *dark* side of every thing he contemplates, occasions himself much needless anxiety; and, while he lessens his own usefulness, diffuses a gloom around

him which impairs the happiness of others. On the other hand, he who habitually beholds the *bright* side, and looks at the other only to temper his judgment with due sobriety, insensibly meliorates his disposition; and possesses that contentment, which, united with a "good conscience," will make him happy in any condition. His uniform cheerfulness, while it sheds a calm serenity on his own mind and brightens all his prospects, contributes to the enjoyment of those about him, and often lights up a sympathetic smile in the aspect of despondency. This *habitual* temperament, is never interrupted but to give a zest to true enjoyment, and to check romantic hope by presenting things in the light of sober reality. His is not that morbid sensibility which stings most keenly while it fascinates its victim with the charm of imaginary pleasure; nor that *affected* sensibility which is too often indulged because it is thought to recommend its subject to the favourable opinion of the world; but the sensibility of *good nature*, which can feel without aggravating distress, and can inspire with hope the desponding bosom of affliction while it prompts him to alleviate its woe.

But though the disposition to view objects only through a darkened medium may be exhibited by persons in all conditions of life, yet every situation has its *peculiar* train of reflections which occupy the mind, at seasons of despondency. To the student who boasts the superior pleasures of a contemplative life, an avenue is likewise opened by his knowledge for keener sensations of distress than they experience, whose views have never been enlarged by mental cultivation. The countenance expressive of strong intelligence is often clothed in deeper gloom than is ever seen to darken that of an unenlightened peasant. It is true that the man who devotes his days and nights to the acquisition of knowledge may plead, in extenuation of the practice against which these observations are directed, the inroads made upon his health by his habits of constant application. But it is among this class of society in particular, that we meet with those referred to before, who too frequently make the state of their system a salvo for the

indulgence of feelings which are no less improper in their nature than they are hostile to one's happiness. Some men of cultivated understandings, look at objects only through the medium of a disordered fancy, and seem determined to convert that which Providence has made the means of enjoyment into a source of perpetual disquietude. Reason with them on the danger and folly of pursuing such a course, and perhaps they will acknowledge the justness of your arguments; but the state of their "*nervous system*" precludes the possibility of their acting in conformity with the conclusions they admit. Thus in many instances their unhappiness is a burden which they voluntarily impose, under the persuasion that their spirit is held in "durance vile" by the trammels of the body.

It would be entering upon too wide a field for the limits of an essay to attempt an exhibition of all the various methods in which this disposition exhibits itself in persons of a studious life. Reference will be made therefore to but one or two of the most prominent, with a view of showing how the pain experienced, may be alleviated, and in its ultimate consequences prove highly beneficial.

The profound scholar, who surrenders himself to abstract investigation, and enlightens the world by his discoveries in science, is sometimes arrested by these seasons of despondency, when he is pained by the reflection that in society he is outshone by the man of superficial attainments. He may perhaps have seen one, whom even modesty would permit him to regard as a mere sciolist in comparison with himself, attracting far more attention and apparently held in much higher estimation. Not having dared himself to assume the same confidence of assertion, his own opinion was comparatively disregarded. Pride takes alarm at the remembrance; and he concludes that solid judgment and the most useful acquisitions, accompanied by no external qualities to engage the attention and interest the feelings, though they may ensure a portion of respect, can never make the possessor acceptable to others, or give him a commanding influence over their actions. Under the influence of this belief he may depreciate himself or tem-

porarily indulge the feelings of a misanthrope; but let the recollection of these painful convictions induce him to aim more at the improvement of his social faculties, and to beware of that moroseness and severity of manner which usually characterize those who lead a life of perpetual abstraction.

Another fruitful source of disquieting reflections to the student at these seasons of depression, is a consciousness of his comparative ignorance. He looks around upon the field of knowledge, and compares what he has acquired with what remains to be gathered; he casts his eye back upon the past and sees many opportunities neglected which might have been improved. The result is that dissatisfied with his feeble efforts he repines at his deficiency, when he should be pursuing with renewed ardour the object of his wishes. It is in this way only that a consciousness of past neglect can be productive of real and permanent advantage. Let him dismiss then his gloomy apprehensions, and in the recollection of what was the foundation of them, act in future on the conviction that "*the true economy of time consists in making the most of intervals.*" In this way only can he hope to attain those stations which are appropriated to intelligence and worth; and exert that influence which becomes one possessed of his superior advantages.

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IN forming systems of government for community, perhaps nothing has contributed more to defeat the great object to which they ought ever to be directed, the preservation and promotion of the *Rights of man*, than a whimsical idea of a curious resemblance between the *natural* and the *political* frame; whence is derived the very common and familiar figure in language, by which we style the commonwealth the Body Politic.

This ingenious figure seems to suppose that in the mass of mankind which constitutes a community, there must exist, and are in fact to be found, all those several classes and descriptions of men which correspond with the members of the natural body, and are to be accounted as the head, the breast,

the back, the belly, the arms, the hands, the legs and the feet, of the body politic.

To render their favourite similitude complete, I suppose that these political anatomists will extend it as well to the *inner* as the *outward* man, and thus furnish out their mighty imaginary *Magog*, with a huge set of viscera, and discover in the appendages of the monster a perfect correspondence with all the nice machinery of the animal economy. We are to understand, I presume, that a circulating medium of coin represents the blood—bills of exchange, bank bills, and paper securities of all descriptions, are the veins and arteries by which that fluid is conducted to and from the different members of the body—that all-important institution, a national Bank, answers to the heart—the national treasury is the spiral marrow—and public credit, that fine, delicate, ætherial principle, constitutes the nervous system. Thus a financial arrangement is made, admirably calculated to perform the *vital functions* of the government. Their ingenuity will probably carry them still further, and it will be made to appear that the political stomach is the mass of raw materials in the Commonwealth—digestion and secretion answer to agriculture, commerce and manufactures—chyle is revenue and public resources,—ducts and glands, according to some, are courts of law and justice, according to others, arts of speculation.

As I have never attended a course of lectures on this intricate science, or even been present at an operation of dissection, I do not pledge myself to the reader for the full and complete consistency of this curious system of political anatomy. If any important member should be wanting in setting up the figure, or happen to be somewhat misplaced, the child is none of mine. I am willing, however, to see what be made of this *man of straw*, and therefore again *taking up my parable*, thus I proceed.

By the bones of the natural body I understand a bill of rights—the marrow is trial by jury—the muscles and tendons attached to these are the constitution—the membranes are common law—the skin is the statute code. The lungs I conceive to be popular confidence in the administration—the liver seems best to represent excise—and the gall-bladder sedition.

Having groped my way thus far through the dark region of the interior of this gigantic spectre, and adjusted, as well as I am able, a charter in that department, my next care is to set him on his legs, and attempt to arrange his exterior relations. And here there is no hesitation in setting up the head—"the human face divine"—as the executive government—high over

all, it is the head which directs every thing—sees with its eyes, hears with its ears, conceives with its brain, and commends with its mouth. Here is your high-born, your rich and great—formed by nature to rule—born with the sceptre in their hands—who will have the hardihood to contend for popular governments against such authority as this?—Next the breast—the seat of sentiment—the cabinet of life—the source and citadel of vital treasures. Ah, here is your aristocracy—your counsellors and senators—here is your ambassadors, your secretaries, your generals, your admirals, and what not!—and here is your wealth. In the proud, prominent, fat and luxuriant stomach, we behold the drones—the *sinecure* class of the community—judges, who receive large salaries for sleeping on the bench, and eat great quantities of beef and pudding, and drink much wine—lawyers, who tax you half your estate for putting your case into a *green bag*, and taking it out again—and physicians, who drench your bowels with their potions, and your pockets with their bills. The broad back and shoulders of this Herculean figure, I presume, are to be found in the firm, substantial, stable landed interest of the Commonwealth—the planter, the farmer, and the landholder; who, though retired and unobtruding—modestly withdrawing from notice, are the basis which immediately sustains the weight of the government. The natural arms being the defensive members of the body, it will be said, very *strikingly* represent the militia—the hands, being appendages of the arms, and always necessarily engaged in the same employment, may stand for the body of mechanics, manufacturers, and laborers of every description, who at the same time constitute that militia; being at once the swords of war, and the scabbards of peace.

The sticklers for this very fanciful political metaphor would, I suppose, trace the similitude much further, and descend, probably to the feet, and even the toes of the figure; but leaving them to settle these subordinate relations of their imaginary *Mammoth*—to designate the provinces of the *heel* and the *little toe*, and, for ought I care, place them at the head of affairs, I reserve the residue of my lucubratory energies for some future occasion, and hasten to subscribe myself

PETER KEEN.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

NOW night had extinguished the fires of the west,
Which the sun had enkindled while sinking to rest;
Yet even in darkness joy brightened my eye,
For I thought of to-morrow—*the fourth of July.*

Reclined on my pillow, I courted repose,
Yet thought of the pleasure which morn should disclose;
How Phœbus his circuit would rapidly fly,
And usher upon us *the fourth of July.*

But when nature exhausted had sunk into sleep,
And fancy had ceased her long vigils to keep,
Just then the loud cannon seemed rending the sky,
To welcome the dawn of *the fourth of July.*

As the sun in its progress the morning revealed,
The bells from the steeples incessantly pealed,
And seemed with the roaring of cannon to vie
In rendering vocal *the fourth of July.*

But avaunt all ye cannon, ye slow-swinging bells!
Though strongly and loudly your symphony swells,
Our lov'd *independence* it lauds not so high,
As Orations delivered the *fourth of July.*

Would you know then what toast round the table to pass?
Let each patriot cry as he *tips off his glass,*
"Here's a health to the man who can envy defy,
And give an Oration, *the fourth of July.*"

But, my country, I blush—shall the day of thy birth
Be distinguish'd by freemen for *revelling* mirth?
Shall the sober and honest with vice oft ally,
And in *toasting* and *shouting* spend *fourth of July.*

O when shall Religion diffuse its mild ray,
And mingle its light with the light of this day;
When the bosom of *virtue* shall heave not a sigh,
But with pleasure shall welcome *the fourth of July.*

CLEON.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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No. 33.] TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1820.

"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of a tiger."

*Shakspeare.*

CAPTAIN Shoulderhoo (who commands the military forces of the town of ——) when in the garb of a citizen farmer, is a man of "modest stillness and humility:" but with the change of his outward man his disposition seems also to change—Of this the eve of training day "gives awful note of preparation"—His military wardrobe (a chest appropriately painted red) yields up his ruffled shirt and other equipments, his boots receive all the polish that a mixture of mutton-tallow and lampblack can give, the splendour of his sword and coat buttons is renewed by a chalked rag, his enormous *chapeau bras* is wonderfully improved in appearance by the alternate application of a brush and a flat iron aud the adonization of his person is completed when his well greased head receives the contents of his wife's dredging box. "So coy a dame is sleep to him," that he woos her not, and when his men assemble at day break "to shoot him up," they find him fully equipped both as their captain and landlord—The doors of his house are hospitably thrown open to reciprocate their civility, and our captain, with his sword in one hand and a bitter bottle in the other, bids them a hearty welcome. The entertainment being finished, time hangs heavy on his hands, until the hour of parade, then he marches to the scene of action; and woe be to the luckless goose that does not keep at a respectful distance—Arrived at the green, he waits the

arrival of his tardy men; and when all who are expected, appear, they receive, by their sergeant, the order to parade. The arduous task is generally accomplished in season to call the roll before dismissing the company for dinner.

By previous arrangement a "training dinner," with the addition of "a glass of bitters apiece," is provided by him who would engage it at the lowest price—Here most of the officers and about half the privates sit down to a table, which, if not sumptuously furnished, has "something a little extra" upon it.—At the head sits our valiant hero, and at his right hand the parson of the parish, who always receives a gratuitous invitation; the expense of whose dinner is generously divided among the commissioned officers.—"Great honour is done to the good cheer," their host provides, and our captain has been known to open simultaneously his heart and purse and generously treat the whole party with a liquor, which only wanted more acid and more sugar to be properly denominated punch. The captains standing toast, on these occasions, "The *corpse* of Connecticut Militia," closes the entertainment, by which time the hour of parade arrives.

In the afternoon, if no one is absent, the labour of forming is greatly lessened by a remembrance of their former relative position; each individual, when dismissed, having been charged to recollect who were "his right and left hand men." The line of march is speedily taken up and "the town street" becomes the theatre of martial exploits, not more gratifying to the superannuated soldier than to the school boy, to the matron than the maiden.—When they arrive near "the store" our captain gives the order "right wheel," accompanied with a corresponding motion of his sword—a habit probably acquired by a similar motion of his whip when *hawing* his team.—Here the men are dismissed, for a few moments, to rest and refresh themselves, after which they march back. It might be supposed that the exercises of the day were now finished, but no! the better part is still unperformed. The company are again, for a few moments dismissed, for the ostensible purpose of recovering from their fatigue; but

really to give the officers an opportunity to consult upon the evolutions to be performed.—The captain explains, to his subalterns, his intentions and their duty.

> "To help their fancy, in the smooth green turf
> He cuts the figures of the marshall'd host's."

When he supposes he is understood the company is again paraded, and changes in position take place, which (aware that they are militia,) would surprise a veteran. On account of the abstruseness of our captain's darling evolutions, or for some other cause, most of the members are compelled, upon endeavouring to resume the original alignement, to hunt for their places; a circumstance that materially affects the beauty of the manouvre.

The time thus taken up makes it necessary for the captain to dispense with half the contemplated manœuvres, for his favorite performance, a sham fight.—Giving to his lieutenant the command of one division, and that of the other to his ensign, he instructs them, alternately to drive one another, across the parade ground, at the point of the bayonet. That it may receive no further rents, he takes the proud banner of his company in his own hand; mounts the horse block near the church---as either party droop he reanimates them by his voice, sometimes crying "charge ensign charge," and sometimes "On *lieutenant* on." Whenever extraordinary achievements are displayed he waves "high over his head his blade," and loudly shouts "hurraw." He has, a thousand times, repeated to his men the couplet:

> "When a fight becomes a chace
> He wins the day who wins the race."

Hence both parties run like so many deer,

> "So swift, no scamp'rers e're could match them,
> So swift, a bullet scarce could catch them."

When "tired nature" admits no further exertion, the scattered soldiers are called together to receive the valedictory thanks of their highly gratified commander, which always flows in the following approved form: "Gentlemen officers, and citizen soldiers—

The manner which you have *extinguished* yourselves to day demands my most *unmerited* applause, you are dismissed 'till further orders"—

Our captain fatigued more by his mental than his bodily exertion returns home "bearing his blushing honours thick upon him," goes early to bed "and eats in dreams the custards of the day"—

A short sketch of his military biography may not be unacceptable to those who emulate our hero. Although we are prone to admire precocity, yet how often are the fond anticipations, that result from such a cause, blighted.—"Hasty come, hasty go" is a proverb, whose truth, experience has amply tested. Captain Shoulderhoo, or as he was once called Tim. Shoulderhoo, gave no early indications of military or other talents, but was in common parlance termed "a good meaning clever sort of a fellow enough"—The entrance on his military career, was accidental, being occasioned entirely by the reputation his father had of being a *fore handed* farmer and quite a liberal man. It might therefore be expected he would allow his only son to give a pretty handsome treat, should the honour of being chosen corporal be conferred upon him. Tim. was sounded on this point and the anticipations of the company were fully confirmed. Accordingly he was, almost unanimously, chosen corporal. The gratification he felt at the choice, added to a natural impediment, smothered the many fine things he had in his heart, and he could only stutter forth his acknowledgments in this hacknied speech: "Gentlemen officers, and fellow soldiers,

For appointing me to this office I thank you, I except, and shall endeavour to serve you, according to the best of my abilities."

Gratifying as such a speech must be to such a company, an invitation to call at his father's house after parade, and the reflections resulting from it were still more so. The gingerbread and pies that his fond mother had prepared in expectation of this event as well as the choicest liquors his father could procure, were highly commended in actions speaking

louder than words. This entertainment was not to be forgotten, and his gorgeous flannel knot, fancifully trimmed with worsted fringe, soon wheeled to the right about, gracing, instead of his sinister, his dexter shoulder. This knot of domestic manufacture was speedily thrown by for the *sale* epaulette he now wears, which although a little the worse for use, is *now* vastly better than his former badge—For ten years has our captain been *in statu quo*, and although he holds a certificate (signed by the governor and sealed with the great seal of the state,) that "the state of Connecticut reposes especial trust in his courage, fidelity, and good conduct," yet our military committees have (I will not say through fear of him,) wholly disregarded his merit, and his spirit has been wounded, sorely wounded, by repeated instances of his being superseded in command. His case brings to mind, with a full conviction of their truth, these admired lines of Gray:

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Magnanimity, that valuable quality of an officer, and inseperable concomitant of true courage, prevents his retiring from the service, and induces him to persevere in his resolution to make himself as useful as possible in his present station. Being determined that while his life is spared his company shall not want a good captain, the state of Connecticut may yet learn (should her troops be called to the field,) how grossly she has misunderstood her own interest. Such is captain Timothy Shoulderhoo; to say he never had an equal, might be considered arrogant, when his limited opportunities of acquiring a military education are considered. Perhaps it is well for our country that he was not "cradled in the camp," or possibly his ambition might have prompted him to raise on the ruins of our republic a military despotism, which, unlike that of France, could never be overthrown by foreign interference.

MILES.

*For the Microscope.*

A few years since a small lake in a wildly romantic situation in the northern part of Vermont, was unfortunately drained by the bursting of one of the banks that confined it —The following stanzas are intended for a description of that event.

A LAKE once lay where the thunder clouds sail,
On the lofty mountain's breast,
Whose ripple when rais'd by the rustling gale,
Was so gentle it seem'd at rest;
The pine wav'd round, and the dark cliff frown'd,
Their shadow was gloomy as night,
But when the sun shone, on his noon-day throne
The lake seemed a mirror of light.
There the red-finn'd trout like a flash darted by,
And the pickerell mov'd like the glance of an eye.

When the wind breath'd soft at the dawning of day,
When the morning-birds warbled around,
And the rainbow shone on the scarce seen spray,
No lovelier place could be found:
Oh! this scene was as dear to mine eye and mine ear,
As the glance and the song of my love,
And the lake was as bright, and as pure to the sight,
As the bosom of angels above,
Its west side glow'd with the sun's bright sheen,
And its east reflected a forest of green.

The year roll'd away, and I saw it no more
Till the spring bloom'd sweetly again,
Till the birch first unfolded its leaves on the shore,
And the robin first warbled its strain;
But no lake smil'd there, with its bosom fair,
'Twas a dell all with birches o'ergrown,
From my dream of delight like a sleeper at night,
I awoke and I found me alone.
Thro' the vale it had burst with the swiftness of wind,
And left but a path of destruction behind.

The leaves were all dead on the wave-loving willow,
It whisper'd no more in the wind,

No moon-beams slept on the water's soft pillow,
Or smil'd like the tranquilliz'd mind:
Each flow'r bush there, was the foxes lair,
And the whipporwill sung all alone,
Where the moon-beams pale, glancing through the vale,
Just gleam'd on the moss-grey stone.
Where the trout once darted, the adder crept,
And the rattlesnake coil'd, where the Naiad wept.

By the moon's chill light, the white pebble shone,
On the beach where the waves once roll'd,
And the lustre gleam'd on the water worn stone,
But told to the eye it was cold:
No rippling wave that beach shall lave,
No white foam shall dash on that shore,
And the billow's flash and its scarce heard dash,
Shall be known in that valley no more.
For the wave shall be heard—the serpent's breath,
For the dash of the billow—the hiss of death.

Where the foam once sparkled—the cedar-bush wav'd
And the reed rustled sweet in the gale,
And the rock that the water so silently lav'd,
Was hid by the grey licken's veil:
There the dark fern flings—on the night-wind's wings
Its leaves like the dancing feather,
And the whippoorwill's note, seem'd gently to float,
From the deep purple bloom of the heather.
Where the surface glitter'd the weed grew wild,
And the flow'r blossom'd sweet where the wave once smil'd.

EDGAR.

---

ADIEU my love, my Sarah dear
Fair rose of innocence adieu,
The stifled sob, the burning tear,
The trembling voice, are all for you;
For I must cross the stormy main,
Already comes the parting day,
But when on Plata's distant plain
I'll think of thee, though far away.

Each scene of youthful joys gone by
That now in memory's chamber sleep,
Shall often rise before my eye
And bid me think of thee and weep :
And while reclining 'neath the palm
That rocks before the breeze's sway,
O! to my spirit what a balm,
To think of thee, though far away.

The lonely vale, the quiet tow'r,
The maple waving on the hill,
Where oft at evening's balmy hour
We listen'd to the murmuring rill;
Where oft we saw the glowing west
Rich with the hues of parting day,
Shall waken in my throbbing breast
Sweet thoughts of thee, though far away.

The pomp of wealth, the blaze of war,
Shall ever seem a trifling dream,
When smiling o'er the main afar
I mark thy star's benignant beam;
When sickness sinks my drooping head,
This star shall shed a soothing ray,
And cheer the lonely dying bed
With thoughts of thee, though far away.

Adieu my love, my Sarah dear,
Charm of my heart a fond adieu.
Forgive me if I shed a tear—
Forgive me if I weep for you :
The streamer wantons in the wind,
The sailor shouts with spirits gay,
Oh bear my image in thy mind,
I'll think of thee, though far away.

ALFRED.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Lock Maree* has been received.

*Elisa* is under consideration.

*The Elegy* shall be inserted

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 34.] FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1820.


And the puff of a dunce, he mistakes it for fame.

*Goldsmith.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

THE perusal of the remarks on the subject of style, in the 14th and 15th numbers of your paper, gave me great pleasure. They exhibit much good sense and deserve to be well considered by all whose business it is to wield the pen. While it is very certain that the mode of writing there pointed out, is the best and most useful mode, if the exhibition and illustration of truth be the important object of composition; it is equally certain that this is not the style of writing adapted *ad captandum vulgus*, and therefore is not that, which will be used by him whose only object is a momentary popularity with the great mass of readers.

*Quinctilian* has laid it down as an important rule that a writer should on all occasions not only express himself so as to be clearly understood, but also so as to render it impossible for any one to suppose him to mean any thing different from what he really means. This is indeed a golden rule where the object is to convey ideas; but when the great aim is to be admired and to set people agape, I am bold to say that *perspicuity* should be studiously avoided. Mankind always think there is something great in whatever is mysterious or unintelligible. A very striking illustration of this truth came to my knowledge a few days since, and that you may not suppose me to be talking at random, you shall have it. Messrs. A***** and H**** are two eminent advocates in a neighbouring city. Mr. A. is a gentleman of a powerful mind, and possesses the rare faculty of presenting every subject in its clearest and strongest

light. He always divests his topic of every thing extraneous, and then gives you a plain common-sense view of it. His speeches are distinguished for classical chasteness of imagery, and his phraseology is the simple unornamented language of elevated conversation; he is also remarkable for a strict adherence to nature in his tones and gestures. By him every subject is stript of its intricacies, as with a magic wand. Mr. H. on the other hand, "outsteps the modesty of nature" in all his movements. Whatever he does, is done with much bluster and parade. He makes a great swell and on all occasions seems to be mounted on stilts. His sentiments are puffed off by such splendid imagery, and wrapped up in such an overwhelming abundance of hard and high-sounding words, that for the moment almost any one would be apt to suppose there was something astonishingly fine about them all. But when scrutinized, the imposition vanishes like the evanescent, though brilliant colours of a soap-bubble.

These gentlemen were a short time since engaged together in a very important case, and both addressed the jury with all the ability they are capable of exerting. After the argument was finished, a plain countryman, coming out of court, exclaimed in the honesty of his heart, "oh, this Mr. H. is a great speaker. Now Mr. A. talked right on just as other folks do; I could understand every thing he said, and knew just what he meant by every word; I followed him through the whole of his reasoning, and for my part I don't see why every body else can't say just what he did, and as well too. But how different is it with Mr. H.; there are but few men who can comprehend his views; no, no, every thing he says is away up in the clouds; you might as well attempt to mount up to them, as to fly with him. I'll warrant you there was not a dozen men in court that could follow the train of his argument; aye, he's a deep thinker—he's a very great man."

I could not help thinking to myself that it is indeed difficult to understand one, who does not understand himself; and to follow "the train of an argument," when there is none. But the possibility of either of these being the reason why some

men are always so very profound, is apt to escape most minds; and few who do not know from painful experience the difficulties of head work, are at all capable of estimating the greatness of the atchievement of the man, who can on all subjects think clearly and connectedly, and then express himself with perspicuity and accuracy, so as to give to others an exact copy of his own ideas. Such a person will however in the end gain the approbation of the discerning and discriminating; but he must not expect the plaudits of the rabble. There is many a circle, in which the masterly effusions of Chatham would pass unnoticed, while the meretricious rant of Orator Phillips would be pronounced inimitable eloquence.

*Facility* of style is a quality as much to be avoided as perspicuity by the man, whose leading object it is to *seem to be great* to the mass of readers. This remark is worthy of particular consideration, especially by such as would be thought very *weighty and profound reasoners*.—There are few characteristics in which the productions of authors differ more, than in the ease with which they convey their sentiments. You will find here and there one who possesses this excellence in such perfection that he can discuss any subject—though ever so perplexing, and pass through any train of reasoning—though ever so intricate and extended, with as much dexterity and ease as a robust and skilful fencer brandishes his sword; and those who think it so easy a thing to succeed in this quality of style, would upon experiment probably find themselves very much in the situation of the person, who, entirely unacquainted with the exercise, should unwittingly seize the sword; and, on attempting to go through with the same manœuvres, prove himself to be quite inadequate to the task. But in the unskilful performance of such an one, the *difficulties* of the undertaking would be so strikingly and clearly manifested, that ignorant by-standers would on this very account more applaud him, than the experienced person, who had gone through with the thing as if it was no effort at all. It is thus that skill in writing is apt to be undervalued; and he who has spent much time in acquiring real excellencies of style must not be surprised

if he is sometimes spoken of by the multitude, as writing just as any body might write, who should make the attempt.

What the man, who composes with skill and *precision* introduces as a mere circumstance or snugly places in some bye-corner of a sentence, ordinary writers elevate to the dignity of a distinct formal four-cornered proposition, or of a new and rare discovery. Things and events to whioh he merely alludes as already known to everybody, they will state at full length. By him many a valuable sentiment is dropt incidentally to appearance and entirely without parade, while many writers feel disposed to have every thing that bears any tolerable resemblance to a thought, ceremoniously ushered in with a *first* or *secondly*, and this kind of preface is sometimes in the same piece extended to even a *fourteenthly* or *fifteenthly*. What he, who culls and arranges his ideas with dexterity, would have expressed in half a dozen sentences ; they spread out into as many paragraphs, thus evincing themselves from lack of skill unable to accomplish what Swift attributed in his own case to lack of leisure, when he pithily said to a correspondent: the want of time is my apology for not writing a shorter letter. This dilating spinning-out mode of composition carries with it however a very imposing air, and often accomplishes wonders with "the many," who estimate the excellence of a thing more by its bulk, than by its quality. But be this as it may, I rejoice that we have in your paper evidence that the Editors are determined to aim at the possession of those old-fashioned qualities of good writing—perspicuity of arrangement, facility of expression, and precision of thought —notwithstanding the possibility of the work's being undervalued and even becoming unpopular on this account. That you may persevere and succeed in so laudable a course is the sincere wish of A FRIEND.

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MESSRS. EDITORS,

BEING decidedly friendly to your paper, and having occasionally heard some severe remarks concerning it; I sought

and sought in vain—for the motives of these remarks, until accident produced a discovery: as I was returning home the other evening across the green, I observed in the path a piece of paper, which upon examination by the light of the moon, I found neatly folded, as if prepared for a file. Opening it, I saw it was written out in a strong legible hand—the lines at equal distances—regularly divided into paragraphs—and evidently in the mechanical part, a laboured composition. With considerable curiosity I perused it when I came to my lodgings—and from some remarks incidentally dropped, I am led to believe that it is one of a series of weekly letters which a Gentleman is writing to a young lady on the subject of Education. From the tone of authority it assumes I should think that he is not her suitor. But why he should write when he resides in the same place (for it seems they are both inhabitants of our city,) the letter furnishes no means of determining. This however need not excite any surprise, when it is recollected that a French Marquis used frequently to bid his fair-one good morning that he might go home and have the pleasure of writing to her; and that Bonaparte was wont to require a hebdomadal Epistle from Madame De Genlis even when she resided in a building adjoining the palace.—The first part of this letter relates to some general topics of conduct in which he enforces the importance of endeavouring to gain the respect of our acquaintance rather than their affection—their admiration, rather than their love.

The last section of his Epistle he commences thus: "You asked me, my dear friend, why I was so severe, the other evening, in my remarks on the 'Microscope?' I will tell you, and the rather, because I shall by doing so, present you with motives for adopting the same severity of criticism when you are called upon to declare your opinion concerning the publications whose merits may be the subjects of discussion in your presence.

I assume it as a maxim, (I use the word in a philosophical sense, making maxim to mean the same in morals, that axiom means in Euclid, which you are now studying)—I assume it I

say as a maxim, that one of the highest objects of our existence in this world is to gain reputation. To this should we have reference in all our actions and whatever is best suited to gain this, best deserves our regard.

Now the mind is the standard of the man, and whatever tends to give others an exalted idea of our intellectual powers, gains for us the reputation which is so desirable.

Pursuing a regular chain of consecutive thought, I shall clearly prove to you that severe criticism tends to give others an exalted idea of our intellectual powers, and thus contributes to that grand object of pursuit—reputation.

When a work like the Microscope is made the subject of conversation, we must either

1. Attempt an analysis of the work and then display its beauties and its defects ; or
2. We may bestow unqualified approbation ; or
3. We may bestow unqualified censure.

I can show to you clearly that it is inexpedient for common minds to attempt to analyze a literary production in a mixed circle. The work of analysis is a cool exercise of the judgment and does not call into active operation, either the feelings or the imagination, and cannot therefore be favourable to the exhibition of eloquence ; for how is it possible to be eloquent when one is obliged to stop and examine the ideas he is about to produce—to break them up into parts and bring them out by piece-meal ?—Mr. Locke (an author which I shall wish you to read, when you have completed your course in natural science) has fully shown that *absolute* propositions, that is, good round assertions, and not those which have been narrowed down by this discriminating process—are the proper materials of eloquence. Look at Mr. ****** ; he converses without fancy or feeling, and though logically correct, he excites no interest ; and the reason is, that his mind is engaged in splitting up his ideas. Now think of Mr. *******, who never troubles himself with making these minute distinctions, but condemns or approves in the gross ;—did you ever mark his elegant selection of words ? How he crowns all his nouns with a

brilliant tiara of adjectives, and with what a graceful flourish all his periods are turned; he resembles some athletic student who drives the foot-ball before him with such fury that all the others stand as spectators, afraid to come in contact with him. Now if this last mentioned gentleman should attempt to analyze his ideas—they would all evaporate. He had better preserve them in the shape of unqualified assertions, because they will then apply as well to one book as to another; and this surely is a vast advantage, and a saving of labour in the acquisition of ideas. I am sensible that the company are not enlightened by his remarks, but you may observe that they all pay him the tribute of admiration.

Having fairly proved—both by reasoning from cause to effect, and from effect to cause—the folly of attempting any nice discrimination in conversation; it is clear, that when we are remarking concerning any work, we should use either the unqualified language of praise or of censure.

In pursuance of my design, I shall next prove that it is dangerous to make use of unqualified language of approbation. Whenever you extol any production very highly, you virtually say, that it is superiour to what you yourself could produce, and thus in fact assert your own inferiority as a writer. You should therefore rather imitate the Indian of the western forest, who when shewn any of the works of art in our cities, never expresses any admiration, because by so doing he confesses the superiority of the Whites. But if you should find it necessary, in order to fall in with the general opinion, to bestow some commendation; you should deal it out very sparingly, as did Gray, who when speaking of that exquisite production, *the Castle of Indolence*, remarked, that it had 'some good lines.' Now by this faint praise, Gray was able to create the impression that he was capable of writing a much better poem himself.

You may now I think see the propriety of adopting the language of indiscriminate censure in remarks concerning most of the publications of the day:—You will thus be able to convince others that your taste is elevated; that you are saga-

cious in the discovery of faults; that your own mind is rich in ideas on the subject in question, compared with the mind of the author—and at the same time, by being free from the embarrassments of analysis, be able to speak with force and compass. Thus you may perceive *my* motives for making use of the language of unqualified censure when speaking of the merits of the Microscope, and that my severity does not spring from any dislike to it, or from any sincere desire to hinder its circulation.—I would advise you to pursue the same course, and for the same reasons."

Such, gentlemen, are the principles, and such is the conduct of the gigantic critics, who fall pell-mell upon every new work that appears. One is at a loss to say whether they are most to be pitied, or despised. Your well-wisher,

STREPHON.

*For the Microscope.*

*On the sudden death of a young lady.*

IF in this vale of human life—
Where thorns so much abound—
The lilly rear its lonely head,
A fragrant rose be found;
Ah! why with his relentless hand
Must Death so quickly come—
Snatch from our sight the lovely flow'r,
And hide it in the tomb?

Alas! the rose's tender bud—
The lily's gentle form
But ill sustain the wintry blast
Of sublunary storm.
Kind, then, the icy hand of Death—
Tho' terror with him flies—
Who bears that tender flow'ret home,
And plants it in the skies.

MENELAUS.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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No. 35.] TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1820.


Say, why are *Beauties* praised and honoured most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?

*Pope.*

WITH inimitable modesty, we hear the great master of dramatic poetry exclaim, "What a piece of work is *man!* How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!" and, as if to give this eulogium the force of antithesis, he shortly adds, "frailty, thy name is *woman!*" If the first remark were the only instance of self-complacent gratulation which has occurred among men; or if the latter was the only sarcasm that this wonderful "piece of work" has thrown upon females; they would claim notice only for their novelty. But neither precedent nor imitation have been wanting to keep them in countenance. There has never been a period when the tongue and pen of those who call themselves "lords of the creation," have not often been employed in satirizing those whom *real nobleness* would delight to support, protect, and render happy. And why is it so?

Is there indeed such a disparity in the capacity of the sexes that the one in "apprehension" dares to compare himself to a "god," while the mind of the other only furnishes a "soil for the weeds of folly?" If there is, who made them to differ? Shall the advantages which God has bestowed on man, be employed only in debasing and rendering ridiculous those from whom they are withheld? Does the shout of triumph become the lord of the forest, while he tramples under foot the feeble lamb? But I am not ready to concede there *is* this

disparity: there is diversity—but that does not imply inferiority.

When God had created man in his own image, in *knowledge* as well as in righteousness, he gave him woman to be an help *meet* for him. She was formed with a person of *great* beauty, to attract his love—with dispositions harmonizing with his feelings; and a brilliant, acute, and intelligent mind, fitted to make her his rational friend, and delightful companion—The Maker saw his work and "pronounced it good;" while Adam responded a hearty Amen! With this *meetness* for each other, unalloyed happiness was their portion—But "the serpent beguiled" them, and they "did eat." Together they fell—both lost their Maker's image—Nor have we reason to believe that Adam retained a greater proportion of his primitive endowments after the fall than Eve. Why then is it, we so frequently hear this vain boasting of superiority on the part of man?

It is true, education does much more for him than for woman—The system is better, the time devoted to its pursuit much longer, and if he be a professional character, he is constantly in the way of maturing those seeds which were sown in the seminary. With the female it is quite otherwise—The same pains have never been taken to form a proper system, the time allotted to it is shorter, and when removed from the scenes consecrated to mental improvement, her subsequent engagements are of a nature to retard literary acquisitions. I shall not present an analysis of the existing system of female education, and thus make its defects apparent: nor shall I presume to suggest a better. That I will leave for wiser heads; and would particularly recommend it to the attention of the Editors of the Microscope—as a subject worthy of their investigation. But I shall point out some of the causes why female society presents the aspect it actually does.

It is the dispensation of God, and may therefore be acknowledged without a blush, that there is in the feelings of the two sexes a particular desire to please each other. Man, holding the rank of superiour, is looked to, as furnishing the

standard to which woman should aspire.—His taste and inclination will always govern. Rome, in the day of its martial glory, furnished an illustration of this principle. The love of country, next to the fear of the gods, was the predominant feeling in the Roman breast. Hence we find the unprotected wife, voluntarily relinquishing the arm which was her support, that it might be raised in patriotic enterprise.—We see the most affectionate mother array her only son for battle, and hear the parting injunction, "Be borne hither my son, on your shield, rather than disgrace your country by cowardice or defeat." In every country, and in every society, we find the tone of the female mind, pitched in unison with the dispositions of the male.—Hence the daring intrepidity of the female Highlander—the soft and voluptuous manners of the Italian Signora—the levity of the French Madamoiselle—and the dignified polish of the English gentlewoman.—And now, when we see this ready adaptation of talents and feelings to the taste and humour of those they would please; are we not led by necessary inference, while commenting on the peculiar characteristics of the female society in this country, to say, that it has been formed by those very persons who so lavishly and dishonorably satirize it?

I shall offer no opinion of my own, as to what is the *real* taste of our gentlemen, but will appeal to themselves to say, whether their conduct and conversation will not justify the belief, that they consider *beauty* as the criterion of merit. Evidence of this opinion is furnished by others than the spruce gallant, whom a strict conformity to fashion and an assiduous attention to the fair, has stamped "a beau." It displays itself in all. The reverend parson excuses himself from creeds and commentaries—the physician disregards the directions of Sydenham and Cullen—the lawyer is alike indifferent to Blackstone and Coke; the philosopher relinquishes the doctrine of immateriality; the man of business forgets interest and principal, while within the influence of "ruby lips, and roseate cheeks." If then, "beauty's the sexes sole pretence," the best receipt to gain attention and admiration, is it strange it

should be highly prized by the possessor, and ambitiously sought from art, where nature has dealt with a sparing hand? Fortunately, however, for a class of ladies who do not share this "best gift of heaven," there is a diversity of taste among those who frequent female society. The number of gentlemen is not small, who think there are charms, much "more potent" than those of person; they are "drawn from the dark Peruvian mine"—

"What spells and talismans of Venus,
Are found in dollars, crowns and guineas—
In purse of gold, a single stiver
Beats all the darts in Cupid's quiver."

These are a salvo for coarse features, an awkward person, ungraceful manners, and an uninformed mind. The class of gentlemen who are votaries at this shrine, are all converts to the doctrine of *expediency*.—They would form an excellent *prudential* committee to regulate the matrimonial concerns of the nation. We would recommend to them, as an appropriate inscription for their distinguishing badge, the distich containing the wholesome suggestion, that

"Any wife may turn out ill,
But then the money *never* will."

Such being the sentiments of a great portion of the gentlemen of the day, is it strange, that the ladies who inherit this most precious of all endowments, should rest satisfied with it; and take no pains to acquire or cultivate others, which, in comparison with this "*weighty matter*," are as "anise, mint and cummin." Who is there that will take trouble to gain that which her circumstances do not require? As soon would the man of learning think an acquaintance with the black-letter literature necessary, as the beauty or the heiress, seek the "inward adorning of the mind," while they enjoy the envied distinction of belles without it.

Why is it that among our best educated, most respectable gentlemen, we so seldom hear of the superiour merit, of the amiable, intelligent, refined and pious *Amanda*. Those who have reached that period of life in which we learn to place a

estimate on persons and things, delight to speak her ise and dwell on her worth—Why then this anomaly among cotemporaries of the male sex? Alas! she is not a beau—she is not an heiress.

Why is it that the indiscreet, volatile and uninformed *Glo-na* is the favorite toast of the day? Behold the blending the lily and the rose, mark "the liquid lustre of the mild ue eye" and they will tell you.—Gloriana is a beauty.

But why is it that with all Gloriana's personal attractions, e is less a reigning belle, than the coarse and ill-bred *Vic-na?* Victoria has not the mental endowments of Amanda, r the beauty of Gloriana, and yet her acquaintance is sought every *Cœlebs*, more than either. The secret is revealed hen I tell you that she has in reversion for him who gains. r hand the countless thousands—Victoria is an heiress. Since en intelligence and moral worth are no longer necessary to iin distinction in society, it is not surprising they are not ore cultivated. If they are nearly obsolete, the reason may e found in the taste of the times—And shall they who cause is effect, be first to satirize it when produced? It would erhaps exhibit a spirit of recrimination to remark on the ant of generosity so often displayed by those who hold up the male sex to ridicule. I shall therefore withhold those obser-ations which must suggest themselves to every *candid* mind hile contemplating the subject. Nor shall I, by reasoning, by the selection of many fair examples, endeavour to show, what the female mind can attain, under favourable auspices. hat has been well done by *Perilla**—Nor shall I comment the vanity and boasted superiority of *man*—that has been dy illustrated by *Amelia.*† But with her, I concur in the inion that it is in the power of gentlemen to "make" their male associates "what they would wish them to be."—ithout drawing any relative comparison between the mental pacity of the sexes—we shall at the shrine of man's generosi-claim

"The right that nature gave,
Just honors of our kind,

* No. 24. † No. 22.

We, envy not the *manly* frame
Of body or of mind.

Man in his way perfection knows,
And we as much in ours:
The violet is not the rose,
Yet both alike are flowers.

Thus Venus, round a narrow sphere,
Conducts her silver car;
Nor aims, nor seems to interfere
With Jove's imperial star."

Let respectable gentlemen show that they duly appreciat a refined taste and a cultivated understanding, and they wi find them greatly increased. Cases are not wanting to prov that heretofore

"With them in mental fields to stray,
She has not ill assumed—
And followed in the lucid way
Their studies have illumed."

"Why look with hard unkindly view,
On woman's frailer part—
As if the seeds of folly grew
But in a female heart."

"In sorrow and in sin combined,
Both sentenced to the tomb;
'Twould better speak a chastened mind,
To cheer each others doom."

With the hope that these remarks may be the means of inducing that "noble piece of work" called man, to reflect whether the course hitherto pursued towards the female sex has been that of honor, kindness, or even policy; and with the wish that they would treat that part of the creation as rational and immortal beings, I shall close this essay.

SERENA.

*"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.—She will do him good, and not evil all the days of her life."*

THE purest gem that ever flings
The sun's reflected ray;
Jewels that grace the pomp of kings,
And royal wealth display;

These let the hand of avarice grasp,
I envy not the prize,
If true affection's mutual clasp
Must be the sacrifice.

The richest gift that heaven bestows
To cheer this mortal life,
He, fortune's highest favourite, knows
Who finds a *virtuous wife.*

Rubies whose splendour mocks the sun,
Compared with her are dim;
Their boasted worth is far outdone,
*Her* price is more to him.

Tis she that joy of hope inspires
Which animates his breast;
Her faithful love his bosom fires,
And gives e'en toil a zest.

Of manners soft, in person neat,
Of cultivated mind,
In conduct, prudent and discreet,
Her disposition kind,

She rules her quiet household well,
Her orders all obey;
Peace, industry, and friendship dwell
Beneath her gentle sway.

The gifts her liberal hands bestow
Rejoice the humble poor;
And never does the beggar go
Unaided from her door.

Her house, of happiness the seat,
Invites the friendly call;
For visitants will ever greet
The hospitable hall.

Her *husband*, too, with honest pride
Oft listens to her praise;
(And ne'er is this to such denied
As imitate her ways.)

*At home*, with gratitude he views
His house in neat array;
*Abroad*, he cheerfully pursues
The labours of the day.

When night its welcome respite gives,
With joy he hastens home,
More happy than the king who lives
Beneath a splendid dome.

Then if his smiles proclaim success,
The wife his pleasure shares;
If fortune's frown his looks confess,
She gently soothes his cares.

Thus blest with pure domestic joy,
Time but confirms their love;
And when the ills of life annoy,
*Faith* wings their souls above.

Their steps shall *Peace* and *Hope* attend,
*Religion* light their way,
Through shades of death her rays extend,
And pour celestial day.

HORATIO.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 36.] FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1820.


Clothing the desert with beauty and reclaiming it to fruitfulness; enlarging indefinitely the boundaries of polished nature, and opening the way for the existence of millions of freemen of the English race over one of the most favoured portions of the earth, were achievements which, with all their dignity and value, did not more powerfully recommend our American forefathers to the favour and protection of the good and the wise, than the motives from which they were undertaken, and the manner in which they were performed.

*Walsh.*

THE enterprising spirit of the inhabitants of this country, has long elicited commendation from most of the nations of Europe, and however reluctant the English may have been to applaud, they have been compelled to admire it in silence. Our sails have been wafted by every breeze, whitened every ocean where the eye of man has ever rested, and our ships have borne the produce of every clime to this land of freedom. The forests of the west have fallen before the muscular energy of our countrymen, and cities and villages, the fruit of their invincible resolution and industry, gladden the eye of the traveller as he wanders through these states; while the numerous colleges and academies which shed a benign lustre around him, exhibit in distinct colours, the intelligence which pervades the community. This immense wilderness, has in two centuries by their strong nerves been converted into the abode of civilization. The productions of every country are now borne across our western lakes, and up our mighty rivers, and in those wilds where a few years since the war-whoop rung upon the ear, and gave the signal of desolation and woe, the accents of praise are now ascending from a thousand churches, to the throne of the Eternal.

The first settlers of New-England, educated in a country at

that time the most enlightened on the globe, and richly partaking of its intellectual advantages, manifested the highest interest in the education of youth, and in the promotion of literature. They had known the blessings of learning by happy experience, and with a benevolence not narrowed by selfishness, but commensurate with the greatness of the object to be attained, they looked forward through the vista of ages, and determined to impart them to succeeding generations. The same liberality which had been displayed by their countrymen towards the institutions of England, they exhibited soon after they had commenced clearing the forests of Massachusetts. Most of them were educated in the universities of England, and were well versed in the erudition of that age.* With an attachment to literature to which there is no parallel, in less than eight years after their arrival, they founded the university of Cambridge, and endowed it in a manner that would have done honour to those who greatly exceeded them in wealth. Of the two thousand Puritans who, according to Hume, were ejected from their livings, by the act of uniformity, many were the most popular preachers of the age. Not a small number of them came to this country, and brought with them an unusual spirit of liberality and independence, and to them are we indebted for that diffusion of intelligence, which is the pride and boast of every inhabitant of these states. The excursions of the savages—the dangers resulting from commencing the settlement of a country shaded by one immense forest—the inroads made by disease, and their dependance upon Europe for most of the necessaries of life, did not quench the ardour they had long felt in the promotion of literature. They relinquished many of their enjoyments to the advancement of this object, and cheerfully lent their exertions to convey these blessings down the stream of time to millions yet unborn.

With such a spirit of munificence, it would have been naturally supposed, that their descendants, appreciating these blessings, would have annually swollen the tide of good by increasing the funds of our universities. When with their

* Ramsay.

scanty pittance our ancestors were able to found colleges, and place them on so firm a basis, they doubtless looked forward with pleasure to the time, when America, increasing in wealth and population, should be as much distinguished for its literature and science, as it was for its extent; when the field of immensity should be traced by the eye of the astronomer, and the exploits of the Hero should live on canvass and in song. These expectations unhappily have not been realized, and the destitution of taste which to the eye of a foreigner appears characteristical of our countrymen, has made us the by-word and reproach of the Reviewers of Europe. Some of the causes which have prevented these states from assuming a high rank in the Republic of Letters, it is our object in the present essay to delineate.

For more than a century after the arrival of our ancestors at Plymouth, they were occupied in clearing the forests, in opening a free communication with neighbouring provinces, and in defending themselves against the attacks of the savages. To these invasions they were momentarily exposed, and scarcely a year rolled over them, without bringing with it, its tale of horror. The smoke of distant dwellings by day, and the blazing column by night, exhibited the melancholy picture of a village in ruins; while the report of the distant gun from the ambushed enemy, apprised the orphan that his father was no more. With a resolution which will call forth the plaudits of the future historian, and adorn the pages of our early history, they rid themselves of these invaders, who had long poured their desolating legions upon them, and like the overflowings of a volcano had buried the strength and beauty of many of the villages in one promiscuous ruin. To defend themselves against these attacks, to which they were momentarily exposed, the frontier villages were garrisoned, and the expense which fell upon the colonies was defrayed by their industry and unparalleled exertions. They were involved in every war between England and France, and defended themselves with invincible courage against the numerous incursions of the French and their savage allies. Their taxes were in

this manner greatly increased, and much of the burden and expenses of these wars fell upon them. Destitute of wealth, they found little of their surplus income remaining after these heavy contributions, and the support of their literary institutions was derived, either from private munificence, or from the tuition of the students. The opportunities thus presented for improvement in science, literature and the fine arts, were limited, while the incomes of few of our countrymen permitted them to educate their children in Europe. In this situation they remained until the cessation of hostilities in 1763.

They had but just begun to enjoy the blessings of peace, and had hardly recovered from the devastations and embarrassments of the old French war, when that of the Revolution gave an universal excitement to the public mind. The temple of Janus was again opened, and the shouts of battle and the roar of cannon were again wafted on the breeze. The energy of the nation was roused, and the talents of thousands before unknown, now appeared to the view of their countrymen. Their minds were exercised in infusing resolution into the desponding, and in reviving the spirits of the dejected. The eyes of the nation were fixed on this great struggle, and the world looked forward with unusual interest to its termination. From the press, issued nothing but addresses written to enkindle the ardour of patriotism, and cement the states of the union, while the poet sung in melodious numbers the future glories of America, or harmonized his strains to her victories and her triumphs. The public mind was engrossed with its present dangers and its future prospects, while for several years success seemed to frown upon all their exertions. Literature and Science could hardly be expected to engross the affections of those who were momentarily exposed to attack, and whose liberties were threatened with instant annihilation.

At no period previous to the conclusion of the revolutionary war, were the colonies sufficiently advanced in wealth and population to endow our colleges with the same munificence as those of Europe. The talents elicited by this contest, and exhibited in the senate and the field, convinced the world, that

he energy which enabled us to overcome our antagonist, and wrest this country from the grasp of Britain, would hereafter be displayed not only in the active scenes of life, but in the flowery path of literature, in the creations of the poet, and in the discoveries of the philosopher.

After the peace of 1783, when our independence was acknowledged by the courts of Europe, numerous avenues to wealth were presented to the view of our countrymen, and called forth that enterprise which had been so conspicuous in the field. Our ships visited every port, bore our surplus produce to every quarter of the globe, and returned laden with the luxuries of the world. The certainty of success, induced many of our countrymen to embark in this career, and those talents which would have shone in any sphere, were now devoted to the accumulation of riches.

Fame is so evanescent, and possesses so little nutrition, that few men will be contented with pursuing it, while wealth holds out to their eager grasp, its numerous enjoyments. Man is composed so much of flesh and blood, that the wreath of applause, how much soever it may feed his vanity, will not furnish him with those necessaries which are indispensable to his existence. Distinction intoxicates the minds of the young while seen at a distance, but when associated with poverty and hunger, and thus realized by the possessor, its charms vanish away. Of those men of literary renown whose names have lived for ages, few can be found whose lives were not enshrouded in storms and tempests, and whose sufferings have not proved beacons to the young adventurer. There are but few of these, who would not willingly have exchanged their gloomy garrets, with all their celebrity, for the luxuries of wealth. Tasso, who wrote a sonnet to a cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, not being able to procure a candle, would have thought it a cheap purchase to have given his present and future fame, for the blessings of competence. The melancholy career of those who wrestled with poverty while living, and who received the meed of praise only after their decease, would naturally deter most minds from

entering this dreary road, unless it was divested of its bitterness.

The French Revolution which soon after arrested the attention of mankind, and like an immense whirlpool drew the surrounding nations into its vortex, presented to the inhabitants of this country most of the carrying trade of the world. This, with the high price paid for our produce, poured in upon our land much of the wealth of Europe, and dazzled the eyes of most of the inhabitants of these states. With the increased means of acquiring wealth, extravagance kept pace, and the public taste soon became vitiated. A part of their superfluous wealth was expended in the erection of splendid buildings, and in decorating them with costly furniture. The silkworm laboured to adorn their persons, while their tables exhibited the luxuries of every clime from "Indus to the pole." Equipages and villas fascinated the eyes, and engrossed the affections of the rich, while those possessing the golden mean struggled to acquire that wealth which would give them distinction. "He that laid the brick, he that moulded the person into shape, and he that plied the shears," were clothed in rich attire, and fared sumptuously, while the author was compelled to mingle in the bustle of life, to procure a subsistence. Genius drooped for want of culture, and from the first settlement of the country down to the year 1800, not a dozen individuals had supported themselves by their works, unless the authors of spelling-books and arithmetics are included.

[*To be resumed in the next number.*]

## THE BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

JAN. 7—EVENING.

'TWAS gone, the latest gleam of day,
Beneath the star of evening's ray,
In deep repose the Britons lay,
By Mississippi silently.

Hush'd was the soldier's busy hum,
Still were the trumpet and the drum,

Each pacing sentinel was dumb,
Or gave his watchword cheerily.

Slow from the stream the fog arose,
And gently as the river flows,
Stretch'd o'er Columbia's slumbering foes,
Its murky mantle gloomily.

The breeze that scarcely seemed to breathe,
Or wave the vapours curling wreath,
Swept o'er the forms that slept beneath,
And sigh'd around them mournfully.

The clock that toll'd the mournful hour,
In yonder city's spiry tower,
Echoed in Pack'nam's tented bow'r,
And rung his death knell solemnly.

The distant tramping, faint and low,
Warn'd Pack'nam of the coming foe,
He bade each Briton meet the blow,
And front the danger manfully.

Why starts the soldier from his bed?
His dream of fancied bliss is fled,
The red cross waves above his head,
To meet the star of liberty.

To horse—to horse—the Britons leap;
Wild as the roaring of the deep,
Along the plain our squadrons sweep,
Columbia's gallant chivalry.

Jackson, the lion chief, is there,
And Coffee cheers his troops to war,
Beneath Columbia's silver star
Shouting for *death or victory.*

Wild as the rushing of the flood,
Hoarse as the roaring of the wood,
They meet, and dye their swords in blood;
They meet and charge for liberty.

" Stand, Britons ! stand unmov'd the shock,
Firm as Gibraltar's spiry rock,
Firm as the oak the whirlwinds rock,
O ! think of Spain and victory."

" Columbia's heroes ! charge the foe—
Lay all their towering honours low,—
Tell them how hard the freeman's blow ;
O ! think of home and liberty."

Each Briton rears his haughty crest,
Burns every freeman's throbbing breast,
His madd'ning pulses know no rest,
Till heav'n shall crown his gallantry.

The bullet sings, wide streams the gore,
Re-echoes Mississippi's shore,
The sabres clang, the cannon's roar,
The shout for *death or victory.*

Long roars the gun, long rings the blade,
And 'neath the death-clouds gloomy shade,
Columbia's heroes, undismay'd,
Still shout, still charge, for liberty.

Hush'd is the din, the fight is o'er,
Still is the cannon's awful roar,
And Mississippi's silent shore
Echoes no more to *victory.*

Long shall the Briton rue this night,
Sad herald of the morrow's fight,
When England's *Lion* turn'd in flight,
Scar'd by the *Eagle's* glaring eye.

Ne'er shall the tyrant and the slave,
Molest again the free and brave,
Nor meet on Mississippi's wave,
With those who fight for liberty.

THEODORE.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

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No. 37.] TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1820.

Literature is one of *those finer manufactures* which a new country will always find it easier to import than to raise. There must be a great accumulation of stock in a nation, and a great subdivision of labour, before the arts of composition are brought to any great degree of perfection. The great avenues to wealth must be all filled, and many left in hereditary opulence or mediocrity, before there can be leisure enough, among such a people, to relish the beauties of poetry, or to create an effectual demand for the productions of genius.

*Edinburgh Review.*

[*Concluded from page* 86.]

HAVING stated some of the reasons which have heretofore prevented the inhabitants of this country from excelling in literature, we shall now examine the impediments to our intellectual improvement as they exist at the present time.

One of the greatest difficulties results from the peculiar form of our government. The states being entirely independent of each other and of the general government, have separate interests. These give rise to many local prejudices, which exist through every section of the union. The great extent of our country, embracing such a diversity of climate and productions, has many years since formed a Northern, Southern and Western interest. Although these great distinctions are increasing, still the bond of union in these sections of the country, is not sufficient to overcome those strong prepossessions, by which the inhabitants of every state have long been influenced, and which have "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength." These have been much increased by the competition of neighbouring cities, and the success attending the internal improvements of each particular section of the country. The commercial advantages

gained by one city have been lost by another. To counteract these effects, similar improvements have been made, and the trade thus diverted has returned to its former channel. New jealousies have thus been excited, which give a colouring to all their intercourse. Our cities so nearly resemble each other in importance, that these competitions produce an unhappy effect upon the literature of the country; the inhabitants of each section being desirous to promote their own literature, and unwilling to patronize that of a neighbouring state. There are talents in the United States adequate to the support of several Magazines, equal to either the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, but in consequence of state distinctions, these talents have been diverted into many channels, and it will probably be many years before they can be brought to a focus. The ephemeral existence of most of the periodical publications of this country, is a striking proof of the truth of this assertion.

These prejudices are still more visible in the patronage of our Universities and Colleges. Numerous attempts have been made to place some of our older institutions on a firm basis, but in most instances the liberality has been confined to the state in which the college was located. The stream of benevolence has been greatly divided, and instead of flowing into one channel, forming a mighty river, and rolling its blessings to enrich and fertilize the country, it has scarcely been perceptible. Enough has in this manner been contributed, to endow one or two Universities with the same liberality as those of Europe. The inhabitants of every state feel desirous of having one College within their own territory, and if it is of considerable extent, at least two. In supporting these all its patronage is exercised. The effect produced by partially endowing so many institutions, as might have been foreseen, has been to elevate them but just above our grammar schools. After drooping a few years in penury, some of them have been deserted, first by the students, and then by the officers, and their walls permitted to moulder under the hand of time. In consequence of these jealousies,

many of our institutions have been destitute of those funds which were necessary to their existence, while others have had to depend principally upon tuition for their support. Their poverty has rendered it necessary for each of the officers to instruct in several departments, thus dividing their time and enabling them to become much less perfect in either, than if they had devoted the energies of their minds to a single science. In the United States the higher officers of our Colleges are, more than any other class of our citizens, literary and scientifical. With those difficulties to encounter, it could hardly be expected, that they could have added much to the reputation of the union.

The apparatus and cabinets of most of our literary institutions are small, while, with the exception of the University of Cambridge, there is no one whose library amounts to more than ten thousand volumes. The student has here a limited opportunity to consult the great masters of ancient learning. His principal books of reference or reading, are the Greecian and Roman Classics, and the standard works of the few last centuries. The knowledge acquired is comparatively superficial, and he seldom is able to "drink deep" from the fountain of learning or literature.

Another difficulty in our advancement in literature, is the want of Fellowships. Of these there is but one in the United States, and that furnishes but a bare subsistence to the individual who fills it. Attached to most if not all the Universities of Europe, are a considerable number of gentlemen, supported by the funds of those institutions, who devote their lives to the acquisition of learning. Here having access to libraries which amount to one or more hundred thousand vols. they pursue their studies under every advantage, and exhibit by their works the utility of these institutions. From these fellowships, the world has received many of the profoundest discoveries in science, and not a small number of the proudest specimens of intellect.

The unequal distribution of property in Europe, where most of the wealth is in the possession of a small minority, ena-

bles many of their young men of fortune to devote themselves to literature. The revival of learning burst the shackles of public opinion, and convinced mankind that the immortality derived from the closet, would be as lasting as that acquired in the field. To gain the applause of succeeding generations many resigned the pomp of war, and entered the Republic of Letters as candidates for fame. Few of our countrymen, on the other hand, have fortunes adequate to enable them to devote their lives to the acquisition of learning. Half of the young men who are graduated at our Colleges, acquire their education by parental sacrifices, or through their own exertions. Immediately after leaving their Alma Mater, they embark in some one of the professions, or in commerce, to procure a subsistence. These pursuits present to their eyes the prospect of competence, and in its acquisition, their future years are passed. By the time that their fortunes are sufficient to permit them to retire from business, their minds having long been diverted from science and literature, become unfitted to grapple with them, and they are much more fond of realizing the luxuries which wealth presents to their enjoyment than in "trimming the midnight lamp," or turning over the musty leaves of ponderous folios.

The greatest impediment to the advancement of literature in this country, and one which will materially retard its progress for years to come, results from the fact that the professions and commerce, are the most certain avenues to distinction. The latter holds out to the votary of wealth its luxuries and its splendour, and to his eyes the costly equipage and the magnificent villa, exhibit a lustre which nothing can equal. In acquiring this distinction, and the numerous enjoyments of riches, he exerts the energies of his mind and is amazed at the ardour with which some desire the applause which literary eminence affords. He discovers little solid good excepting that which wealth bestows, and he would hardly be induced to leave his present career, were he confident of being able to "track the fiery car" of Homer, or to again tune the lyre of Virgil.

In the professions, however, and particularly in that of Law, comparative eminence is acquired without great difficulty, while the ascent to fame through the thorny paths of learning and science is steep and rugged. To receive the applause of a mob, and by the rabble to be elevated to a seat in our national legislature, requires a certain species of intrigue, which a mind bent fully upon the attainment of its object will easily acquire, while to arrest the attention of mankind from the closet, and from retirement, presents difficulties which deter the mind of ambition. The former course furnishes the adventurer with a comfortable subsistence, and at every step the wreath of applause blooms with increasing beauty. In the latter, hunger stares him in the face, while renown is scarcely perceptible. He realizes that present good is more desirable than future uncertainty, and leaving the groves of Academus, he mingles in the bustle of the world. The success that he meets with in his progress, propels him forward, and distinction he often finds within his grasp. His political career is equally attractive, and although he discovers thousands falling from the highest eminence, and losing their influence with every fluctuation of party, still he believes that his course will be marked with the smiles of fortune, and that adversity will never shade his unclouded sky.

These we conceive to be some of the reasons which have retarded the growth of literature and science in this country. Within the last ten years, this subject has excited much more interest in the public mind, than at any previous period. The noble generosity which has been manifested towards the University of Cambridge, not only by the Legislature of Massachusetts, but also by individuals, deserves the highest commendation. New professorships have been established, on firm foundations, their library and apparatus have been greatly increased, and instances of private munificence have been exhibited, which have not been paralleled in any other state in the union. It is now placed upon a foundation equal to many of the Universities in Europe, and bids fair to diffuse its streams of science and literature upon mankind.

We should be much gratified could we give the same account of the liberality of this state, towards the University in this city. Unfortunately for Yale, it is located in a state, limited in extent and population. The views of the inhabitants of a small independent district are usually circumscribed, and in no country is the truth of this observation more strikingly exhibited than in this state. Every donation made by the Legislature to the support of this institution, has been felt by the inhabitants for years, and produced a groan, which nothing could have elicited, unless a direct attack upon their purses. To every exertion which has been made to move their generosity, they have shrunk back like a man recoiling from a viper, and have ostensibly said "ye will take away my wealth, and what have I more." Although ready to acknowledge that it was the "brightest gem in the diadem of the state" they have closed the hand of charity, and withheld from it the gleanings of their profusion. With taxes smaller than any country on the globe, and with competence existing under almost every roof, they have closed their eyes upon its wants, and stopped their ears when calling for aid. Such have been the feelings of our successive Legislatures when its benign influence has extended to every inhabitant, in the instructors and clergymen which it has educated; and such will be its situation, unless a mighty change should take place in public sentiment. To the unwearied exertions of its officers, it is indebted for its present reputation, and had it not been for these efforts, it it would long since have lost its importance, and perhaps have been annihilated before the iron hand of selfishness would have unlocked its grasp, and supplied its necessities.

Happily for the promotion of learning, all the union is not like Connecticut, and notwithstanding the dark cloud which enshrouds the generosity of the state, the time is probably not far distant, when these subjects will interest the inhabitants of this country, and its literary character will be established. This opinion we have formed from looking at the present situation of the country, and if our readers should be inclined to doubt the assertion, we think they will be convinced of its truth by attending to the following suggestions.

The fortunes of many of our countrymen are becoming extensive, and with this augmentation of wealth, the thirst for knowledge and the means of acquiring it, are evidently increasing. The requisites for admission into our literary institutions are annually becoming more numerous, and the standard of education not only in our colleges, but also in our schools and academies, is evidently rising. The number of American works has greatly increased within a few years, and our countrymen are willing to believe, notwithstanding the assertions of Reviewers to the contrary, that genius not only does not deteriorate, but that it expands in this country. Science and literature are beginning to engross the attention of many of our young men of education, and several American periodical publications have been well received on the eastern side of the Atlantic.* The public taste, although it may of late have been somewhat vitiated by the flood of fiction and second rate poetry which has flowed in ceaseless streams from our presses, is evidently improving. As the western wilderness becomes peopled, the rage for emigration will lessen, and eventually cease. The population of the country will become more dense and the desire of improvement will be felt in the old, as well as in the new states. The liberality and public spirit there manifested will be more strikingly visible east of the Allegany, in consequence of their greater wealth. It will become more fashionable for men of fortune to part with some of their superfluous riches, in order to acquire that reputation which those who evince this liberality so justly merit.

As years roll away, the exploits of the first settlers of this country will be converted into legends, around which fable will throw its obscurity. Their invincible resolution will become the subject of the poet's pen, and their stern virtues will be held up to the admiration of posterity in all the melody of song. The names of those heroes of the Revolution, who

* Of this class are the *North American Review*, and the *American Journal of Science*. The former will well bear a comparison with the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and richly deserves extensive patronage: the latter has already elicited the highest commendations from gentlemen of science, both in Europe and this country, and reflects great credit upon its Editor.

breasted themselves against the oppressor, and enrolled these states on the record of nations, will shine on the pages of the future historian. Every hill and every dale which witnessed their valour, will be consecrated by its antiquity, and by the reverence of succeeding generations. These will be visited by the poet and the painter, and this mighty struggle will be renewed on canvass and in rhyme. The exertions made to promote the happiness of mankind, will be extended, and that benevolence which is now wafting the glorious news of salvation to distant lands, will be continually increasing. The minds of men will be more and more refined by the influence of religion, and with its increase, the asperities of party, and those numerous checks will vanish, which have long retarded the progression of the human mind.

## SONNET.

Soft heaving wave—whose pure translucency
Swells on the bosom of the placid lake,
And as it slowly swells, the watry flake
Plays on the snowy pebble gracefully,
While breathes around fair Nature's minstrelsy,
And morning zephyrs in the willows wake,
And from the boughs the show'ry moisture shake,
And winding riv'lets murmur tunefully;
How sweet upon the mossy bank to lie
And view the shining trout that darts below,
While drowsy slumber hovers o'er my eye,
And all its poppy dews around me flow,
While through the quiv'ring leaves the breezes sigh,
And round my pillow whisper mournfully.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Curio* has been received.

*Horatius* is under consideration.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 38.] FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1820.


The weakest or most uncultivated mind may gratify its vanity, laziness and malice all at once, by a prompt application of vague condemnatory words, where a wise and liberal man would not feel himself warranted to pronounce without the most deliberate consideration, and where such consideration might perhaps terminate in applause.

*Foster.*

INDISCRIMINATE praise and censure are so common, Messrs. Editors, that I hope a few remarks on the *fact* and the *causes* of it may not be entirely useless. If we look around, we shall see the fact both in the judgments formed of individuals and classes of men. One person is represented as all excellence; another as all defects;—one class of people are grouped together, and pronounced "very good"—another class, with as little ceremony are swept into a promiscuous mass, and condemned as "the offscouring of the world." In religion, one sect look, not at the character of the individuals who compose another sect—but merely at their general appellation;—and in judging of an individual, reduce him to the denomination to which he belongs, and then decide on his morality, from that of the whole denomination. The same is done in political parties. We do not look at the virtues or vices of the man—we do not enter into the particulars of his life,—that would be too tedious;—we learn the name of the party with which he ranks himself—and decide from that, not what the man *is*, but what he *must* be, from his connections. "What!" says the partizan—"call that man benevolent!—no, he is a ——". "Can that man be a friend of the common people—says another partizan—no, he is a ——." A pious sailor—or a temperate soldier, some would almost consider as a paradox. A great scholar with common sense, and a prac-

tical man with extensive literary and scientific knowledge, would by some be thought a thing nearly as incredible as a miracle. So much for the *fact*. But what is the *cause* of this indiscrimination in judging of character and feelings? If all mankind were philosophers, I would account for it from the principle that "like causes produce like effects." For illustration—the course of life which one sailor or soldier pursues—his employments—his temptations, are materially the same as those of others; and as the heart of man answereth to the heart of man, we must suppose there would be a similarity in the effects produced—a similarity of character. But I need not say, that the education, and moral principles of some, when they commence these pursuits, are so different from that of others, that the results may be entirely unlike. Men, however, especially philosophical men, are so fond of theory that they overlook the *state of facts*, and conclude there will be little danger of mistake in giving *one* character to *every* individual of any class.

Another cause of indiscriminate praise or censure may be seen by a reference to the principle that men love to associate with those whose opinions and feelings coincide with their own. If the soldier is pleased with a soldier's company, we conclude they are both alike—or will soon become so by the principle of imitation. We suppose the man who chooses the society of one sect in religion—or one party in politics, also chooses and entertains the principles of that party or sect. And since principles operate on the character—we conclude there must be a similarity in the character of all who belong to the same sect or party.

An additional cause may be imagining there is the same *uniformity* of *character* in different classes of society as there is in their *external appearance*. For instance—we see in the community of Quakers an uniformity in their external appearance, and we very naturally associate in our minds the same uniformity of character as in the dress. If we have seen the strictest integrity sheltered by one broad-brimmed hat, we expect to find it under another;—if we have seen dissipation

and thoughtlessness covered by a short coat, or a red one, we fancy we see them beneath *all* of this description. I only hint at this effect of association—it might be extended to almost any length.

But I fear I am ascribing that to the philosophical reasoning or the general observation of men, which springs from a source less honourable to their character. Some more *immediate* causes may therefore be pointed out.

*Prejudice* is a fountain from which indiscrimination in judging of the feelings and principles of men, derives copious supplies. It begins with the maxim, that all who belong to this or that party—to this or that class of society—*must* be bad men —for they differ from ourselves, who certainly have right feelings, and correct principles. As soon might we expect the light of the sun to penetrate through walls of brass, as the light of excellence in an adversary, however pure or powerful it may be, to penetrate through prejudice and reach the heart. But my plan requires I should only suggest the causes.

Another cause of indiscrimination in judging of character is *ignorance*. Few persons know the *whole* feelings and opinions of even those with whom they associate;—much less of those with whom they have only a partial acquaintance,—and least of all, of those whom they know only by report. Candour would require us to stop in our *judgments* where our *knowledge* ends,—but that we do not like. What!—say that we cannot give the character of men whom we have seen day after day, for many years!—Why that would show a want of observation—and who would dare encounter such a charge!—There is neighbour A. who has not been in this vicinity half a year, and yet can describe the character of all in town as accurately as a painter can draw a portrait of their persons!" The character must then at all events be drawn,—and we must either resort to *indiscriminate* remarks—or to that kind of fiction known by the name of *slander*. But the customs of the age—and the nice feelings of society forbid slander! Indiscrimination then is the only resource which remains.

Still another cause of the conduct we are examining is

found in the love of hyperbole, or what some might term *wilful misrepresentation.* Now do not start, *benevolent* reader—if indeed this should chance to be read,—I am not about to charge this *wilful misrepresentation* to *malignity* of heart. O, no—it may be all ascribed to *better principles.* When with surprise you hear one exaggerating the virtues of a sect or class of men, some of whom you know to be *human*—you have only to imagine the speaker possesses the principle of perfection—that is, a natural, elementary principle of the mind, which delights in seeing every thing *perfect* in *its kind,* and the whole surprise vanishes. The virtue, as he found it in real life, was *imperfect,*—the natural operation of this principle, aided by benevolence, would lead to *so much* exaggeration as to deck it with perfection. The whole sect or class then become as perfect in a body, as any Grecian temple. Now suppose the exaggeration was of the opposite kind—and the vices of a sect or class of men were expanded somewhat larger than life ;—you have only to introduce this principle, and the exaggeration is accounted for—without calling in question the benevolence of him who delights in giving a deeper shade to the defects of his neighbours. Some I know, who are not so much attached to general principles as I am, ascribe such misrepresentations to a desire to promote sectarian or party purposes—or to a wish to gratify malice, and sometimes only to round a period, which is too often miserably impeded by throwing in qualifying phrases, which have no *other* use but to *communicate truth.* Whether I or they are correct in point of principle—the reader must judge ;—but one thing I cannot leave to the reader's decision—for it is a fact too well established to admit a doubt—that the love of brilliancy and hyperbole is often the parent of indiscriminate assertions respecting character. I think I know some who are acquainted with only two characters in the world—the *perfectly virtuous*—or the *perfectly vicious,*—at least I should think so, if I looked only at their descriptions.

These remarks were suggested by the essay of *Serena* in a late number of your paper. Though I fully coincide with her in the opinion that our sex are the cause of much of that neg-

ject of mental accomplishments which so many satirize and more than a few lament, I cannot grant that *all* our sex may be found in the train of Gloriana and Victoria. I wish she had excepted a few; or at any rate made the exception *more manifest*, if she intended not to include all;—for I believe if the followers of Amanda cannot say "they that are for us, are more than they that are against us," they can truly say "we are many"——I know there is at least.

ONE.

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*Messrs. Editors,*

IT is always gratifying to learn that our efforts to subserve the interests of the public, have been attended with good consequences. Permit me therefore to say, that your sallies upon the *Concinnian* tribe have done the community an essential service. But a short time since, our streets were so thronged with these gentry that decent folks could scarcely pass along without being elbowed and jostled and stared at in a most disgraceful manner by these automatons; now however, we can again peaceably walk abroad without much danger of being molested.—A man is now *ashamed* to be thus accoutred; because, as you have in the Concinnus pieces abundantly shewn, he thereby confesses himself to be in intellect below par, and incapable of being turned to any useful end in society. Once render any conduct ridiculous and contemptible in the public eye, and the number guilty of it, will soon dwindle to nothing. Of this general truth, you have given us a happy illustration, and therein obliged many.

I must not omit to mention that these creatures to a man give pretty unequivocal manifestations of their gratitude, by condemning and injuring your paper as extensively as their humble capacities admit. This conduct surprises you as little, I presume, as it does your friend,

YALENSIS.

## THE MERMAID.

I.

THE waning moon look'd cold and pale,
Just rising o'er the eastern wave,
And faintly moan'd the evening gale,
That swept along the gloomy cave:
The waves that wildly rose and fell,
On all the rocks the white foam flung,
And like the distant funeral knell,
Within her grot the Mermaid sung.

II.

It was a strain of witchery
So sweet, yet mournful to my ear,
It lit the smile, it wak'd the sigh,
Then started pity's pearly tear;
There was a ruffle in my breast,
It was not joy; it was not pain,
'Twas wild as yonder billow's crest
That tosses o'er the heaving main.

III.

Along the wave the moon's cold light
With trembling radiance feebly shone,
A lustre neither faint nor bright
Sparkled on yonder wat'ry stone;
There, seated on her sea-beat throne,
The Mermaid ey'd the dashing wave,
Then wak'd her wild harp's melting tone
And breath'd the music of the grave.

IV.

Her silken tresses all unbound
Play'd loosely on the evening gale,
She cast a mournful look around,

Then sweetly woke her wild harp's wail;
And as her marble fingers flew
Along the chords, sweet music flow'd,
Her cheek assum'd a varied hue,
Where grief grew pale—where pleasure glow'd.

V.

The sound rose sweetly on the wind,
It was a strain of melancholy—
It sooth'd each tumult of the mind,
And hush'd the wildest laugh of folly.
It flow'd so softly o'er the main
And spread so calmly, widely 'round,
The air seem'd living with the strain,
And every zephyr breath'd the sound.

VI.

The seal that sported on the shore,
His gambols ceas'd, and prick'd his ear;
He heeded not the billow's roar—
That strain was all he seem'd to hear.
As through the surf the dolphins flew,
They stopp'd and play'd around her throne,
It seem'd, that Arion woke anew
His harp to some celestial tone.

VII.

With what a thrilling extacy
I heard the music of her lyre,
The very soul of melody
Seem'd warbling on the trembling wire,
Oh never o'er her infant dear
The mother half so fondly hung,
As when I bent my soul to hear
Those heav'nly strains the Mermaid sung.

*For the Microscope.*

BY the side of a streamlet that rippled along,
Where oft I had listen'd the robin's sweet song,
I sat in the bow'r of Sophia my fair—
But alas ! the delight of my soul was not there.

'Twas June, and the sky was of loveliest blue,
'Twas morn, and the meadow was sparkling with dew,
The roses were blooming, their colors were fair—
But Sophia the fairest rose still was not there.

I listen'd the trill of the mellow ton'd thrush,
And each warbler that sang in the dew spangled bush;
And I sigh'd as I look'd on the roses so fair
To think that the fairest rose still was not there.

The zephyrs were balmy, the sky was serene,
The meadows were cloth'd in their loveliest green
The music was sweet and the flow'rets were fair—
But Sophia the fairest of all was not there.

The zephyrs would breathe like Arabia's gales
When they rustle thro' Yemina's coffee-clad vales—
Than the loveliest flow'ret of Eden more fair
The roses would bloom, if Sophia was there.

Than the azure of heav'n, more spotless and blue
The sky of my country would swell on my view—
Than the ray of the diamond or ruby, more fair
Would sparkle the dews, if Sophia was there.

More sweet, than the tones of the love-breathing lyre
When the fingers of Sappho were brushing the wire,
The warblers would sing, were the pride of the fair—
The joy of my bosom, Sophia, but there.

Then come dearest maiden, recline in this bow'r,
When the scenery is smiling at morn's lovely hour—
Then sweeter the songs, and the flow'rets more fair,
For Sophia the charm of my bosom is there.

THEODORE.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, *but to weigh and consider.*

*Sir Francis Bacon.*

BUT four centuries since, and there was not a printed book in the world. Even manuscripts were so rare that if a valuable one were to be borrowed, a large portion of landed property was not unfrequently pledged for its safe return to the owner. The human mind was of course but little cultivated, and gross ignorance was the order of the day. What learning then existed, was confined to the cloister and the convent.—Such was the state of the world when the art of printing began to shed its benign influence upon our race. The previously almost insurmountable obstacles to improvement were removed, and men were then able to acquire more knowledge in a few years, or perhaps months, than they could before in a whole life. From that day to this, the number of books published annually, has gradually increased. Perhaps it would not be extravagant to assert that now more books come from the pressin a single year, than were issued during the whole of the first century after the invention of the art of printing. This being the case, it would be the height of folly to attempt to read all that are published, even all of such as are of unquestionable excellence. The perusal of only a moderate, *select* number, is the extent of what can now be accomplished under ever so favourable circumstances. The exercise of a sound judgment here, as in the use of other providential blessings, must not be dispensed with. Otherwise, the abuse of that, which, when properly used, is so admirably calculated to render essential benefit, would soon be justly deprecated as a

sore evil. *To dare to confess our ignorance* of some subjects and authors, is at this day a most necessary and important species of courage. It is not however a confession that does one the least discredit. If Cicero could in his time freely say of himself, *Nec me pudet fateri nescire, quod nesciam*, surely ordinary men need not now hesitate at similar declarations.

The effect of excessive reading upon the mind, is very aptly compared to that of too much clothing upon the body: instead of furnishing a healthy stimulus, it creates a feverish action; it weakens, rather than invigorates. Or, to vary the illustration, there is such a thing as literary gormandizing; and the excess here, compared to other excesses, is as much more important as the mind is more important than the body. The man of letters is therefore obligated to be careful as to the kind, and temperate as to the quantity of his mental diet. From inattention to this consideration, many minds have, paradoxical as it may seem, been greatly enfeebled and dissipated by over much reading. It is surprising that, in the class of men usually characterized as *great readers*, there is but here and there one, who can—when obliged to make an effort of his own—come any where near to the expectations previously formed of him. Now this is in reality just what might have been anticipated. All reading, that is, the bare perusing and treasuring up the thoughts of others, is at best but a higher kind of idleness. There is no mental effort necessary: the whole of what is required is that the eyes should be fixed upon the book, and the memory not be fast asleep. The result of a mere reading course is, either to render the mind a complete sieve, through which immense quantities pass, while nothing remains; or to convert the head into a perfect lumber-garret, where all kinds of stuff are tumbled in together, in direful confusion.

When any topic is started in the presence of a gentleman of the last description, he will tell you what is the opinion of one author and another, and how many volumes each has written on the subject, but he has not a single thought of his own to advance. His arguments are those of authority, and none of

them go to the merits of the question. Such men may be very good literary vocabularies, but they certainly cannot fairly lay claim to the possession of the reasoning faculty in any extraordinary degree. As for arguments or sentiments which can justly be called *their own*, they have none. They read so much and so hastily, and think so little, that their opinions are all taken upon trust and without examination. Consequently, when their present opinions are questioned; as they are not based upon solid reasons, they are readily relinquished for different ones; and these again for others; and thus it fares with them through life.

So great is the habitual mental inactivity of these persons, that when necessitated to make a desultory effort; they are filled with morbid apprehensions and sorely dread the task. Their situation is very much like that of the child, who walks with confidence when led; but left to himself, proceeds with fear and trembling. It is one thing to *possess* a large fund of learning, and another to know *how* it may be put to use; and still another to have the *skill* necessary to employ it with advantage. The husbandman may have a goodly quantity of wood at his door, and yet be without an axe; or if he have this necessary implement, he may still be destitute of the practical dexterity which is equally indispensible.

What a happy contrast to the class of readers I have all along alluded to, is found in my friend *Florio*. The object of study and reading is, in his view, not so much to fill the mind with what others have said, as to furnish materials for it to exercise itself upon—to enable it to draw upon its own resources—to exert its own energies with effect, when occasion requires. Convinced that all progress in knowledge, to be valuable and lasting, must be gradual; he has in his pursuits adopted the motto of Sir Matthew Hale—*Festina lente*—"A little and well." He does not think a person is necessarily the more learned for being able to give an affirmative answer to the question whether he has read a given book. I was pleased to hear his remarks the other day on the prevalent rage for gaining a knowledge of all languages, both ancient and

modern. "A thorough acquaintance with the classical tongues is indeed," said he, "highly important to every man of letters; while a smattering of them can be of little use to any one. But even a perfect knowledge of most modern languages is of but little consequence, unless to persons under peculiar circumstances. In truth, all language is at best but a medium of communication—a vehicle of *thought;* and therefore is of inferior importance, compared to such pursuits as enlarge and invigorate the intellect."—Having disciplined his mind to a clear and conclusive mode of reasoning on every subject that falls within the range of his investigations, he is always for coming at the *why* and *wherefore* of a thing, and cares very little what others have said or written on the topic, any further than it is supported by argument. Do not think that he undervalues reading; for no one enjoys it more. He knows it is important, while he also knows that other things are equally so, such as a habit of composition, frequent conversation, and severe and connected thought; or, as an ancient author* well expresses it, "Reading, Recordation, Conference and Meditation, are all necessary." In Florio's view, if either of them is to be pursued to the detriment of the others, it is meditation. This predilection in him can probably be explained, in part at least, by a recurrence to his own situation. In early life he imprudently injured his eyes, and has ever since been able to use them only occasionally. This circumstance has however, I am confident, been of material service to his intellect. As he is able to read but little, that little is sure to be of the best quality; and the length of time elapsing between the successive readings is so great, that what he gets at each one, is conned over and over, until it is thoroughly digested and completely incorporated with his own ideas—is become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Accordingly, when occasion requires him to exert his abilities; all his resources are perfectly at command, and he uses them with a master's skill. As for the unsupported *ipse dixits* of others—often so serviceable to those who are either too *weak*, or too *lazy*, or too *timid* to

* Lord Coke.

think for themselves ; *he* tears them in sunder, while he compassionates such as are shackled by these cobweb-chains. Restrained only by a love of truth and rectitude, and untrammelled by other considerations, he always developes the full-grown energies of an active and a powerful mind.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that Florio is far more useful to society, and much more happy in himself, than those with whom he has been contrasted.

C. C.

THE person that said, he cared not who legislated for a people if he could only compose their poetry and music, evinced much knowledge of the human character. The talismanic influence of appropriate national songs is felt and acknowledged throughout the world. The greatness of the consequences produced by *Ca Ira* and *Gironda* in revolutionary France, and the melting, soul-subduing power of *Ranz de Vaches* upon Swiss soldiers when in a foreign land, are matters of historical record. The animating air of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled* never fails to produce its effect upon a Caledonian ear. And what son or daughter of New-England is there, whose heart has not often leapt under the electric, thrilling influence of our own loved *Yankee-Doodle?* Or, where the American, on whose ear the patriotic strain of *Hail, Columbia!* can fall without rousing him to unwonted emotions? Or, what man, whether savage or civilized, of whatever nation, who does not feel within him something of the soldier, when deeply beats the drum and loudly plays the fife.

The influence of music is not limited to the excitement of martial feelings. There is not an emotion of which the human heart is susceptible, but can by it be charmed from its lurking place. The tear that glistens in the eye, and the sigh that heaves the bosom—the exultation of joy, that illumines the countenance and quickens the step—the smile of complacency, and the flush of indignation—in short, every emotion

comes at its bidding. It seems to be the very key, that gives access to the innermost recesses of the heart.

The most valuable end answered by music is yet to be mentioned: it is the hand-maid to devotion. All denominations of Christians have shewn their estimate of its importance by making it a prominent part of social worship.—A great evil has in some cases arisen from inadequate conceptions of its solemnity. But it should be remembered that music has its share in the proudest expression of praise, that is heard in the courts of Heaven. And those, who are inclined to suspect that music usually diminishes the solemnity of a religious assembly, and doubt whether *any* music is capable of adding to it, should be careful lest they question the wisdom of the Being, who has declared that the most solemn of all days shall be introduced by the sounding of the trumpet of an arch angel, and that the congregated dead shall thus be awakened to judgment.

Although the Singing is next to Prayer, the most direct act of worship into which we are capable of entering; it is astonishing to observe how little devotional feeling most congregations manifest during this portion of divine service. The real object is, to appearance, usually lost sight of. This may, in part, be attributed to a want of care in the selection of tunes, but more, perhaps, to the want of skill in those who lead in this department. There is probably no species of quackery and imposition more common, than that which exists in the case of those who style themselves *Teachers of sacred music.* One of the first things which in our country pops into the head of the man who is a decent singer and is a little pressed in his pecuniary matters, is to turn to teaching music; and there are so few men who profess to be able or are in truth able to discriminate between barely tolerable and really superior singing, that the imposition is in many cases undiscovered. The natural and necessary consequences of this state of things are but too visible in most of the villages of our country, and in many of the larger places.

Such is our estimate of the obligation to participate in this part of religious worship, that we deem every man sacredly

bound to endeavour to become qualified for it by competent instruction; and nothing can, we conceive, discharge this obligation, but the unequivocal discovery (after a fair trial) that he has not the requisite vocal powers. We have often wondered why the Profession, to whom it appropriately belongs, so seldom attempt to give their hearers proper views on the subject.

We are happy to state that Associations for the advancement of sacred music, have recently been established in this city, and have already given decisive indications of their utility. Our only wish is that the most ardent expectations of their founders may be realized, and that similar institutions may spring up and flourish in every quarter of our country.

*Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.*

BRIGHT was the morn—the waveless bay
Shone like a mirror to the sun;
'Mid greenwood shades and meadows gay,
The matin birds their lays begun:
While swelling o'er the gloomy woods
Was heard the faintly echoed roar—
The dashing of the foamy flood,
That beat on Erie's distant shore.

The tawny wanderer of the wild
Paddled his painted birch-canoe,
And, where the wave serenely smil'd,
Swift as the darting falcon, flew;
He mov'd along that peaceful bay,
And glanc'd its polish'd surface o'er,
Listening the billow far away,
That roll'd on Erie's lonely shore.

What sounds awake my slumbering ear—
What echoes o'er the waters come?
It is the morning gun I hear,
The rolling of the distant drum,
Far o'er the bright illumin'd wave

I mark the flash—I hear the roar,
That calls from sleep the slumbering brave,
To fight on Erie's lonely shore.

See how the starry banner floats,
And sparkles in the morning ray,
While sweetly swell the fife's gay notes
In echoes o'er the gleaming bay:
Flash follows flash, as thro' yon fleet,
Columbia's cannons loudly roar,
And valiant tars the battle greet,
That storms on Erie's echoing shore.

Oh! who can tell what deeds were done,
When Britain's cross, on yonder wave
Sunk 'neath Columbia's dazzling sun,
And met in Erie's flood its grave:
Who tell the triumphs of that day,
When, smiling at the cannon's roar,
Our Hero, 'mid the bloody fray,
Conquer'd on Erie's echoing shore!

Tho' many a wounded bosom bleeds
For sire, for son, or lover dear,
Yet sorrow smiles amid her weeds—
Affliction dries her tender tear;
Oh! she exclaims with glowing pride—
With ardent thoughts that wildly soar,
My sire, my son, my lover died
Conquering on Erie's bloody shore!

Long shall my country bless that day,
When soar'd our Eagle to the skies;
Long, long in triumph's bright array,
That Victory shall proudly rise:
And when our country's lights are gone,
And all its proudest days are o'er,
How will her fading courage dawn,
To think on Erie's bloody shore!

ALFRED.

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No. 40.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1820.


## *RUPERT AND ASTERIA.*

A TALE.

THE moon is up; the clouds are flown,
And round the placid Queen of Night
There floats a drapery of light,
As fair as if from heaven it shone.
Planet and star in vieing splendor blaze;
Alas! in vain they gleam while mem'ry strays

Back to dark scenes of guilt or woe;
And few, whate'er their smiles may tell,
There be, who ne'er on either dwell.
And some, who do not dread the blow
Of man, do yet the tear of pity shun;
They hoard their grief, unheeded and unknown.

The sleeping plains, the rustling groves,
Yon cliffs, whose frown the moon-beams soften,
The waves that kiss yon shore so often,
All, where the eye of feeling roves,
Of Heav'n the image bears, and superscription;
Which poets love to mock and call't description.

Such was the earth, unearthly seeming;
The ev'ning sky was chaste and bright,
As that pure love that courts its light,
Of rapture then (no wonder) dreaming;
On such a shore where not a foot, save one,
Was near, walk'd RUPERT silent, stern and lone.

Nor aught above, nor aught around,
That might draw his regard, unless

A glance, when scornful he would bless
His natal star and natal ground.
Why sought he yonder shore, and why now seeks,
To gain the foot of yonder distant peaks?

Is it dark crime that wounds him sore,
Or mem'ry of some fatal folly?
Is it despair or melancholy,
That he would drown in ocean's roar?
Alas! seas could not quench that inward fire;
It burns an everlasting fun'ral pyre.

That troubled brow and light'ning eye,
Tell not of peace, are not for nought;
Yet if his breast is fir'd, the thought,
Whate'er it be, did ne'er a sigh
Extort; but when it rends his soul the while,
He'll frown, or aye, if any see, he'll smile.

Ah! who that sees that haggard blight,
And reads despair in every line,
Would dream, that late at pleasure's shrine,
You knelt and worshipp'd, day and night;
Would dream that late thy bosom, Rupert, bounded,
To ev'ry note that mirth and beauty sounded?

And now he treads a foreign strand,
And thinks of bliss dash'd from his taste,
Casts his fierce eye o'er ocean's waste,
And thinks on other clime and land.
But not a lisp of past or present deigns;
He courts no eye or ear, nor e'er complains.

His was erst the race of glory,
Once nought but battle did he breathe;
He bore a truncheon, won a wreath,
And earn'd (small meed) a page in story.
But when peace came and camps and arms amov'd,
He flew to halls where ladies dwelt and lov'd.

A thousand flitting, flirting fair,
Danced round, and glances pass'd between,

That often broke his rest, I ween;
But soon, one was his only care.
Fame said, to her alone he deign'd to kneel,
And she, some prudes did say, would not conceal,

That, as they bluntly said, she lov'd him;
And ne'er was gallant lov'd by maid,
More fond, more true, if sooth be said;
At ev'ry look her heart approv'd him,
And many a lone hour would she sit and muse
On what he'd said, as loving maidens use.

Not often does a maid so fair
As bright ASTERIA love like her:
For beauties, haught and vain, prefer,
To drive their vot'ry to despair,
They chill their hearts and wear a high disdain,
Love's silken fetters make an iron chain.

Yet none a better right could claim
Than she to play the tyrant's part;
For save some maids, by age grown tart,
Her beauty prais'd each maid and dame.
Her form was so divine that all the belles,
By aid of stays or some such bagatelles,

Strove hard to copy't. Her dark eye,
It was a gem through which the rays
Of genius sent a sparkling blaze,
That told of soul and spirit high.
It sparkled, but love made it languish too,
More witchingly than eyes of softer blue.

Her rosy cheek and auburn tress,
"Were sung in many a tuneful lay,
One smile could," bards and beaus would say,
Forever bard and lover bless:"—
She never gave their poesy much thought;
For faith, it was the dullest ever wrought.—

And now I think on't, I must say,
I never with good verses met,

Unto a lady's eyebrow, yet,
Nor on a king's or queen's birth day.
On Paulding's, Hannah More's, or Huntly's pages;
(I wonder if they rhym'd for fame or wages.)

But Heav'n forgive 'em (I cannot)
For all the dull rhymes they have penn'd;
And if again, which Heav'n forefend,
They choose to rhyme, O! let them blot,
Most lavishly, no matter where they hit;
They'll spoil no line of spirit, taste or wit.

And Rupert, too, his muse addrest,
And sung of bright Asteria's charms,
And told of love's soft, sweet alarms;
His verses were much like the rest.
Critics agreed he could not claim the prize,
But fair Asteria thought far otherwise.

She lov'd the poet; and the praise
Of favour'd lover, e'en in prose,
Is far more grateful, Heav'n knows,
To lady's ear, than others lays.
A maid, who loves the poet, is indeed
A gentle critic as a bard could need.

Thus lov'd they on, and ev'ry hour
Their bliss grew more and more Elysian;
Alas! and must the fairest vision
E'er was enjoy'd in lady's bower
Vanish so soon and by such direful blow?
But dark is fate and dark is all below.

Heav'n gave Asteria a brother,
For wisest reasons, without doubt,
Though mortals ne'er could make them out;
He lov'd not her nor any other,
But worshipful SAVILLE—that was his name,
A precious youth as e'er was known to fame.

But I'll not eulogize at random;
He was a fop of no mean grade,

He kept his horses and his jade—
Could rule a steed or drive a tandem.
He was as insolent as vain, and bore
A deadly hate to Rupert long before.

For Rupert had full often quelled
His insolence and borne him down;
Saville had learn'd to fear his frown,
Though purpose of revenge he held.
But when he saw his sister lov'd his foe,
Then did he the deepest vengeance vow.—

His vow he did not disregard;
He sought his sister, storming high,
And bade her with a threat'ning eye,
Her lover instantly discard.
Such threats a gentle maiden's fears may move,
But never did nor will subdue her love.

Asteria had no mind t'obey;
He rav'd in vain and fierce retired,
With disappointed vengeance fir'd;
But Rupert and Saville that day,
At some gay revel, in some gay retreat,
With gay and fair together chanc'd to meet.

His seat at fair Asteria's side
Rupert had ta'en, as he was wont.
Saville approach'd, and rude and blunt,
To trembling, pale, Asteria cried,
"You shall not brave me to my face thus yet,
Leave quick that place and to yon sofa get.

That villian (be it where it may
I care not) I will spurn from you."
Asteria wept, and ev'ry view
Was turn'd upon this rude affray.
Amaz'd was Rupert, and his eye flash'd bright;
But calm he rose to lead him forth from sight.

He gently took his arm to go;
But mad Saville his touch brook'd not,

All but his hate and rage forgot,
And dealt on Rupert's cheek a blow.
Then did his cheek turn pale; from such foul soil,
His blood might well indignantly recoil.

Soon it indignant rallied back,
And fiercely lighten'd Rupert's eye,
His bosom swell'd with tempest high,
A tempest boding fatal wrack,
For now such foul dishonour and disgrace,
Blood only can, by honour's code, efface.

Ah me! can nought beside atone?
No; now one blow rends every tie,
E'en kindred, friendship, prostrate lie,
At phantom Honour's tyrant throne.
That throne rais'd barbarism long ago.
Before it shall this "age of Reason" bow?

Instant commotion reign'd throughout,
Quick were gay purposes forgot,
And many a fair one mourn'd the lot
Of their quick vanish'd ball and rout.
Saville and Rupert, each with chosen friend,
Meanwhile stole out and to the field did wend.

O! fair Asteria; but now
Thou wast the bright, the fair, the lov'd;
Ah! now from all how far remov'd.
Thy brightness dimm'd with tears; the vow
Of endless love that you exchang'd so late,
How soon to perish in thy lover's fate.

They've met; they fight, thy whizzing ball,
Hath done thy vengeance, Rupert, well.
For hark! that groan is Saville's knell,
And see him reel and prostrate fall.

He dies! now speed thee, tarry not an hour,
To horse! to ship! the clouds already lour.

He sped him to a foreign barque
That left the bay that self same eve,
Soon reach'd a shore where he might grieve,
In safety, o'er the grave so dark
Of all his hopes, of all he held most dear,
There still he hoards his grief and his despair.

But if his stouter heart thus shrink,
O! what, Asteria, what must thine,
Thy tend'rest heart? O! it melts mine
Thought of that cup that thou must drink.
A brother slaughtered by a lover's stroke!
Heav'ns kindness sav'd her, else her heart had broke

Bitter, oh! bitter was her grief,
Over her perish'd brother's bier.
And soon she shed as bitter tear
Over her love. That blasted leaf
Must now be pluck'd away, no more must bud,
For Heav'ns! 'tis blasted by her brother's blood.

But ah! she cannot pluck it out.
She loves e'en now, strive as she will
She cannot hate, she must love still;
Love triumphs o'er her grief and doubt,
And rightly too; stern they who disapprove;
It is no crime to yield her heart to love.

Did Rupert love as faithfully?
His love is mingled with despair,
For oh! Asteria ne'er can bear,
Her brother's blood-stain'd slayer nigh;
Now wild and waste and des'late must he bide,
No hope of this nor wish for other bride.—

For who has loved and loved so true,
Then been of promised bliss deceived,
By fate of hope and love bereaved,
Can never, never love anew.
His heart is withered, and the chord of love
Grown sere, no more at beauty's touch may move.

Soon desp'rate grown at his lorn state
A letter of despair he wrote,
Asteria's pardon he besought,
And then in fearful hope did wait,
Her pard'ning answer: but it never came.
She read his prayer and saw his grief and shame

Her pity or her love now guides;
He cannot come there to receive
The pardon she now longs to give;
On him the ban of law abides.
Her course is fix'd; herself will pardon bear,
To him she'll fly and cheer his fell despair.

She hastes, with maid and page attended,
Hastes with fond hopes across the main,
Thank heav'n not cherished now in vain.
This very hour the maid has landed.
Now seeks the exile in his evening haunt,
Alone, for love no female terrors daunt.

She drew unnotic'd near his side,
He turn'd to see—his blood ran chill,
(Fear not that ghost that makes thee thrill,)
One word assured him 'twas his bride.
And now they've met again, no more to sever,
The altar joined them soon, in bliss, forever.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 41.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1820.


" As now the evening of his day,
Retiring smil'd its warming ray,
His heart with strong affections warm'd,
His love provok'd, his fears alarm'd—
His footsteps verging on the grave,
He to the youth his blessing gave.

*Dwight.*

THE neglect with which youth so generally treat the sage admonitions of experience, is a painful subject of reflection; and did it never spring but from a determined opposition to the dictates of wisdom, it would repress at once all exertions of the wise and prudent, to guide them in the path of virtue. Parental affection would yield to discouragement, and relaxing its efforts would quietly behold its object become a prey to the waywardness of youthful fancy: But though much is to be ascribed to a natural perversity of disposition in accounting for the adherence of youth to practices which experience designates as pernicious; yet, in most instances, it is owing, in a great measure to the want of a conviction that age is correct in its suggestions.

This is the reason why the smile of incredulity sometimes plays upon the countenance of the youth as he listens to the man of hoary head lamenting his foolish indulgences, and prognosticating the painful reflections which will inevitably ensue. For the admonitions which he receives, he may indeed feel truly grateful, and with the respect which age claims may unite a warm esteem for one who appears thus interested in his welfare. But he apprehends not that his exposure to vice is so great as may have been represented; and,

while he confides in his own resolutions as a sufficient security against its contaminating influence, thinks he may innocently indulge in some practices upon which sobriety might frown; and if he occasionally deviates from what *he* deems the rules of strict propriety, he finds his apology in the ardour of youthful feeling.

Horatio was a youth of a peculiarly amiable disposition, and the fond companion of an aged grandsire who had spent the vigour of life in a high public station, and had retired to enjoy the remainder of his days in the bosom of a dutiful and affectionate family. To cheer the good old man in the evening of life was Horatio's delightful employment; and the hours of relaxation which were not devoted to necessary exercise were spent in his society. His efforts to beguile the solitariness of age were amply repaid by the pleasure which he took in contemplating their success, and in listening to instructive observations, and personal anecdotes, embellished by that peculiar felicity of description for which even age is sometimes celebrated.

At length, however, the period arrived when it became necessary for the completion of his education, that he should seek abroad in connection with some literary institution, those advantages which could not be enjoyed at home. After much consultation on the subject between his parents and their sire, it was finally determined to place Horatio at a distinguished semimary in a remote section of the country. It was with trembling anxiety that his fond parents consented to relinquish his company, and to send him so far from home to reside among strangers. Nothing would have induced them to forego the watchful care which they had hitherto personally exercised, but their confidence in the government of an institution "where order yet was sacred," and the consequent belief that while instruction should be communicated in science and literature, that of a moral and religious nature would by no means be neglected. These considerations strengthened the pleasing anticipation of seeing him return, possessed of every requisite qualification to enable him to dis-

charge with propriety and usefulness the duties of life, and thus to become the solace of their declining years.

The necessary preparations having been made for his departure, he bade the family adieu, and was followed to the door by his aged grandsire. "My child," said the old gentleman, pressing the hand of Horatio in the withered clasp of one of his, and supporting himself by a staff with the other, while the motion of his venerable head betokened his sincerity, "Hear now what I have to say,—for it is probably the last time that I shall be permitted to address you,—I am already tottering on the brink of the grave, and ere the four years shall have elapsed, which is the limit of your absence, I must sink into its bosom. Often have I warned you against the seductive influence of evil conpany. You are now to be placed in a situation where you will be surrounded with allurements of the most enticing kind, and beset with temptation in every form. Remember my instructions,—but *God* only can preserve you, and to his protection I commit you;" and casting his eye to heaven, with a look that expressed more than words could do, and then again upon Horatio, he added with a faultering tongue, "farewell." The tears, which had moistened his eyes and contributed to their heavenly expression, now rolling over his withered cheeks, forbade the gaze of the deeply affected youth; and unable to reply, he turned hastily away, and stept into the carriage, where he gave vent to his own struggling emotion, by a more abundant effusion. A croud of sad reflections rushed upon his mind; but the presence of the father, who accompanied his son for the purpose of seeing him comfortably settled in his new situation, soon alleviated his sorrow. In him all the charms of home seemed at length to centre; and cheered by his smiles, he contemplated with pleasure the new objects, which, in the prosecution of their journy, were constantly presented to his view.

Arrived at their place of destination, Horatio was speedily admitted a member of the institution; and the proper arrangements having been made, to render his situation as agreeable as possible, the father took an affectionate leave of his son, and

set out on his return to his family. This was a gloomy season to Horatio; and emotions were awakened in his bosom to which he had before been comparatively a stranger. While his father remained, he felt as if he had a firm support; but as soon as he was gone, the eye which had lingered on the beloved object until it entirely receded from view sunk in despondency. His emotion was not one which expresses itself in tears, but is seen in a deep melancholy becoming settled on the countenance. He felt himself alone in a land of strangers, without a friend to care for his success, or to aid and comfort him by his advice and sympathy. Accustomed to lean entirely upon those, who, he was sensible, were deeply interested in his welfare, it is not surprising that in his supposed lorn condition a cloud of gloom should have overhung his prospects.

With these feelings and the reflections consequent upon them he retired to his room; and, seated in his chair, began to recall in regular succession, the various instructions which he had received for the regulation of his conduct. Impressed with a belief of their importance,—a belief, strengthened by the warm feelings of affectionate attachment then existing, and which had not yet been shaken by a free intercourse with others, ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, he formed the resolution of a scrupulous adherence to them. Sensible, however, from former experience, that general resolutions were not always remembered, but unsuspicious of the fact that *pen*, *ink* and *paper*, could not give permanence to their *observance*, in the ardour of feeling he drew up a series of resolutions, only to be a future memento of their violation.

In the course of a few days, Horatio had formed some acquaintance with those by whom he was surrounded, and his feelings became more and more reconciled to his situation. Among those with whom he was more immediately associated in his studies he found some possessed of qualities which he admired, and which recommended them to his friendship. But the greatest difficulty now was to determine what persons to select as his most intimate companions. He was

nable to perceive that broad line of distinction between the virtuous and vicious, which he had supposed would exist; and it seemed hard to rank those among the latter class who in the hey-day of youth might occasionally indulge in conduct, of which their better judgments would disapprove. Then first he began to suspect that the virtue which his revered grandparent had always recommended, was referred to too high a standard; and accordingly made some abatement in consideration of feelings incident to youth, of which age is not aware.

The admission of this principle was a precursor to obvious dereliction of duty; for it threw him off his guard against the insinuations of a certain class of students that are found in every literary institution: I mean those who possess imposing and not unfrequently some amiable qualities, but who, not particular themselves to yield a prompt obedience to the laws to which they are subject, wish to associate with them one whose character stands fair in the estimation of the persons attached to the government, and whose superior talents and regular deportment secure him a commanding influence; supposing that by the credit reflected upon themselves as his associates they shall elude suspicion, and be able more effectually to attain their ends. By persons of this description the company of Horatio was assiduously courted. Possessed of native powers of mind much above the ordinary cast, and having enjoyed the benefit of good private instructors in his father's family, he had assumed at the outset of his career a high standing as a scholar; and the punctuality with which he attended upon every collegiate exercise, corresponded with what might have been expected from the principles which had early been instilled into his mind, and the habits which he had formed. But these things, of themselves, would rather have forbidden, than invited, the solicitations of those whose habits were so different. What particularly recommended him to such, and encouraged their hopes of winning him to their society, were his frank and generous disposition, and the means of indulgence which he obviously possessed.

The father of Horatio was wealthy; and though he had

placed the funds designed for the support of his son, in th hands of a gentleman properly recommended to him, he did more with a view of relieving him from the trouble of manag ing his own pecuniary concerns, than from a desire to impos any restriction upon his expenditures. This he thought woul imply a suspicion that his son was inclined to extravagance and against such a suspicion his feelings revelled, as alike ungenerous on his own part, and dishonourable to his son. He therefore gave directions that money should be liberally dispensed whenevever Horatio might apply, "confident," he said, "that he would want no more than was necessary to enable him to maintain the character of a *gentleman*." A sad mistake; and one, into which many well meaning parents have fallen, and not discovered their error until taught it by experience in the utter disappointment of their hopes, when it became too late to repair the injury.

Parents ought to know when they place their sons at a literary institution, that any considerable allowance of money beyond what is requisite for the discharge of expenses that are *absolutely necessary*, will contribute neither to their respectability nor real happiness, but will almost inevitably prove lastingly injurious to the individuals themselves, and expose to temptation those with whom they are connected. Not unfrequently does it happen that he, who in the season of youth, was restrained from coveted indulgences for want of the necessary means, who looked with an eye of envy upon those whose finances were more liberal, and perhaps mourned in secret over the pecuniary difficulties with which he had to struggle, has afterwards reflected with gratitude upon these very circumstances as having been his only security against indulgences which would have thwarted the purposes for which he was placed in a situation to obtain an education, and unfitted him for the station which he occupies.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## *AN ELEGY.*

LOW sinks the sun beneath the western wave,
And twilight deepens in the eastern sky,
Pale is the gloom, that shades yon lonely grave
Where twin'd in death two lovely Sisters lie.

Slow wave the boughs above their clay-cold bed,
And sighing Zephyrs breathe a mournful sound,
Hush'd is each song—each beam of day is fled,
And chilly dew-drops softly fall around.

As fades the gleam of day the cypress-gloom
Weaves its dark curtain o'er the lonely grave,
Pale moon-beams sadly glisten on the tomb,
As evening mists the weeping marble lave.

There bending o'er the turf where violets shed
Their sweetest fragrance on the passing gale,
A pensive maiden droops her downcast head
And breathes in angel strains a mourner's wail.

Her cheek is white—no rose is blushing there,
The tear of grief has dimm'd her sparkling eye,
Loose o'er her shoulders falls her flowing hair,
Faint from her lips is heard the feeble sigh.

Sweet mourner!—thou hast lost thy joy—thy all,
No sister now shall meet thee with her smile,
Ne'er shalt thou run at Mary's gentle call,
No more shall Laura's voice thy heart beguile.

Cold is that lip where play'd the smile of love—
Pale is that cheek that vied the rose of May—
Quench'd is that eye once meekly rais'd above—
Hush'd is that voice—that soul is flown away.

How calm they sleep—the storm is heard no more,
This world shall never bid them weep again,
This scene of woe—this gloomy life is o'er,
Sooth'd into heav'ns own peace is every pain.

Then let thy tears, dear maid! no longer flow,
Would'st thou confine a soul that seeks the sky—
Would'st thou recall it to a world of woe,
And dim with grief that now exulting eye?

Nay, dry thy tears—for see they bend in love,
And drop the dew of pity on thy head,

Their love the tenderness that smiles above—
Their tears the chrystal drops that angels shed.

How sweetly sleep their forms in death enshrin'd,
And as they lov'd in this dark vale of woe,
So 'neath the heaving clod in death entwin'd
And lock'd in love's embrace they rest below.

They could not part—Heav'n saw with pity'ing eye
How fond they lov'd, and join'd their souls in death,
And kind'ly bade the sad survivor sigh,
Become the dying Christian's parting breath.

Slow on the breeze the bending willows wave,
That marble monument how coldly fair,
Still is that tomb and dark that lonely grave,
But meek religion smiles serenely there—

Still flow thy tears, a brother bids them flow,
He who was once so dear is now no more,
Safe he is rescued from this world of woe
And let us hope has found a happier shore.

Far—far from thee he clos'd his dying eye,
No sister's hand was there to give relief,
But still Affection o'er him breath'd her sigh,
And weeping fondness shed the tears of grief.

Friends who could calm his heart, or dry his tear,
Around his dying couch in sorrow stood,
O'er him, that form his bosom held most dear,
Low bending wept affection's purest flood;

Soft was the pillow where his parting breath,
Hung faintly trembling on his lips of snow,
Bereft of half its stings the dart of death
Deep in his bosom gave the fatal blow.

His eye is dim—his cheek has lost its glow,
Cold is his stiffen'd hand, and mute his tongue,
White as the waving drift of mountain snow,
Those lips where sounds of love and sweetness hung.

His soul—here darkness opens her gloomy veil,
But Hope, the cherub, points to worlds on high,
He may be happy—cease thy plaintive wail,
And wipe the tear of anguish from thy eye.

THEODORE.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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No. 42.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1820.


"Companions, frolicksome and gay,
Laugh jocund on the downward way—
Where smooth, and treacherous, and steep,
It slides, impending, to the deep."

*Dwight.*

*(Concluded from page 126.)*

THE truth of the sentiment expressed by Cowper, that "nothing should be treated more tenderly than the vanity of a young man," was fully illustrated in Horatio.—The consciousness that he was unrestrained in the use of money, united with the notions of *gentility* which he had imbibed, caused him to be more attentive to his personal appearance, than is consistent with the avocations of a student. The elegance of his dress, however, secured him admiration. Captivated by applause which carried with it unequivocal tokens of respect for his principles and talents, he began to favour those who could not *love* what they respected. His generosity of disposition opened his purse, and furnished them occasionally with such indulgences, as made them more loud in his praise. In these he would himself participate; and if he felt any compunctions, would quiet his conscience by the reflection that he had been taught too rigid sentiments of virtue,—that such noble-minded youth could not with propriety, be termed *vicious;* and that occasional aberrations ought to be expected at the frolicksome season of youth.

In these sentiments he soon became confirmed, and concluded that although his new associates were, perhaps, not precisely as moral and industrious as they should be, yet upon the whole, there were none who were more sincerely his

friends,—there certainly were none who *professed* so much regard for him; and as for their appearance, it was more consistent with the real *gentleman* than was that of those with whom he had before associated. He now began to dislike that staid appearance, which characterized those whose circumstances made it necessary for them to be as economical as possible, and whose sole aim was a conscientious discharge of all their duties. Persons of this description received from his new companions, the distinctive appellation of "*Blueskins*," and were represented as leagued together for the purpose of giving voluntary information against their fellow students, and accustomed to paint their characters in all the deformity of vice. Though he believed not in any such system of information, and had previously been acquainted with some thus stigmatized, of whose correct principles, and unwavering integrity, he entertained not a doubt; yet determined to avoid an epithet of derision, which he heard applied to any one whose regularity of deportment conveyed a silent but powerful reproof to the remiss and disorderly, he began to relinquish his habits of scrupulous adherence to collegiate rules. It became very difficult for him to *hear the bell* which summoned the students to morning prayers. He was frequently interrupted by *friends*, who called just at the season to prevent his attendance at recitations. "Kind headache," too, often cancelled an absence by prompting the ready answer of *unwell.*

The reader must not suppose from this difference in his habits that he would *falsify* for the sake of escaping censure. Such a foul imputation upon his *honour*, he would have spurned with honest indignation. It was only necessary that he should feel perfectly indifferent as to punctuality in attendance on collegiate exercises, and the end was easily secured without any violation of the truth. It is the pleasure which is taken in the habit of punctuality that gives acuteness to the *auditory nerves* of an exemplary student, and makes him say to sleep, and to all persons who approach him at unseasonable hours "Procul O, procul est profani." But the excuses

of Horatio deserve credit for other reasons. If convivial meetings intruded on the proper season of rest, nature would of course claim repose in the morning. As his new associates, too, loved company better than books or recitations, and had a wonderful spirit of mutual accommodation, it might be expected that they would sometimes make a *friendly* call just at the time when their presence elsewhere was required by law. Neither is it surprising that occasional excesses, especially in one to whom they were comparatively new, should have been followed by the *headache* and other "ills that flesh is heir to."

Horatio regularly maintained a correspondence with his family. His letters heretofore, had been highly gratifying to his parents. The judicious reflections which they contained, furnished to their minds abundant evidence that he was making a proper improvement of the advantages which he possessed; and the purposes which he avowed, they regarded as a pledge that such would continue to be the fact. Their aged sire, too, would listen with delight at the perusal of these letters; but was too well acquainted with human nature to be as sanguine as themselves, with respect to the ultimate result. "Poor boy!" he was accustomed to say, "I wish he could know how I tremble at his exposure to temptation, and that my feeble voice could often whisper in his ear this single caution; When the wicked entice thee consent thou not." Such a caution he had indeed often received at home, but the event proved that, abroad, where vice, under the garb of innocent enjoyment, presented her attractions, it was too easily forgotten.

His father now observed that the letters to himself were not only less frequent than formerly, but much shorter and very carelessly written; while his daughters received long epistles. These he claimed the privilege of perusing, and was pained at seeing them contain nothing but histories of "scrapes," (as they were termed,) little disturbances in which he had been concerned at college. This in his view augured unfavourably; for although he had discovered a propensity in the young gentlemen, who, from time to time, had been employed by him as private instructors in his family, to

relate such incidents by way of amusement, he always discouraged the practice, or took occasion fron it to make some remarks in disapprobation of the mischievous tricks in which the youth at public seminaries, are too apt to be engaged; that Horatio might not imbibe a sentiment so pernicious as that they were pardonable in consideration of the age of those concerned. The fears of the anxious father were strengthened by the fact, that drafts for money were coming more and more frequent. So that although he had received no direct information of the irregularity of his son, he ventured to address to him a letter upon this presumption.

That Horatio should have been wholly ummoved at such a letter, is what no one, at all acquainted with his previous history, could expect. It is incredible that the sentiment of filial piety, so deeply rooted in his bosom, could so soon have been eradicated. But though he was grieved at the circumstance, and his conscience, if he had listened to its suggestions, could have told him that there was too much reason for reproof; it was rather the diminution of his father's confidence than a conviction of his guilt, which was wounding to his feelings. He ascribed the whole to the malice of enemies, and harboured a strong resentment against certain individuals who were his *real* friends, and mourned his rapid declension; but whom he erroneously accused, because they had been free in their admonitions to him, of communicating to his father false representations of his conduct.

At the reproof which the letter contained, however, and the arguments which were used to dissuade him from vicious indulgences, though urged with all the kindness of parental affection, he determined to affect surprise, as the best way of quieting the needless apprehensions of his father. Needless *he* deemed them, because his were some of the excusable follies of youth; not because he yet, from the heart, despised all parental counsels, or had become destitute of natural affection. Accordingly in his reply he expressed his obligations for the advice he had received, and hoped to profit by it, but could not conceive, he said, what had excited the suspicions of his

beloved parent. Conscious, as he was, of having sought so to act as to meet the approbation of his friends, he felt hurt by any suggestions to the contrary. As to the increase of his expences, which had awakened the suspicion that he was inclined to become extravagant, he acknowledged that it had been more rapid of late than he could have wished, but stated that his demands had been peculiar. The embarrassments of commerce had enhanced the price of every article—Tradesmen, too, were accustomed to take advantage of the inexperience of students,—and not a little of his property had fallen into the hands of worthless fellows, who prowled about for booty. More than all, his constitution had been in a measure affected by his habits of application while he neglected exercise; and frequent riding had now become essential to the preservation of his health. This had been a heavy tax on his purse, as he was forced for his convenience to purchase and maintain a horse. Other reasons were stated which it is unnecessary here to specify. The whole he concluded with the information that he had lately been appointed a *publick speaker*.

Gratified by this last piece of intelligence, and regarding it as indubitable evidence that his son had not forfeited the reputation, which he at first sustained, either in character or scholarship, the father was inclined to admit these apologies as sufficient, and reproached himself for having been too hasty in the expression of his fears. As some reparation, he made a large remittance to Horatio, and permitted him to assume the entire management of his affairs; a favour which had been earnestly solicited on the ground that, as it was customary for his fellow students who were similarly situated to have this privilege after a temporary residence, to be denied it would affect him with dishonour.

No sooner were his finances at his own disposal, than he forgot his late professions, and launched out at once into every species of extravagance. The sober and discreet relinquished all hopes of seeing him again allured into the path of virtue; and even his gay and thoughtless companions shrunk

from occasional exhibitions of his riotous indulgence, little dreaming that it was their influence primarily, which had effected this transformation in his character. Like the scholar of Plato, who forsook philosophy for the enjoyments of the circus, and exchanged the only ambition worthy of an immortal mind, for that of becoming a *charioteer*, he might daily be seen at the hours which should have been appropriated to study, *dashing* through the streets in the stile of a nobleman, and with the skill of a *cockney*, an object alike of alarm and contempt to the more humble, but considerate pedestrian:

> "Yet as he pass'd the gazing throng,
> With graceful ease, and *smack'd the thong*,
> The idiot wonder they express'd
> Was praise and transport to his breast."

As the plea of ill-health could not now cover his neglect of collegiate exercises, and as no admonition nor expostulations could produce a reformation, it became obvious to the proper authority, that he could no longer be continued a member of the institution, consistently with its honour or its interest, but that he was only injuring himself, and by his example exerting a pernicious influence upon the minds of such giddy youth as are usually captivated by the glare of those pleasures in which he so profusely indulged. A letter was accordingly written to his father expressive of this opinion, and containing a request that Horatio might be immediately recalled, as the only mode by which a public excision could be avoided.

The effect of this letter upon the mind of the father, can be more easily imagined than described. It was the death-blow to hopes which he had fondly cherished, and upon which he had rested his expectations of enjoyment, when the loss of bodily activity should tell him of the approach of age, and it should become necessary for him to devolve his cares upon his son, and to rely upon him for support and comfort. The rest of the family shared in his disappointment. From the good old man whose instructions had contributed so much to form the early character of Horatio, and who had watched his progress with deep anxiety, the intelligence was carefully concealed,

est it should hasten the event, at which they were soon called renewedly to mourn. The "grasshopper" had become to him a "burden," and it was obvious that he was now going to "his long home." As he sunk quietly into the sleep of death, the name of Horatio quivered on his lips while he attempted to pronounce his last blessing on the object of his anxious love. Ah! little did he know the two-fold anguish which rent the bosoms of the fond parents, who were watching at his side, when they heard this word, the last that was uttered by their venerated sire. Ere the return of Horatio, the last sad offices of affection and respect had been performed, and his body committed to the silent tomb.

It would be interesting to trace the future progress of Horatio, but our narrative has already been protracted so far that we must draw it to a close. Suffice it to say, therefore, that by his extravagance and dissipation, the estate, which fell into his hands at the death of his father, (an event which happened within a few years after his return,) not being redeemed, was at length sold on a foreclosed mortgage, and its price but just covering the debt, he was deprived entirely of an inheritance which had continued in the family for several generations. The principal part of the money appropriated to the maintenance of his mother, and of the portions of his sisters he had already squandered. Unable to retrieve his fortune at home, and the very sight of those around him, conveying to him a reproach which he was unable to endure, he fled to a foreign clime, where he died the wretched victim of his inordinate and vicious indulgences.

ADMONITOR.

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*Messrs. Editors,*

THE following lines were written in a Southern State. But though local in their application, perhaps they may not be unin-

teresting to readers of the Microscope. They are, therefore, placed at your disposal.

CAROLINIENSIS.

## *THE MOCKING BIRD.*

WHEN Spring, in verdant robe, and crown'd with flowers,
Opes all her beauties to the rising sun,
And the delighted tenants of the wood,
Innumerable, tune their liveliest songs,
Thou lead'st the choir,—thy voice itself a choir
Of quivering melody and rapid sound.
Perch'd on some thick casenas' topmost spire,
Or locust, cluster'd o'er with barren white,
Close by my window, oft thy cheerful notes,
Waking, I hear salute the earliest dawn.
Or as the lengthened avenue I tread,
(My morning walk,) along the winding fence,
'Tangled with honeysuckles' mazy vine,
And with the golden jessamine perfum'd,
Thy music, emulous of songsters round,
Thou pour'st, too proud to yield. With strictest watch
Through the whole day, thou guard'st thy fav'rite haunt
From birds intruding. Ever and anon
Gliding from bush to bush, amid thy flight,
Thou warblest blithe: not of the timid race
Who shun the sight of man, thou choosest oft,
Near his abode, the garden, hedge, or grove.
But more I love thine artless midnight strain,—
Of European Philomela's lay
Rival, when sweetly prodigal of song,
Lonely thou sitt'st, and to the changing moon
Thy no less various solo far resounds,
And gives wild echo, music-loving maid,
A feast exquisite in her deep retreat.—
Me, no less fond, still may thy voice delight
At early dawn, just wak'd, or on the walk;—
Still may it sooth bright noon's relaxing heat,
And cheer the solitary moonlight scene.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 43.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1820.

A man that is of judgment and understanding shall sometimes hear ignorant men differ, and know well within himself, that those which so differ mean one thing, and yet they themselves would never agree.

*Sir Francis Bacon.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

A FEW evenings since, on retiring to my chamber, after reflecting upon the comparative numbers, character, and influence of the different denominations of Christians, I had a singular Vision. As most people more than suspect that there is something in dreams, and that useful purposes are oftentimes answered by them; you have liberty to make what use you choose of the one I now send you.

I seemed to be standing on the summit of a lofty eminence. Before me was a vast Plain which extended to a great distance, and was in one direction apparently without termination. This Plain, commencing near the base of the eminence, was intersected by a great number of circuitous Paths—all uniting in the point where the Plain faded away in the horizon, and each thronged by vast multitudes striving to advance in their onward course. I remained for a moment gazing with astonishment and wonder, unable to ascertain who they were and what their object; when suddenly a being of angelic appearance was seen far distant in the air rapidly winging his way to the place where I stood. In an instant he was at my side and thus addressed me:

"Son of man! your curiosity is, I perceive, strongly excited by the scene that lies before you, and it is to unravel this mystery that I have directed my course hither. The dark and gloomy spot beneath your feet and just at the base

of the mountain is called the REGION OF UNCERTAINTY, and is, as you see, occupied by a promiscuous crowd: they have just begun to exercise their moral powers. The object of all is to arrive at the MANSION OF BLESSEDNESS on the opposite side of the plain, far beyond mortal ken. The Proprietor of this glorious place has kindly given them a BOOK OF DIRECTIONS, which clearly points out the strait and narrow way thither, and reveals to them the means of surmounting the various obstacles that may obstruct their progress."

"But if this Book of Direction, points out one way," said I, "how does it happen that the vast multitudes remotely visible, seem to be pursuing different courses?"

"The passions and prejudices—the guilt and the ignorance of men," replied he, "have led them to misinterpret this Volume. In compassion to their frailty, the Wise Bestower of it has graciously permitted them to walk in these numerous, different PATHS—all however, leading, some more and some less directly, to the same issue, provided they comply with the most important of the directions contained in the Volume.—Let us descend," continued he, "and take a nearer and separate view of each, that we may ascertain the principles which actuate them in their course."

We first examined those proceeding in one of the outermost Paths. I was surprised to find that they were compelled in the onset to relinquish the Book of Directions, and for a knowledge of its contents were obliged to rely implicitly upon the declarations of persons in long black robes, professing to be their only GUIDES. As most of those walking in this Path were originally forced into it; so they were deterred from leaving it, by constant threats of tortures and death. Suddenly a splendid edifice arose before us with terrific grandeur. Built of the firmest granite, it seemed designed to mock the ravages of time; but dilapidated arches and prostrate columns gave evidence that it was already hastening to decay. The choicest efforts of the Sculptor had been employed to ornament the exterior of this superb building; and within, it was decorated by the Painter's skill with all that is happy in

design and masterly in execution. The high-arched dome was supported by immense pillars, the bases of which were, in some places, crumbling to dust; the numerous pictures of saints and angels were much faded, and the thousand altars were falling into ruin. On a magnificent throne sat one arrayed in robes of scarlet embroidered with gold, and on his head a crown of brilliant gems glowed with the most dazzling lustre. He swayed a blood-stained sceptre, and when he spoke, his deep sepulchral voice seemed to shake the dome to its centre, and to pierce every heart with terror and dismay. All who approached him fell prostrate at his feet, and saluted him with a reverence bordering on devotion. I observed in various parts of the temple, processions were moving in different directions—some bearing pictures of departed saints, bits of holy wood, and decayed remnants of the human frame—others burning incense before suspended images. Among the processions I percieved one of a most striking appearance—consisting of Guides in their sombre robes, followed by numbers clad in garments of flame, on which were painted their own likenesses surrounded with grinning imps.—Anxious to learn the result of all this parade, I followed my conductor out of the temple to a spot not far distant, where a fierce enkindled fire rolled into the air its volumes of smoke and cast its murky glare upon surrounding thousands—I saw the unhappy victims, whose strange attire had excited my surprise, reluctantly brought forward—I heard their shrieks, and their cries for mercy; but their relentless persecutors hurried them into the fiery vortex, and they were speedily devoured by the raging element. I turned my eyes from the horrid spectacle and exclaimed, "Can this Path lead to the Mansion of Blessedness?"—"Yes, even in this Path," replied my conductor, "there is here and there one who has imbibed the spirit and exhibited the conduct enjoined in the Book of Directions; for in it, the humble Paschal and the lovely Fenelon walked."

We suddenly turned from this into an adjoining Path. Here every individual had his Book of Directions together with a

MANUAL, furnished by the Guides, to assist him in his progress; unfortunately however, some few of them estimate too highly the authority of the latter, for they might be seen, when any difficulty arose, to refer to it, in preference to consulting the more sure standard. I perceived, from the dress of the Guides, that they were distinguished into three different classes; their attire was not indeed so splendid and gorgeous, as that of the Guides whom we saw in the Path we first visited, still there was considerable similitude in the general appearance of their garments. Those walking in this Path placed great stress upon the Usage of such as had gone before them, and in some instances, carried this idea so far, as to give others occasion to suspect that they deemed their predecessors almost infallible.—At short intervals I observed spacious edifices, which my conductor informed me were called WAYHOUSES, where the Guides frequently assembled those under their care, to explain to them the Book of Directions, to point out the difficulties yet to be encountered, and to animate them in their course, by glowing descriptions of the Mansion to which they were journeying. These edifices, though ancient and venerable, shewed no appearance of decay. Upon the pillars, which supported the interior of one of them, many names were inscribed in legible characters, among which those of Hooker, Berkley, Butler, Horsley and Paley were conspicuous. I was struck with the devout and interesting appearance of the assembly; in the hand of each was his Manual, out of which the Guide read loud, and from all solemn responses ascended with one accord and as if with one voice. In short, here was every thing calculated to engage the attention, and to elevate devotion.

After entering the next Path, I soon perceived that the external appearance of those now before me, was very different from that of the persons, whom I last viewed; a great degree of simplicity characterized all that met the eye. The Guides were attired in plain suits of black, and in other respects differed little from those around them. Their Wayhouses were snug, comfortable buildings, clearly designed

rather to accommodate, than to inspire us with awe. The lofty spires pointing to the skies shewed however, that they were not altogether regardless of ornament. It surprised me to find that some of the travellers I was now viewing, estimated the correctness of their course, more by the degree in which they differed from those walking in the last Path we had visited, than from its accordance with the Book of Directions. Many however, evidenced that their greatest anxiety was to regulate their conduct entirely by this invaluable Volume. Their appearance was grave and thoughtful—their demeanour mild and unobtrusive, and they seemed desirous to assist each other in their course. As we approached one of the Way-houses, we heard a voice like that of one much engaged in discussing an interesting point. On entering the building I perceived that the Guide spoke with uncommon vehemence and seemed very desirous to convince his hearers of the importance of his subject; but great was my astonishment to find myself wholly unable to understand what he said—I thought I heard something about *the last volition* and *ideas and exercises,* but was not certain. "This stuff," said my conductor, "is called *metaphysics:* do not be surprised at *your* not understanding the man, for he does not understand himself. Be assured that *but few* Guides, in this Path, imitate him: most of them discuss more edifying and profitable subjects, and feed their flocks with more healthy and substantial food; for they follow in the steps of Flavel, and Baxter, and Doddridge, and Witherspoon, and Dwight."

From this Path, as from most of the others, several smaller Paths branched off.—The next principal one was distinguished by a large sheet of water, which lay at its entrance: through this all were obliged to pass before they could proceed in their course. In other respects I could not see that the travellers here differed at all from those we had just left. Still they were so strenuous as to the mode of starting, that they seemed determined to keep entirely by themselves, and I heard some of them express doubts whether any would reach the Mansion of Blessedness who had not thus commenced their

career. "We know," said one of them, "that we correctly interpret the Book of Directions; so thought Fuller, and so think Marshman, Carey, Foster, and Hall."

On turning our eyes, we saw at a great distance an immense multitude assembled under a grove of lofty oaks. All at once loud shouts and lively strains of music greeted my ear.—When we reached the spot we found that this vast assemblage was separated into a thousand little clusters, variously engaged—some narrating the difficulties of the way which they had already encountered—some expatiating upon the extraordinary supports they had met with, and pourtraying the visions they had seen—and some, apparently lifeless, lay extended at full length upon the verdant earth, while their companions encircled them, rending the air with loud acclamations of joy. Sincerity was discernible in most of their conduct. I could not refrain from inquiring of my conductor, whether those we now saw followed the same Book of Directions with such as we had before visited. "Certainly," he replied, "and they make great use of it; the difficulty is that they suffer their feelings to get the upper hand of their understandings. Of their number are some of the most devoted friends of the Lord of the Mansion of Blessedness. Among those who have walked in this Path, are the two Wesleys and Clarke."

At an immense remove from the place where we now were, was another Path, in which were a considerable number of travellers, all clad in garments of the same sober colour and form, to appearance feeling very comfortable themselves and sincerely endeavouring to spread comfort around them. As for Guides they had none, and said they wished none, each professing to be able to find his own way.—Curiosity led me into one of their Wayhouses. It was a low plain-looking building, and entirely destitute of ornament, and intended only for a convenient resting-place, as the style in which it was fitted up clearly indicated. I waited for a considerable time in constant expectation that something would be done; but all in vain—no Book of Directions—no Guide—and not a word said by any one—all profound silence—every eye fixed,

with the exception of now and then a side-long glance. At length, tired out by the monotony of the scene, we departed with pleasure.

Far away, we descried a bleak and barren waste, across which numbers were strolling in different directions, seeming to have no end in view, and evidently regardless of the Mansion of Blessedness, and of the Paths that led thither. "That," said my conductor, "is the Region of Unbelief, and those unhappy, self-deceived beings will ere long awake in the Prison of Despair, where there is no delusion, and from which there is no escape."

"But will all those," said I, "whom we have seen travelling in the various Paths that conduct to the Mansion of Blessedness, arrive at the place of their destination?"

"By no means," rejoined the stranger. "Although each thinks the path, in which he is, the best and most direct, and is inclined to suppose himself entirely safe, if only numbered among those that walk therein; there are many who will never reach this happy abode. The loins must ever be girded, the shoes constantly on the feet, the staff always in the hand, and the onward step never be intermitted in him, who would not fall short of the great prize. Some are seduced from their course by the temptations which Pleasure holds forth; some are ruined by the love of Gold, and some are diverted from their object by the splendid gewgaws that Ambition exhibits to the view; others, being blinded by Prejudice, themselves heedlessly blast their prospects; and others fall a willing prey to raging Passion. But remember that though failures are frequent and success is difficult to be attained, yet to him who resolutely sets his face forward and looks neither to the right hand nor to the left—in whichsoever Path he walk—all needful assistance is kindly pledged and will surely be given by the great Lord of the Mansion."

At this instant a bright halo of glory encompassed my unknown conductor—he extended his golden wings, and, rapidly gliding upwards through etherial regions, soon faded from my

view. I awoke in astonishment, and found that all I had seen was but "the baseless fabric of a Vision."

Your friend

ALCANDER.

*Messrs. Editors,*

THE following ingenious Latin distich is said to have been written *impromptu*, upon seeing together a beautiful little boy and girl, brother and sister, each of whom had lost an eye. It may have been before the public, but I have never seen it, or known of its being in print: The translation of it into English, which has been attempted by the person who makes this communication, certainly has not, and is now proffered for a place in your paper:

"Parva puer! humen quod habes concede sorori,
Sic tu, cœcus amor, sic illa erit, illa Venus."

TRANSLATION.

Ah, gentle boy! that bright remaining eye
Thy sister's vacant socket should supply;
Blind, then, a beauteous *Cupid* thou; and she,
Thus blest with sight, a *Venus* fair should be.

MENELAUS.

BEAUTY'S a tender, fragile flower,
Displaying but a transient bloom;
Which when 't has liv'd its little hour,
Snapt by death, within the tomb
Encompass'd by its kindred clay,
Yields up its fragrance in death's arms.
Such are the beauties that decay:
The mind's rich beauty has her charms,
Whose germs are only seen on earth,
Disrob'd by death, this op'ning rose
Dates, in heav'n, its beauty's birth,
Which etherial suns disclose.

ALBERT.

*Toby's* favour is before us, but we must decline inserting it, although it is a very good piece of the kind. We are free to say, that we have no great relish for Anagrams, Acrostics, Enigmas, Rebuses, Puns, and all such ingenious little conceits. The very best of them are poor things enough.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 44.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1820.

> " OH, for a world in principle as chaste
> As this is gross and selfish! over which
> Custom and Prejudice shall bear no sway,
> That govern all things here."
>
> *Cowper.*

THE communication of ALCANDER, in our last number, opens the way for a remark or two on the duty and expediency of friendly intercourse between those of the different Sects, who call themselves Christian. We are not about to say, that all denominations are in our view equally correct, nor would we intimate that any important practical truth is obscurely revealed in the Scriptures, nor that those who neglect such truths are guilty of only a venial offence; but we do say that it is incumbent upon *all*, who *agree in essentials* to cultivate amicable feelings, and uniformly to give unequivocal evidence of the existence of such feelings. There is every reason why they *should* exist. All such persons, of whatever name, are disciples of the same Master—temples of the same Divine Spirit—patients of the same great Physician of souls—joint-heirs of the same heavenly inheritance—and, emphatically, members of the same family, for they are all of the household of faith; and are they not solemnly bound to exhibit, on every occasion, fraternal affection and kindness? Soon too, the various names and distinctions, that now separate them, shall be swallowed up, and the title of *Christian* shall be all in all.

These considerations should be deeply engraven upon the minds of persons of every denomination, although differing in points of minor importance. They should be especially recollected, (and to their shame,) when they refuse to unite in

celebrating the matchless love of their ascended Lord. Should the children of a family refuse to participate with each other in a festival instituted by the departed head of their little circle, in commemoration of some exploit of his, which had redounded greatly to their benefit; and should they assign, as the reason of this refusal, their difference of opinion concerning the meaning of certain obscure and contested clauses in the Will of the deceased; how absurd—how unreasonable would such conduct be—how repugnant to the spirit of the Sacred Volume! Now in what respect does this differ from the practice of many on the subject of Christian communion? What an unhappy effect has the exhibition of such a spirit upon those without the church! The world, though abundant in compassion to its own children, scrutinizes with a minute exactness, and examines with an eagle-eye the conduct of those who profess to follow another master. Let it be seen, then, from the most solemn ordinance of our religion, that all who are justly named Christian denominations, can lay aside their armour, forget their animosities, and give decisive manifestations of sincere and mutual regard.

What would be the Heathen's opinion of Christianity, should he be a spectator of the bitter sectarian disputes sometimes existing between those who would be denominated *brethren?* How could you persuade him of the importance of becoming a convert to a Religion, having (as he would suppose) such a tendency? Practical piety speaks a language, which scepticism itself cannot resist; while no professions can compensate for the want of it. "Behold, how these Christians love each other!" was a confession extorted from the lips of ancient infidelity; how forcibly must the conduct which drew it forth have evinced the excellent tendency of our Religion!—Oh! that the language might again be heard—"Behold, how these Christians love each other!"

## *AN ODE TO MUSICK.*

I.

DESCEND, and with thy breath inspire my soul;
Descend, and o'er my lyre
Diffuse thy living fire;
Oh! bid its chords a strain of grandeur roll:
Touch'd by thy hand their trembling accents ring,
Borne on thy sounding pinions through the sky
To heav'n, the notes in burning ardour spring,
And as the tones in soften'd whispers die,
Love seems to flutter 'round on his Aurora-wing.

II.

Oh! Muse, who erst in Tempe's flow'ry vale
Wert wont to tune thy harp and breathe thy soul,
And o'er Peneus pour thy dying wail;
Who, when loud roaring thunders rock'd the pole,
Burst from the dell and 'mid the growling storm
Involv'd in lurid gloom thy shining form,
And while the tempest o'er Olympus frown'd
And light'nings glitter'd round the throne of Jove,
Thy lyre, with hurried notes and awful sound,
Seem'd like the voice that rung through dark Dodona's grove.

III.

Reclin'd amid the woods that wav'd around
Castalia's crystal fount and murmuring stream,
While ever-blooming flow'rets deck'd the ground,
And brighten'd in the summer's soften'd beam,
Thy virgins nine with lyres of burnish'd gold,
Around thy Sylvan throne their descant roll'd,
And through the mountain glen—the pensive shade,
A mellow echo would the strain prolong,
And as around the hollow cliffs it play'd,
A thousand heavenly harps seem'd answering to the song.

IV.

Urania, o'er her star-bespangled lyre,

With touch of majesty diffus'd her soul;
A thousand tones, that in the breast inspire
Exalted feelings, o'er the wires 'gan roll—
The song of night that cloth'd the infant world,
In strains as solemn as its dark profound—
How at the call of Jove the mist unfurl'd,
And o'er the swelling vault—the glowing sky,
The new-born stars hung out their lamps on high,
And roll'd their mighty orbs to musick's sweetest sound.

V.

Majestick Clio touch'd her silver wire,
And through time's lengthen'd vista mov'd a train,
In dignity sublime—the patriot's fire
Kindled its touch in heav'ns resplendant ray,
And 'mid contention rose to heav'n again.
In brightness glowing like the orb of day,
The warrior drove his chariot o'er the slain,
And dy'd its wheels in gore;—the battle's yell—
The dying groan, the shout of victory—
Now like the tempest-gust in horror swell,
Now like the sighing breeze in silence melt away.

VI.

But when Erato brush'd her flow'ry lute,
What strains of sweetness whisper'd in the wind,
Soft as at evening when the shepherd's flute
To tones of melting love alone resign'd,
Breathes through the windings of the silent vale;
Complaining accents tremble on the gale,
Or notes of extacy serenely roll.
So when the smiling muse of Cupid sung,
Her melody sigh'd out the sorrowing soul,
Or o'er her silken chords sweet notes of gladness rung.

VII.

* But oh Melpomene! thy lyre of woe—

* This stanza was published as a fragment, in No. 10: We had not, at that time, permission to print the whole ode.

To what a mournful pitch its keys were strung,
And when thou bad'st its tones of sorrow flow,
Each weeping muse, enamour'd, o'er thee hung:
How sweet—how heav'nly sweet, when faintly rose
The song of grief, and at its dying close
The soul seem'd melting in the trembling breast—
The eye in dews of pity flow'd away,
And ev'ry heart, by sorrow's load oppress,
To infant softness sunk, as breath'd thy mournful lay.

VIII.

But when thy harp, oh Calliope, rang—
In Epic grandeur rose the lofty strain,
The clash of arms, the trumpet's awful clang
Mix'd with the roar of conflict on the plain;
The ardent warrior bade his coursers wheel,
Trampling in dust the feeble and the brave,
Destruction flash'd upon his glittering steel,
While 'round his brow encrimson'd laurels wav'd,
And o'er him shrilly shriek'd the demon of the grave.

IX.

Euterpe glanc'd her fingers o'er her lute,
And lightly wak'd it to a cheerful strain,
Then laid it by, and took the mellow flute,
Whose softly flowing warble fill'd the plain:
It was a lay that rous'd the drooping soul,
And bade the tear of sorrow cease to flow;
From shady woods the Nymphs enchanted stole,
While laughing cupids bent the silver bow,
Fluttering like fays that flit in Luna's soften'd glow.

X.

The rage of Pindar fill'd the sounding air,
As Polyhymnia tried her skill divine;
The shaggy lion rous'd him from his lair,
And bade his blood-stain'd eyes in fury shine;
The famish'd eagle pois'd his waving wings,

Whetting his thirsty beak—while murder rose,
With hand that grasps a dirk, with eye that glows
In gloomy madness o'er the throne of kings,
And, as she bade her tones of horror swell,
The demon shook his steel with wild exulting yell.

XI.

How light the strain when deck'd in vernal bloom
Gay Thalia tun'd her lyre of melody,
And when Terpsichore, with iris-plume,
Bade o'er her lute her rosy fingers fly,
'Twas pleasure all—the fawns in mingled choirs,
Glanc'd on the willing nymphs their wanton fires,
Joy shook his glittering pinions as he flew;
The shout of rapture and the song of bliss,
The sportive titter and the melting kiss,
All blended with the smile, that shone like early dew.

XII.

Their musick ceas'd, and rising from thy throne
Thou took'st thy harp that on the laurel hung,
And bending o'er its chords to try their tone,
A faintly trembling murmur o'er them rung:
At each sweet sound that broke upon the ear,
Started the list'ning throng and gaz'd and smil'd;
The satyr leaning on his ivy spear,
Peep'd forth delighted from the flow'ry wild,
And, while thou tun'dst the keys, the raptur'd soul
Hung o'er the flying tones that on the zephyrs stole.

XIII.

This prelude o'er, a solemn strain arose,
As stray'd thy fingers slowly o'er the wire;
How grand the diapason and its close,
As when to heav'n the organ notes aspire,
And through the gloomy aisle, the lofty nave,
Swell like the anthem pealing o'er the grave—
Low muttering thunders seem'd to roar around,

And rising whirlwinds whisper'd in the ear,
The warrior started at the solemn sound,
Half drew his sword and slowly shook his spear,
The tiger couch'd, and gaz'd with burning eye,
In horror growl'd, and lash'd his waving tail,
The serpent rustled like the dying gale,
And bade his tongue in purple ardour fly,
Quivering like lurid flames beneath the midnight sky.

XIV.

The fury of the storm is howling by,
The whirlwinds rush, the bursting thunders roll,
Grim horror settles o'er the low'ring sky,
And ruin flashes in the shuddering soul.
So burst with sudden swell thy awful strain,
And every blast of war was on the gale ;
The mad'ning warriors mingled on the plain,
Loud rose the yell, and rang the clanging mail,
The victor's dripping chariot crush'd the slain ;
The raging tiger with a horrid roar
Sprang on his prey, and dy'd his claws in gore ;
Rising on spires that shone with every hue—
Bright crimson, burnish'd gold, and livid blue,
The serpent hissing in his burning ire,
Glanc'd on his flying foe, and fix'd his tooth of fire.

XV.

Struck by thy bounding quill, a mellow lay
Rang o'er the harp and softly died away ;
As pour'd the descant in the warrior's ear,
The roar of conflict ceas'd along the plain,
The foes exulting trampled on the slain,
And shook in mingled dance the glimmering spear ;
In listless ease reclin'd, the tiger lay,
And fondly sported with his bleeding prey ;
At times the serpent wav'd his quiv'ring tail,
Then coil'd his folds and all to peace resign'd,

Listen'd the strain that sported in the wind,
And hiss'd his pleasure, shrill as sounds the infant's wail.

XVI.

At last a murmur trembled on the lyre,
Soft as the dirge that echoes o'er the bier,
Robb'd of his spirit bold, his daring fire—
The vanquish'd warrior dropp'd a tender tear,
Leant on his bloody sword and breath'd a sigh ;
And as the tiger spread his claws of gold,
Fawn'd round thy form and purr'd his extacy—
His emerald eyes in languid softness roll'd ;
The serpent falling gently from his spire,
Glided with easy sweep along the plain,
In graceful windings wanton'd round thy lyre,
And kiss'd the trembling chord that breath'd the soothing [strain.

C. E.

*TO MISS J—— W———.*

I.

Maiden ! an humble boon I crave
For one who long has been thy slave,
But who has ever su'd in vain,
Meeting nought but cold disdain.

II.

Blue-ey'd maiden ! loveliest, fairest !
Give the *cornelian heart* thou wearest ;
Cold and stony though it be,
'Tis kinder than thine own to me.

CURIO.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 45.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1820.

——— Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture.——— *Cowper.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

IN the tenth number of your paper, I gave you some extracts from a letter of a friend of mine, now travelling in Europe, respecting a society formed among certain intelligent females, for criticism on preaching. I then promised to furnish you with a further account of the subject at some future time. You will excuse me for my apparent remissness when I allege that necessary avocations have caused it.

In my former communication I refrained from giving you the constitution of the society; and only extracted a little from the preamble. It is sufficient to say that the constitution is such as to accomplish the object in view. It allows no chairman, and insists upon no particular order of debate, any farther than that *generally* one should speak at a time. The President, whom I formerly mentioned, is not so called because she presides; but only because that is a convenient name by which to designate her who decides on the character of the sermon, and the talents of the preacher. The society convene on Monday evening, that they may have the sermons of the preceding day fully in their mind. The following are the minutes, copied from the secretary's book, of a meeting held a little before my friend wrote his letter:—

"At a meeting of the Critical Society held at ———, March 13, 1820, the sermons delivered by the Rev. Mr. ——— on the preceding day, were reviewed. After considerable de-

bate it was decided, that the morning sermon was incorrectly written, and miserably pronounced. The faults specified were, that the style was unclassical, words being used which the practice of the best authors does not sanction; that the periods wanted rotundity, frequently ending with little unimportant words, such as of, with, &c.; and that the sentiments were common-place. Who did not know, for instance, that all men must die? and that death might come suddenly upon any man?"

"There was observed also, a great want of ease. The preacher knew not what to do with his hands. These great defects, it was said, were calculated to have a bad influence on the young and unformed mind. If the preacher were clumsy in his addresses, the hearers would become clumsy in their mode of thinking and in their taste."

Thus far I have extracted from the minutes of the society. I will now give you an extract from my friend's letter, describing the manner of debate. When the criticism on the first sermon passed, he was not present, and rather than give what he heard from others, he copied the authentic document above mentioned.

He proceeds: "I sat perfectly quiet while they went on to dissect the sermon of the afternoon in the following manner:

"Miss A. observed that she was better pleased with this than with the one in the morning. The preacher had evidently taken more pains with it. There was a very ingenious account of regeneration. He did not walk in the old beaten path of its *necessity*, but remarked on its *beauty*, and shewed how becoming it is in such creatures as we. We can read in our bible the *necessity* of regeneration, but its *beauty* and *congruity* was a subject quite new.

"To this Miss B. replied, that she coincided in general with the one who had just spoken, but she could not help observing some egregious faults. When the speaker became somewhat earnest, he extended both hands, as if to invite his hearers to listen—whereas he ought to have hung them down gracefully at his side, and to have indicated his earnestness by

the inflections of his voice. It was exceedingly unfortunate too that in another part of his discourse, where he raised his hand, it slightly trembled. This was undoubtedly affectation.

"I had no patience at all with him, said Miss C.; for he was altogether affected throughout. He gave such a variety of tones to his voice, so obviously for the purpose of making an impression, that the whole was lost upon me. There was occasionally a tremulousness in his voice too, which could not have been natural.

"Miss D. next offered her opinion. I am astonished that any one should find fault with variety of tones. It is the very life of speaking. We have it in conversation; and why should it not be introduced into the pulpit? One thing, however, I observed with regret. The speaker had too much motion. He frequently changed his position, and seemed rather theatrical.

"I was sorry, said another, to hear his application. After a subject is well discussed, it is best, I think, to leave the application to every one's own conscience.

"Miss E. did not agree with her. She thought that there was often much beauty of composition in the application of a sermon. Those powerful metaphors which sometimes electrify one, are never better placed than here. She often felt a glow, while listening to a good application, like that in reading some of the touching scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Miss F. disliked the whole, the sermon and its delivery; but her next neighbour admired the whole, and neither of them could assign any reason for her decision.

"Miss G. thought he was too solemn; she was willing to hear solemn addresses, if they were of a particular kind. For instance, solemnity may be such as to strike one with the ideas of sublimity and beauty. It may elevate the soul to a high pitch of contemplation. She observed also, a great want of harmony in his voice, and of gracefulness in his gestures. There was a great deficiency in figures too. The sermon had very little in it but plain, strait-forward writing, which was exceedingly irksome to her.

" Miss H. observed that the third inference in the sermon did not arise from what had gone before. She thought that the preacher was peculiarly happy in saying that he should *draw* that inference; for she was sure it would not *follow*. In the delivery, she was sorry to see his animation so unequal; in some parts a good degree of it; but in other parts quite dull.

" Miss K. was of opinion that his animation was well managed; that he was animated just where he should be. Had he been equally animated throughout, he might as well, as far as the effect is concerned, have been dull throughout. The great secret of good speaking, in this respect, is, to be animated in the proper place. When a man has all animation, it is like a printed discourse having all italics; the force of particular parts above the rest is lost.

" Miss L. was called upon for remarks, but as she happened to be one of that *small number* who do not think for themselves, she declined; for she really knew not what to say. She durst not advance a new opinion, lest it should be contradicted, and she could not make a choice of those which had been expressed.

" The next lady that spoke, was very much displeased that none of that sentimental refinement which she admired in some of her favourite novels, had found its way into this sermon. There was none of that bewitching tenderness, which sooths and delights the soul, and holds it in willing subjection. She was much surprised, moreover, at the rudeness of the preacher, in introducing such harsh and impolite words as *hell*, *damned*, and a multitude of others equally exceptionable. The refined ear could not bear such grating sounds; and therefore some more fashionable words ought to be substituted in their place.

" This speech," adds my friend, " agreed so well with the delicate sensibilities of the other ladies, that they all wondered they had not thought of such a criticism themselves. Every eye looked approbation, and every head, as it were, notwithstanding a little envy which began to steal into some hearts, involuntarily nodded assent."

My correspondent observes, that he expected remarks would fall from some one relative to the *plan* of the discourse under consideration, or its *doctrine ;* but these appeared to be quite of secondary importance. Either they took it for granted that the doctrine was correct, or they cared very little about it ; and an investigation of the *plan* would require too much thinking. The *style* and *manner* of the clergyman before them, were easily tangible, and therefore, were all that they chose to notice. On turning to their Constitution, he found they had acted consistently with their principles.

"After many other equally important and interesting remarks, the President took the chair for the purpose of giving a decision. She began by reviewing the various opinions that had been advanced, and pronouncing which were correct and which were not. It appears, said she, as she was recapitulating the debate, that some are pleased with novelty. Such a taste is highly to be commended. Novelty in a sermon is undoubtedly a first rate excellence. As the gospel has been preached nearly two thousand years, there is much need of something new. We want something which cannot be found in books, and, if possible, not even in the bible. She however condemned the discourse under review, because it lacked many things which she deemed of primary importance ; and then drew a parallel between that and the one which they had heard the sabbath preceding, from another man. It seems that this latter was one of your pretty, flowing, sentimental, romantic, elegant sermons, without any point to disturb the conscience, but highly entertaining. This she very greatly extolled. How could any one sit without rapture while hearing such a discourse ? And then, the delivery was so genteel ! She could have sat all day and heard it with pleasure.

"She concluded the whole by pronouncing that the gentleman who had last preached was evidently a man of very ordinary talents, calculated perhaps to instruct ignorant people, but as to the members of th[illegible]ciety—far from it—far from it."

Of the *Effect* [illegible] pr[illegible] on the tone of morals in its [illegible]er [illegible]tes :—

"The members of this society are generally quite indifferent what doctrines are preached, provided they are written and delivered in a fine style. This indifference they have very happily acquired by long accustoming themselves to the criticisms of their sisterhood. They are never impressed by solemn considerations which any man may adduce, because they are not usually accompanied by fine figures and elegant exhibitions of rhetoric. They are therefore very much at leisure, when they are at church, to spy out how far the preacher deviates from the style of Walter Scott, or the fine imagination of Lord Byron, or the smooth flowing sentences of Alison. As they have made themselves tolerably well acquainted with Blair's Lectures, they can usually tell when they hear *mixed figures*, or when the metaphor or allegory is not well supported. This affords them infinite entertainment. Every one knows how pleasant it is to find fault with any literary performance. When thus employed, a secret glow of self-complacency shoots across the heart, and makes one feel for the moment his superiority. How could I discover these defects, he thinks to himself, if I did not understand the subject better than the man on whose writings I am remarking.

"These excellent effects which are observable in the members of the Society are becoming visible in others, who do not belong to it. Accustomed to hear the criticisms made in conclave retailed off continually, they catch a kindred spirit, and "go and do likewise." There is therefore in the neighbourhood a collection of *finely cultivated* minds, able to distinguish with tolerable ease the elegant from the coarse, and to talk at large on the beauties or defects of sermons. Here is a noble field for conversation; and it is of course abundantly improved. Many an otherwise tedious evening is made to pass away delightfully, while the company are enabled to display their critical acumen, and thus make an impression on each other of their delicate and refined sensibility. Soon after the meeting above described, I spent an evening among a large circle, where I was gratified to perceive that the society did not forget the salutary lessons they had learned. Every

one was eloquent in repeating the same things that had been mentioned at their meeting; and the effect upon those who had not heard these criticisms before, was admirable. The company dispersed with the very pleasant impression that they had now become "wiser than their teachers;" and with great self-complacency congratulated themselves that they could sit in judgment on their clergymen hereafter, with the same comfortable indifference as the critics to whose conversation they had just been listening.

"Another excellent effect," continues my friend, "which this society produces, is, that whenever a stranger preaches, every one is attentive, for the purpose of being *able to offer his opinion on the sermon.* And thus the attention of all is diverted from the subject to the manner of handling it—which affords a fine speculation for the mental faculties, besides politely gratifying the stranger with the idea that they are listening for instruction or admonition."

There is another passage in my friend's letter which I cannot persuade myself to withhold. It is this: "The Critical Society furnishes very *appropriate* conversation for the Sabbath. What can be better fitted to the nature of that day than to talk about the faults or excellencies of the preacher whom we have heard? If this society, or something like it, did not exist, all this entertaining conversation would hardly be thought of, and the hours of that sacred day would become quite tedious."*

Enough has now been extracted from his letter, to show the excellence of the institution my friend describes. I must hasten to a close of this long communication after stating one thing more, which some may think of as much importance as what I have already stated.

I have recently received a letter from the same person, giving an account of another society which he has met with, of a

* Our correspondent does not intend, by any thing in this communication, to pronounce the practice of criticising on sermons always wrong. It is only the *excess* of it which he deprecates—that nice discernment of faults—that *watchfulness* for them, which makes the hearer overlook the doctrines or duties inculcated.

very different character. This he boldly condemns, as being too strait-laced for fashionable women, but you, Messrs. Editors, who are a pretty sober sort of people, may possibly approve it. The members of it meet once a week for the purpose of fixing the instructions of the sanctuary in their minds, that they may be incorporated into their lives. They mark every thing of importance, and converse upon it to prevent themselves from forgetting it.

These ladies are by no means indifferent to good speaking and good writing; for no person of taste can be: but their standard appears to vary from that of the others. They do not measure the style of a sermon by that of a novel or a play. Nor do they refuse to receive benefit from any *part* of a discourse because they cannot from the *whole*, or because of some unfortunate *manner* which the preacher may have acquired. They love those sermons best which exhibit most strikingly the excellencies of their religion;—which inculcate most strongly the virtues of the Christian character;—and which defend most convincingly the great doctrines of the gospel. They are anxious to know, not what this person or that thinks of the sermon, but how they can make the most of it by treasuring up its truths in their understandings and hearts, and exhibiting the influence of them in their lives.

The effect which this society produces, is, as might be expected, totally diverse from that of the other. It makes intelligent Christians, and not carping critics. It gives solidity to the mind; while the other, by seeming to enrich it, only cheats it of its best property, and leaves it a prey to every lawless intruder. The society first described is food for a sickly appetite: the last, is the nourishment of a healthy man. The former is the amusement of children: the latter, the entertainment of adults. That presents the mere tinsel of knowledge: this, the solid gold.

I have now, Messrs. Editors, fulfilled my promise. Which of these two societies should be preferred by sober people, I leave with you and your readers to determine.

Yours, &c. PHILOCLERICUS.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

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No. 46.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1820.

Once, some of us, like thee, through stormy life
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.

*Thomson.*

A HEATHEN Moralist, when looking at the past, or present state of this world, finds but little on which he can fix his eye with delight. He beholds cruelty defacing the earth—ambition sweeping before it the happiness of millions—the history of most of the human race a tale of sorrow—and life, which should have been a source of numerous enjoyments, shortened, and enshrouded in gloom. Sickness in the mean time has prostrated the strength and happiness of thousands in the dawn of existence, while the catalogue of the human race is each moment marked with its melancholy asterisk. With such a picture before him, he extends his vision beyond the termination of this life, and looks forward to some future state of being, where he may live free from sorrow, where partaking of those enjoyments which he most highly prizes, he may pass an existence which will never terminate. He accordingly beholds some fairy land of his own creation, and peoples it with beings replete with virtue, and destitute of every trait that blackens the human character—adorns it with every charm which his imagination can pourtray—causes its surface to glow with endless variety, and fancies one never-ending spring, shedding over it a calm serenity. To gain admittance to this region, he voluntarily submits to suffering, and although he beholds himself deformed by vice, and partaking of the same character with those around him, he indulges the

belief, that in the participation of immortal happiness he shall pass his existence.

Such have been the pictures which most men have drawn, of the scene which lay beyond their sight, and towards which they were continually hastening. The soul is of so elevated a character, that this earth seems uncongenial to its nature--and although it often has many of its affections centered below, yet in its moments of reflection, it realizes that life makes it dependant and groveling, while "Death gives it wings to mount above the spheres." With the belief that this life is but the dawn of being, it is not surprising that the human mind should wish to pry into the future, and view its wonders. Attempts to do this were often made by the philosophers of every civilized nation of antiquity, but no ray of truth pierced the darkness which enveloped the future. Equally bewildered should we have been, had not Revelation dawned upon this benighted world. To communicate the "glad tidings of great joy," Christ left that throne on which he was wont to sit as Creator of the universe, and presented to this world of wretchedness the peace and pardon which he alone could give. The peculiar employments of those who inhabit the world to which he invited them, he did not pourtray, but informed them that their highest happiness would be found in uniting in his worship, and in promoting the happiness of those around them.

Among the numerous sources of enjoyment to saints in the future world, probably the greatest will be the contemplation of his character. While here on earth, they behold the wonders of his power, displayed in the heavens above, and in the endless variety and beauty around them—there they will behold new wonders opening to their view, in the boundless regions which he has stored with manifestations of his magnificence. Here they see his benevolence exhibited in the daily supply of the wants of all created things, from the insect which spreads its golden wings to the sun to "man who walks amid the glad creation, musing praise, and looking lively gratitude"—there they will behold it and realize it in the full participation of those higher enjoyments of which no mind can

now conceive, and in reflecting on his having rescued them from that world of wretchedness, on the brink of which they had so long been standing: there they will partially behold the magnificence of his perfections, and the supreme splendour and beauty which surround his character; and in full view, they will veil their faces, and ascribe unto him, salvation and honour, and glory forever. In the continued development of his perfections, they will find their greatest happiness—in obeying his commands they will exert their immortal energies—and in his worship they will unite all their faculties.

With the expansion of their intellects, their devotions will enkindle with increasing warmth, and his character, to their improved vision, will shine with a brighter and brighter radiance. He will be to them *all in all*, and in the contemplation of his infinite excellence, their affections will expand and strengthen. They will perceive themselves ascending higher and higher in the scale of being, and constantly approaching the moral beauty of their Creator. Those talents which by their discoveries in science or learning, have astonished the narrow minds of the inhabitants of this world, will be lost amid the energies of an intellect which will be immortal, and in the progress of duration, they will continually improve until that period in their existence, in which their faculties and their piety were commensurate with those of a seraph, "will almost have faded from their recollection."

Nor is it only in contemplating the moral character of God, that they will find their happiness—they will not like the astronomer need an "aided eye," to examine the wonders of his omnipotence; they will, through the medium of their improved vision, behold new worlds, gemming immensity, and each one reflecting the glory of its Creator. These they will probably find inhabited by beings who have never wandered from the path of duty—who having *kept their first estate*, had from their creation devoted all their powers to the promotion of the glory of God, and the increase of universal good. To them they will be able to communicate the greatness of their deliverance from sin and sorrow, and with them they can

unite in adoration and praise, to Him who by a mighty sacrifice, blotted out their sins from the book of remembrance, and *translated them into the glorious liberty of his children.* In this employment their faculties will improve and strengthen—rest will not be needed, for in a world replete with immortality, fatigue can never enter to abridge their happiness, or retard their progression.

Whether heaven will be local, we are not informed, but we know from the ascent of Enoch and Elijah, and from the appearance of our Saviour after his resurrection, that those laws which now retard material objects, will not affect the movement of a spiritual body; and we cannot allege any reason why its flight through the regions of creation, should not be commensurate with the rapidity of thought. If so, the universe will afford unceasing delight, to the mind of a being purified from sin and wretchedness, and partaking of an existence which will be perpetual. In the boundless variety which will open to their view—in the delightful intercourse of kindred spirits, exerting all their affections and powers to promote the harmony and happiness of those around them—in the gratitude which will glow in their minds, when remembering the mercies of which they are the recipients—in the view of those new dispensations, which will be continually unfolding, they will pass their existence in transport, gratulation and joy. Those subjects which lay beyond their comprehension while here on earth, will then be explained, and those mysteries which eluded their researches, will all be developed, and present to their view an unrivalled harmony and beauty—then they will see, why their great ancestor was permitted to fall from that high station which he held in the scale of existence, and to introduce so much sin and sorrow, into this fair portion of the universe—then the glorious manner in which man was reconciled with his Maker will be pourtrayed in sun-beams, and with the immense congregation of the blessed, they will tune their harps to the music of heaven.

Another source of happiness will be the peculiar beauty and symmetry of the countenance of saints above. All that is vile and decaying will be transformed and purified, and fitted

to endure forever. Disease will not riot on its beauty, pain will not throw it into contortions, but health will exist and heighten its bloom forever. Its features will be fashioned by that hand which made the universe and stored it with all its variety—it will be likened unto the glorious image of Christ—illumined with an intellect forever improving—exhibiting the expressions of loveliness and worth, and glowing with the benevolence of heaven. That reflection of Deity which, appearing in the Angel of the Lord at the resurrection of our Saviour, caused the guards to fall as dead men, will be displayed in the countenances of saints above, and will shed over them a delightful lustre. Although their faces will be veiled before the great moral Sun of the universe, still they will be able to behold his glory, softened and lessened as it will be in those beings who reflect it; and with wonder and transport they will pour forth their adorations and praise unto *him that loved them, and washed them from their sins by his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God and his Father;* to him, they will ascribe glory and dominion forever.

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*Messrs. Editors,*

I HAVE observed a great propensity in many honest people to sleep during the service at church, particularly the sermon. This laudable practice, it is feared, is not sufficiently encouraged. I beg of you to insert this communication, if by any means my feeble pen may contribute to multiply this very useful class of the community.

The advantages of sleeping during public worship are so great and many, that I fear I shall not be able, in the compass of one short letter, to enumerate them all. It will be obvious, at the first sight, that the preacher gains much by this practice, and the hearers gain much too. It must contribute hugely to the speaker's animation when he looks around on his audience, to find two thirds of them asleep! There is something in the power of sympathy to arouse one who addresses an audience. As his feelings act upon them; so theirs, react upon him.

When a speaker looks around and sees all the assembly awake, he may find it difficult to determine where to fix his eye; but if a considerable portion of them are asleep, he will be able to look at the remainder with greater effect. As the rays of the sun operate more powerfully when concentrated; so the preacher's attention, if devoted to a few, must be less distracted.

I am aware that some preachers undertake to say that the more the people are that give their attention, the more their animation increases. Even these preachers, however, may be benefited. It is a well known fact, that when we are very intent on hearing any subject, we are apt to open our mouths. Now as people asleep generally do the same, the preacher at a distance would naturally conclude that they were giving a very laborious and anxious attention.

There is another advantage to the speaker which I would beg leave to mention. He is relieved from any apprehension of criticism. He may reasonably expect that those who hear nothing, will of course find fault with nothing. I am informed, however, that this is not *always* the case. These sleepy hearers sometimes accuse the sermon of being *sleepily* written and *sleepily* pronounced. This I suppose they do to excuse what they mistakingly deem an improper practice. Foolishly imagining it is wrong, they adopt that very innocent propensity of our nature, to shove the supposed guilt of their conduct away from their own shoulders.

The practice I am commending has an excellent effect on those with whom the sleepers are connected, to wit, their families and others who may be at all under their influence.—The young, for instance, will see the necessity of going to church *to gain instruction.* They will unquestionably give their undivided attention to the doctrines and duties which are inculcated from the desk; and finding that the sleepers learn so much, will be induced to sleep themselves. They will see too the consistency of their superiors in urging them to attend church punctually, because these same superiors set the example.

I may further observe, that this excellent practice obviates

one grand objection to attendance on the worship of the Sabbath. It is said by some, that, being fatigued by the labours of the week, they need rest on that day. Those who sleep in church do not find this objection valid. They can rest there as well as at home; and to facilitate this excellent object many persons have cushions on their seats, so that the rest which they get in church is as refreshing as what they get on their beds. Add to this, the old-fashioned pews are dispensed with, and the slips furnish a very convenient place to lean the head upon. I am highly gratified at these improvements in modern churches; for they seem to show a commendable zeal for the promotion of ease, which few of our ancestors ever knew.—How uncomfortable to sit upon a hard bench, with nothing forward of us to lean upon, and sleep! It is matter of great astonishment to me that these improvements in churches have so long been neglected, and that they have not already become universal. I am sensible however of one disadvantage in these slips, and that is, that the *nodding*, which formerly afforded a very rational amusement to the boys in the gallery, cannot now be observed; but the *snoring*, though less extensive in its influence, because fewer persons are aware of it, is still kept up, much to the gratification of that class of people who go to church "to see and be seen," and to make observations on their neighbors.

But I have more selfish motives to urge, which will probably be more powerful on these people, than those which arise from benevolence to others. Few are aware how beneficial to one's self it is to sleep away the hours devoted to religious instruction. A man is thus in the way of getting a great deal of edification to himself. As his eyes are shut, he cannot be disturbed by objects that affect the sight. I have heard of one very sober sort of a man who affirmed, that he heard more when he was asleep than most people when awake. This is undoubtedly true. As a general rule however it may be said, that a man will hear better when awake than when asleep. Or in other words, that a living man can observe what is going on around him better than a dead man; but general rules have their exceptions.

The practice of sleeping in church contributes greatly to one's respectablity. It is a very dignified employment. How noble does a man appear when rubbing his eyes after a nap! when he is gaping, and apparently unconscious whether he is "in the body or out of the body." Such an appearance manifests a highminded indifference when weaker capacities feel; a certain activity of mind, and a fine subjection of the animal to the immortal part.

I would congratulate these sleeping persons on their exemption from all the effects of preaching, either good or bad. There is no danger of their being disturbed on account of religion. They may go on in the same peaceful way through life; and while others learn the road to heaven, they will remain in the *blissful ignorance* on that subject which we read of in the history of the dark ages.

The practice of sleeping in church furnishes a very convenient answer to all questions as to one's opinion of the sermon; questions which perplex some well-meaning people who have not had a chance to hear what other folks have said. It is easy to reply, "I was asleep," or "I was so drowsy I am no judge." This cuts the matter short at once; and relieves one from all further embarrassment.

For the accommodation of these very useful people, I beg leave to suggest whether it would not be expedient to erect a *dormitory* as a necessary appendage to every church. It is the opinion of some, that though the modern churches furnish many conveniences to sleepers, yet something more should be done to complete the system. I would propose therefore, that a suitable number of beds should be placed in one corner of the building, in such a manner and position that they could be easily resorted to, and that every one who is inclined to sleep, should station himself there.

Many very weighty reasons might be assigned for the erection of dormitories in our churches. I shall only add, that it is of the last importance that those people who are in the habit of sleeping in church should not be discouraged from attending. As they get so much good, and set so excellent an example, should they stay away for want of accommodations for sleeping, a great deal would be lost to the preacher and his audience.

I hope these sleeping people, whom I hold in very high respect, and whose feelings I would not wound for the world, will take this subject into consideration, and use their influence (which must be very great,) that such accommodations may be provided in our churches as shall insure a good proportion of their character in our religious assemblies. I hope also that others, who are *less particular about their own example*, will not fail to encourage these, by contributing liberally of their money for the erection of a dormitory in eve-

ry. I am yours, respectfully, JONATHAN.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 47.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1820.


These unfortunate stoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I first set out, but which I am convinced now will rather increase than diminish as I advance, have struck out a hint which I am resolved to follow—and that is—not to be in a hurry—

*Tristram Shandy, vol. 1st, chap. 14th.*

*(Resumed from No. 19.)*

SOME apology is due the public for having so long withheld the continuation of a very melancholy history called *The memoirs of Gabriel Gap.* Pains have not been spared to obtain the facts—and they have been laid before this generation, as fast as they could be collected from his acquaintances, and *authenticated* to the satisfaction of his biographer. Had I adopted the idle or mischievous practice which obtains so extensively among writers of travels and compilers of novels ostensibly founded on facts, the story would long ago have been completed. He who writes the memoirs of a friend, is apt, however, to think nothing so interesting about him as the *truth:* and while the careless reader may be indifferent whether the tale be genuine or spurious, the conscientious writer, when his thoughts and his pen are running away with him, will pull in his reins and ask of that old fellow-traveller—his conscience—"are we on the right road?"

Of those who personally knew our friend, and who, could they be found, might supply many interesting particulars, some are swinging their axes in the western forests—

> "Beyond the mountains and beyond the floods,
> Beyond the Huron bay"——

Some are now blowing the bellows of the Southern Hecla,

and whirling in the eddies of yonder revolutionary tornado—others have departed—on a shorter journey—but to a return-less distance indeed!—

By the most accurate information I have been able to obtain, Gabriel Gap—Benjamin Gavit, and the tin pedlar—whose name he said was *Josh Dolphin*—stopped one night at a small but apparently crowded tavern, on the banks of the Hudson. The sounds of mirth and jollity issued from the house and our two deserters were, at first, disposed to proceed, rather than encounter the gaze of so many persons. "For" said Gabriel, "who knows but what a marine—or a sergeant—or an advertisement may be there." "Don't be scar't," says Josh, "the marines are gone off with the Essex, and sergeant Belt with 'em; and advertisments are nothing, for we are out of Connecticut, and them Dutchman in the State of New-York can't read even *a yankey pass*."

This reasoning was conclusive—they entered the inn—In the next room, the sound of the fiddle and the tamborine—the tripping movements of the Dutch girls "*on their light fantastic toes*," and the heavy *jounce* of the gentlemen as they came to the concluding position of a double chassee—gave strong intimation that there was a ball. The room where they were was occupied by mine host—and an airy, rosy faced, curly-headed little girl, who was singing a piece of poetry written by the schoolmaster in one of his most propitious moments of inspiration. I knew the worthy man well—and though old age has powdered my locks—though the grasshopper is to me a burden—and the desire of youth has failed—yet I well remember the young enchantress in this German Hostel.—She sang partly in fun and partly in earnest, and convinced the travellers that if *poetry* had not taken up its abode in Mr. Van Tipple's tavern—*innocence* had.

Mr. Joshua Dolphin was by nature a lover of music—and he requested the girl to begin her song again—which she was so obliging as to do:—

### *THE TREE-TOAD.*

I am a jolly Tree-Toad, upon a chesnut tree,
I chirp because I know that the night was made for me;

The young Bat flies above me, the glow worm shines below,
And the owlet sits to hear me, and half forgets his woe.

I'm lighted by the Fire-Fly, in circles wheeling round—
The Katy-did is silent, and listens to the sound—
The Jack-o'-lantern leads the way-worn traveller astray,
To hear the Tree-Toad's melody until the break of day.

The harvest-moon hangs over me, and smiles upon the streams,
The lights dance upward from the north and cheer me with their beams;
The dew of heaven, it comes to me as sweet as beauty's tear—
The stars themselves shoot down to see what music we have here.

The winds around me whisper to every flower that blows
To droop their heads, call in their sweets, and every leaf to close—
The Whippoorwill sings to his mate, "The mellow melody
"O hark, and hear the notes that flow, from yonder chesnut tree!"

Ye Katy-dids and Whippoorwills, come listen to me now,
*I am* a jolly Tree-Toad, upon a chesnut bough—
I chirp because I know that the night was made for me,
And I close my proposition with a Q. E. D.

By this time the noise in the next room had assumed rather a different tone—the fiddle was cracked, or Van Tipple's wife was scolding—it was uncertain which. The various dialects of yankee, Dutch, negro and Indian—the hoarse voices of the men—the shrill tones of the women—and the yelpings of the many dogs who had followed their masters to the tavern, roused our host from his nap, and in he went, to see what was the difficulty, followed by Gap, Benjamin, and Josh. It was occasioned by two Indians, who had been permitted to look in at the door—but who were accused of having attempted to steal a piece of cheese out of the indispensable of one of the ladies—they denied the charge, put themselves on the defensive and were seconded by the fiddler and two or three others, though they had fearful odds to contend with. What was the astonishment of Gabriel and Benjamin, when they saw that they were the identical Indians, whose persons had once been ornamented with the clothes now worn by themselves. It would have been better policy perhaps to take sides *against* the Indians, but they felt themselves under an obligation, which they now repaid. "I'll help you," says Gabriel, "you will will ye?" said a Dutchman, applying his fist to Gabriel's mouth.

A sharp contest ensued; the Dutchman speedily "owned beat," with tears in his eyes: peace was restored, and the Indians with their new allies retired to discuss matters, which shall be the subject of a future communication.

## LOCH MAREE.

WOULDST thou a scene of quiet view,
When all is gemm'd in evening dew—
When the fair planet's silver blaze
In some lone water sweetly plays—
When every twinkling star of night
Shines in the sky serenely bright,
And on the rock, the wave, the tower,
And on the lover's secret bower
Peace furls her pinions on her breast,
And calls the weary world to rest—
When not a breath of wind is waking,
And not an aspen leaf is shaking—
When not a ripple beats the shore,
And faintly swells the torrent's roar
In yonder mountain vale,
Where on the cliff the wild duck broods,
And slumbers o'er the marble floods,
Rock'd by the dying gale—
When far around, in dewy bush
And quiet grove, the minstrel thrush
Reposes silently—
Go, at the hour of evening pale,
Go, wander through the lonely vale,
And view by moonlight Loch Maree.

The western wind is gently blowing,
The rising tide is softly flowing,
Its billow heaves along the shore
With rippling dash and solemn roar;
The screaming gull has gone to rest,
The puffin seeks her cavern'd nest,
On curving wing the ospray soars,

Where on the rocks the breaker pours,
And dashing 'mid the foamy brine
His plumes with dewy lustre shine.
Descending on the ocean blue
Trickles from melting clouds the dew;
The sun, that late with crimson vest
Glow'd on the billow's golden breast,
No longer meets the gazing eye,
Nor stains the ruddy evening sky,
For sunk in Thetis' saffron bed
Each gleam of parting day has fled.

The abbey bell is slowly ringing,
The nun her vesper hymns is singing,
The notes resounding o'er the bay,
Now sweetly swell, now die away:
Seems, as the winding shores prolong
The melody of sacred song
An angel's harp had caught the strain,
And gave it to the distant main;
Such sounds in mellow echoes roll,
And wind their way into the soul.

'Tis night, but o'er the peaceful bay
The rising moon's unsullied ray
Shines on its pure unruffled breast,
Where every wave is smooth'd to rest.
Beneath her light, the billows flow
With quiet dash and mellow glow,
And far around the waveless main
Seems spreading like a glassy plain;
On distant rocks the mermaid weeps,
While round her form the sturgeon leaps,
And long she listens on the shore
The ocean's faintly echoed roar;
The sea-dogs dashing through the foam
In sportive gambols wildly roam,
And, rising lightly o'er the brine,
Their skins like polish'd marble shine.

Now up the brook, that gently flows,

The moon in beams of silver glows,
And through the vale, from lake to bay,
Winds like a stream of light away,
And where the brook with ceaseless brawl
Tumbles along the sloping fall,
With light all trembling and uneven
It twinkles like the stars of heaven:
But as you scale the mountain high
What scene of beauty meets the eye!
Stretch'd through the vale a sheet of light—
It bursts upon the startling sight
And back reflects the queen of night,
Whose silver image, far below,
Seems like a gliding orb of snow,
So pure, so lovely o'er the billow—
It sleeps as on a watery pillow;
Around, above, below, in streams
Of mellow radiance flow the beams
That silver o'er the sky, and shed
Their rays on ocean's sandy bed:
They shine on wood and lofty hall,
They glitter on the castle wall,
And tremble waveringly
Where, sitting in her lonely bower,
In sorrow spends the moonlight hour
The maid of Loch Maree.

The glassy wave, the sandy shore,
The rock with lichens cover'd o'er,
The cliff that frowns, the wave that smiles,
The gloomy firs, the willowy isles,
The castle on the dizzy steep,
Whose lamps their lonely vigils keep,
In such repose are sunk, they seem
The fancy of a poet's dream—
So fair, so peaceful, one might say
It was a paradise that lay
So far and deep below—
Some sweet Utopian scene of pleasure,
Where angels dance in lightest measure,

And seraph-warblings flow—
Or fairy land, where sylphs might lave
Their forms of beauty in the wave,
Or sport upon the balmy wind,
To love and happiness resign'd.
Go, range the world from pole to pole,
Go where Arcadia's streamlets roll,
And Tempe's waters play—
Go, scale Parnassus' flowery steep,
Go where Castalia's muses weep
The mournful hours away—
Go, view each scene of loveliness,
And tell if thou canst ever grace
A scene so fair and gay.

## A VISION OF PARNASSUS.

Methought, as I carlessly strayed
Through a vale at the foot of a mountain,
I came to a beautiful glade,
Which was cheer'd by the noise of a fountain.

The earth all around it was spread,
With a fragrant profusion of flowers,
And the flourishing shoots overhead
Were tastefully formed into bowers.

With the sweets of the morning perfum'd,
Mild breezes sped cheerily by;
Aurora the landscape illum'd,
And its beauties disclos'd to my eye.

As I gaz'd with astonishment mute,
A musical sound caught my ear,—
The soft trembling notes of a lute;—
And I thought that some fairy was near.

Then instinctive my steps I withheld
At a strain which might calm every storm,

Till before me a maid I beheld,
Of a peerlessly elegant form.

Her hands the sweet instrument bore,
Which she struck as she tript it along;
On her head a wreath'd laurel she wore,
And accompanied her notes with a song.

O tell me thou fair one! I cried,
Am I bound by some magical spell?
She smiled, as she gently replied,
"No enchantment is known here to dwell:

Here's the place where the *nine sisters* meet,
The mountain you see is Parnassus;
This vale's our delightful retreat,
When importunate poets harass us.

So from it you quick must depart,
'Tis presumption on us to intrude;
Though these scenes may enliven the heart,
They ne'er were design'd for the rude.

But call me not wholly unkind;—
Here springs the Castalian fount;
Who tastes it with fancy refin'd
On poesy's pinions may mount."

Too enraptur'd her kindness to thank,
In haste I approach'd the pure stream;
But just when arriv'd at its bank
I awoke, and behold, 'twas a dream.

EPHEBUS.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

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No. 48.] FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1820.

"The reader what is reason's due believes;
Nor can we call that false which not deceives."

*Lansdowne.*

AMONG the different theories proposed by philosophers to account for the formation of organized bodies, there is one which refers the mechanism of the animal and vegetable worlds to the gradual influence of *appetency*. Man, say these writers, was originally little more than a misshapen mass,—the deposite, perhaps, of a stagnant pool, or a heap of fermenting matter, baked and concocted by the rays of the sun. He might have had a mouth, which instinctively imbibed from his mother earth the juices necessary to repair the decays of nature; but he probably possessed neither legs, nor arms, nor organs of sense. He perceived how necessary certain appendages were to confer on him an existence tolerably comfortable—and by a series of struggles, extending through a long succession of generations, to acquire the faculty of locomotion, and to grasp the objects which lay in his reach, excrescences began to grow, which at length attained the full size and regular organization of hands and feet. He was originally blind and deaf, and probably destitute of smell; but perceiving how convenient it would be to distinguish objects at a distance that might annoy him, and to hold conversation with his friends, his appetencies at length raised two slight projections at the bottom of his forehead, and bored a pair of holes in the sides of his head, which the appetencies of his posterity have at length improved into finished organs of sight and hearing.

By reasoning from analogy, it appears that other animals must have derived their origin from a similar source. The

most ancient fishes, were probably nothing more than a pair of mud-rolls; but influenced by the laudable desire of bettering their condition, and well aware of the perfectibility which is the invariable result of a long continued series of appetencies, they have gradually shot out fins, blown up air bladders, and done whatever else was necessary to raise themselves to a suitable rank in the scale of being.

Whatever credit some may be disposed to allow to this theory, I doubt not that most have been occasionally tempted to wish that it might be true. What a privilege must it be to some of our race, to be able, by the mere force of appetency, to repair a decayed nose, or to replace a lost ear! Could the earnest longings of appetency, plied through day and night, repair the sad inroads of age, what quantities of rouge, and other anti-corrugatives, must remain in the hands of the coiffeur unsold! how many dentists and perfumers must be reduced to want and beggary!

But I see that my proneness to moralize has led me astray from my main design. Tradition says that that noted voyager Captain Lemuel Gulliver, wrote several books of travels, besides those which now go under his name; but they have been generally believed by the learned to be irrecoverably lost. I have the pleasure to inform the curious reader that a fragment of one of these books has been at length recovered, which is herewith submitted for his amusement, precisely as it stands in the original manuscript. It will be seen from the progress of the narrative, that Captain Gulliver, before the time of his last voyage, had come in possession of a pair of wings; and as this circumstance may have an air of improbability with it in the minds of some, I was willing to show them how, according to the opinions of the most enlightened philosophers, such a difficulty might be obviated.* The smattering of philosophy which he now and then affects, may seem out of character to those who are familiar with his earlier productions; but I

* Several anachronisms may be perceived in the progress of the narrative. I might have expended much learning upon them; but I dared not venture on conjectural emendation, and I feared that no attempt to clear them up, however ingenious, would prove altogether satisfactory.

ascribe this to some acquaintance which he might have had in his later years with his illustrious cotemporary, Sir Isaac Newton. As these notions were then new, a little pedantry in his allusions to them was the more excusable. Thus much I have thought fit to advertise the reader of, by way of preface: he shall be detained no longer from the narrative itself.

"AT first," begins the Captain, rather abruptly, "I made quite an awkward figure in managing my new instruments of loco-motion. I found a difficulty in keeping myself well poised, and when I rose more than a few score yards, my head was apt to swim; so that for some time I seldom attempted any thing more than to cross a river or a hedge, when it came in my way;—or perhaps by way of diversion to perch on the top of a steeple, and to pounce down all of a sudden upon some unsuspecting stranger who might be passing in the street below. But as I continued to improve by practice, I began seriously to think of turning my newly acquired powers to some valuable purpose; and no enterprize appeared more useful or important to my fellow beings than to travel and collect information from remote parts of the universe. The success of the undertaking was rendered somewhat doubtful by the difficulty of carrying provisions for so long a journey; but thinking there might possibly be some unknown way of subsisting in the mundane spaces, I concluded it would be at least safe to make the experiment; and in case of danger from starving, the worst that could befal me would be, the necessity of abandoning the design. Accordingly I laid in provisions for one week; and as I knew not how far I might be led into the outer and colder regions of the solar system, I had the precaution to take, in addition to my ordinary clothing, a suit of flannel, and a new pair of Dutch blankets. These, with about fifty dollars in cash, a log-book, a small but very good spy-glass, and a few trinkets to be disposed of as presents to the natives, (if I should be so fortunate as to meet any,) constituted my whole travelling apparatus. Having made fast these articles in such a manner as to impede my motions as little as possible, I took my departure about ten o'clock in the evening; not caring to

make myself an object of public curiosity. I rose, as I should judge, about seven or eight miles with very little fatigue; but the atmosphere became so much rarer, (the earth's attraction in the mean time not sensibly diminishing,) that my ascent became more and more laborious; and I repeatedly thought, in the course of the succeeding twenty-four hours, that I must forever give over the hope of rising to any considerable height. However, I found that the air, as it became rarer, gave me a degree of elasticity and vigour I had never before experienced; so that by putting forth my utmost efforts, I at length got myself pretty well clear of the earth's attraction.—I was now at liberty to stop and take breath, and had leisure to survey the novel and majestic scene which unfolded itself to my view. The deep black sky above and below me, bespangled with innumerable lucid points,—the sun partly behind me, shining with intense but rayless majesty,—and the distant earth, intercepting the view of the stars over the space of several constellations, and presenting a faintly illuminated crescent on the side next the sun—all united to produce the most overwhelming emotions of grandeur and sublimity. From the absence of the atmosphere, the sun and stars were shorn of the splendour which had encircled them: the former was a perfectly defined disk; the latter were mere points, differing only in intensity of light. From this circumstance, I had at first some difficulty in distinguishing the constellations; but a little habit made me perfectly at home in them.

My reader will by this time be anxious to learn how I succeeded in maintaining life and health, deprived as I was of air, food, and lodging. I do not know that I shall be able to give him entire satisfaction on this point. It appeared, however, that the ethereal medium which surrounded me, although vastly rarer than the gross terrestrial atmosphere, yet contained oxygen enough for the maintenance of the vital principle. It also seemed in some measure to supply the other demands of animal nature. In this pure medium, the waste occasioned by perspiration and the other evacuations was reduced almost to nothing, so that I never had occasion to broach more than a quarter of my week's allowance;—although, not knowing what

might befal me before my return, I carefully preserved the remainder. I did indeed grow rather thin in flesh from my long abstinence; but this circumstance was quite in my favour, for it enabled me to make much more rapid progress than would have been possible to one weighed down with a superfluous load of gravitating matter.

The success of the experiment appeared so very doubtful when I left the earth, that I had formed no particular plan concerning either my route or place of final destination;—but left it to be settled when I should have acquired some experience in aerial travelling, and reached a convenient station for reconnoitring the celestial bodies. Very obvious reasons presented themselves for not attempting a visit to the sun. I might have touched at the moon without difficulty: but I had read of nothing connected with the moon but dreary wastes, abysses, and volcanoes; and it was natural to conclude that the people, if there were any, must partake of the same gloomy and inhospitable character. An additional objection was, that their long and damp nights might prove a serious injury to my constitution.—The planet Jupiter offered itself as one in which the operations of nature and art might be witnessed on a grand scale;—the succession of day and night was such as I had always been used to; and I thought, if I could contrive to land on the torrid zone, that little was to be apprehended from the severity of the weather. But what gave it the decided preference in my circumstances, was its being constantly in sight;—while the other bodies of the system, from their smallness, were frequently invisible, and would thus have given one much trouble in steering his course towards them.

In order to keep a correct account of my progress, it became necessary to ascertain my general rate of travelling. From a number of trials, accurately made, it appeared that my medium rate of moving, when all circumstances were about as favourable as usual, was two hundred and sixty leagues an hour. This may appear incredible to some; but it must be recollected that I was now freed from all the sources of retardation which render our motions here on the earth's surface so comparatively slow. The etherial medium was

barely dense enough to enable me to ply my wings with advantage, and every new impulse communicated a new degree of speed;—just as a grindstone (as every child knows) may be made to revolve with surprising swiftness by the continued application of a very moderate force. By thus getting my average motion, knowing my point of compass by the fixed stars, and correcting my dead reckoning by an occasional observation of the sun's apparent diameter, or (when it could be had) of the earth's greatest elongation, I was generally able to tell my place in the *Magnus orbis* within a few hundred thousand miles: a degree of accuracy amply sufficient for every practical purpose.

I was generally on the wing a time, as nearly as I could estimate, of about fifteen hours: the remaining nine I folded myself up in my blankets and made an artificial night, (for the sun was always equally in sight,) during which I enjoyed undisturbed rest. Each of my waking intervals was entered in the log-book as a new day; but I afterwards found that they did not exactly correspond with terrestrial time. By sleeping and waking on an average a little too long, I lost seventeen whole days out of my reckoning; so that the time of my return, which was the 3d of October, was entered in my journal as the 16th of September.

I was very little disturbed in my motions by any of the celestial bodies except the sun. During the day time, indeed, I perceived even this in but a very trifling degree, as I was moving rapidly in the opposite direction—but I lost ground very sensibly every night, and fell so far towards the sun that it required one or two hours' brisk exertion the next morning to recover my place.

It will be naturally supposed that throughout the whole excursion I was favoured with remarkably fine weather. I do not recollect any instance in which the sun and stars were entirely obscured; and not more than two or three in which there was even a haziness in the expanse about me. The few exceptions to a perfectly clear sky which are noted down in my journal might perhaps be owing to the tail of some comet

which happened to come near. As the comets and myself, however, were journeying in opposite directions, they in quest of the sun, and I of Jupiter, I was seldom incommoded in this way more than a few hours at a time.

As the sun was continually shining, I found, contrary to my first expectations, that although now by account at more than twice the distance of the earth fom the sun, I continued to suffer much more from the heat than the cold. The ether around me being probably a bad conductor of caloric, the heat of the sun's rays was sometimes accumulated on myself and clothes to such a degree as to occasion the utmost inconvenience. I at length resolved, though not without some apprehensions that the step was an imprudent one, to throw off a part of my moveables. It occurred to me that this would be a finer opportunity than any philosopher had hitherto enjoyed, to verify the generally received doctrines of motion. So I stationed myself in a favourable position for watching the result—and having done up one of the blankets and some other burdensome articles into a compact bundle, I gave them a gentle toss directly towards the constellation Sagittarius. By ranging with a particular star, the motion, though slow, appeared perfectly rectilineal and uniform till they at length vanished from my sight.

Having now less burden to carry, and getting daily more out of the reach of the sun's attraction, I found I was approaching, by rapid strides, to the end of my journey. Jupiter's belts were very plainly visible to the naked eye; and his satellites, now in full view, furnished me with a better measure of time than I had hitherto possessed. I generally calculated to make seven nights while the inner satellite was describing four revolutions; and by now and then inserting as I did, an intercalary night, my reckoning must have agreed almost precisely with terrestrial time. The hours now passed very pleasantly away, being generally employed in anticipating the pleasure of setting foot on a new world, in picturing to myself the strange features, customs, &c. of the inhabitants, and in forming schemes for securing a favourable reception among them.

One time as I was deeply musing on these topics, I felt on a sudden a smart blow on the side. I looked that way, but saw nothing; and supposing it might be nothing more than the telescope which was dangling in my pocket, or possibly a slight spasm, I returned to my former train of thought. About half an hour after, I felt another—much gentler indeed than the first, but still so unlike any thing I had felt before on the journey, that my curiosity was roused to ascertain the cause. On turning myself partly round, what should I see a few yards off, but the bundle of clothes I had thrown away two months before! It must have struck me just before, and bounded off by its elasticity. The surprise produced by this, however, was but momentary; for the thought immediately occurred that the bundle and myself were gravitating bodies, and must act like primary and secondary to each other, in the absence of larger masses of matter. The length of time which had intervened was no greater than might be expected; for it is a received principle with astronomers that the smaller the mass, the less is the gravitating force. I wondered that the thought had not struck me before; but it was not now too late to avail myself of the discovery, in lightening my burdens. Accordingly I afterwards determined every morning how many articles I could dispense with during the day—and gave them a slight shove before me; by which I was relieved from all farther inconvenience by them till night. They were seldom entirely out of sight; and I was always sure to find them lying safely by my side the next morning.

*(To be resumed in our next No.)*

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 49.] TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1820.


I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes.

*Pope.*

(*Concluded from last No.*)

AS my distance from Jupiter diminished, it was gratifying to perceive the ease with which I accomplished a greater day's journey than formerly. It seemed to require scarcely any effort to get along fifty thousand miles in twenty-four hours. Perhaps, thought I, the zephyrs of Jupiter may be beginning to blow in these regions, and may waft celestial life and vigour on their gales. As I was speculating on the occasion of this newly acquired power, and some slight suspicion began to be excited that all was not right, I retired to my usual rest. After sleeping perhaps a few hours, I awoke—but it was in consternation inexpressible. I had already passed the fourth satellite—Jupiter was more than eight degrees across, and was momently increasing! I was hurrying down with an impetuosity which my utmost efforts were unable to check. Nothing but the dismal prospect now presented itself, of plunging headlong into the polar snows, or at any rate, of being dashed into a thousand pieces. My blood has often run cold in thinking of this perilous juncture. No time was to be lost. There was but one expedient which promised the least chance of preservation. I noticed that I was nearly in a line between Jupiter and the third satellite ; and I made a desperate struggle, as I was falling, to gain such an oblique motion as should throw me into the *point of equal attraction* between the two. By many a severe effort, aided by the ap-

proaching motion of the satellite itself in its orbit, it was my good fortune at length to reach this point; and my fears of impending destruction in some measure subsided.—But the brilliant prospects which my imagination had depicted, had forever vanished. I composed myself into a sitting posture, and began to reflect on my forlorn condition. Situated as I was, at the distance of a hundred million leagues from the habitation of any human creature, with no kind friend to sympathize in my distresses, my feelings at this moment can be better conceived than described. I involuntarily drew out the telescope to take a last look at my native planet—it was just visible among the smallest stars of the firmament. Ah! never, I exclaimed with a sigh, shall poor Lemuel again revisit thy beloved shores! Never again shall his ears be greeted by the mild accents of domestic affection! Fool that I was, ever to engage in so perilous an enterprise!

I reflected however, on the many difficulties I had already surmounted, and began at length to take courage. There were a number of little bodies lately discovered between the orbits of Jupiter and Mars, on which, if they could be found, I was certain I could alight with safety.—But how to extricate myself from my present situation was the difficulty. I was kept in equilibrium between two powerful bodies, and durst not stir either way for fear of being hurried by one or the other to instant destruction. But of staying where I was no one could have borne the thought: so I finally concluded to cast myself on the mercy of the satellite. I had read that a body projected in a direction oblique to a centre of force might be made to pass round that centre; and would acquire a velocity in falling sufficient to carry it to a vast distance beyond. Accordingly I provided myself with a small parachute made of such materials as happened to be at hand, to use in case of accidents; and summoned all my powers to give myself a rapid projectile motion in a direction about fifteen degrees one side of the satellite. My own efforts, conspiring with the attraction of the central body, soon gave me the desired motion; and in less than half a day I whirled round my lower apsis with a prodigious velocity,

which to my great joy I retained, till I was too far away for Jupiter or his attendants to give me any further trouble.

I now had nothing to do but to make the best of my way to the asteroids; which I did with as much speed as my fatigue and exhaustion of spirits would permit. As my way lay towards the sun, my progress was not a little accelerated by his attraction; which, though by no means too powerful to be counteracted, yet probably had about as much effect on my motion as a moderate wind ordinarily has on a steam-boat; and what is particularly deserving of notice, it enabled me to gain as much during the night as I had formerly lost. So that not more than five months had elapsed before the sun subtended an angle of twelve and a half minutes, from which it was apparent that I must be at about the distance of the asteroids. I now halted—took out my telescope, and pointed it to every part of the zodiack;—but no asteroid presented itself in the field of view. I then changed my station by about a fortnight's journey, still keeping the same distance from the sun, and swept the zodiack a second time—but with no better success. This process was repeated till I became vexed and almost desperate: when I determined that it was best to lie absolutely still—and wait till one of them should overtake me in the natural progress of his revolution round the sun. An interval of some months after this was to me a period of almost entire inactivity, and furnished scarcely any incidents worth recording. It required only a few minutes work each day to keep good my distance from the sun; and the rest of the time I was generally on the watch with the telescope. The positions of all the stars in the heavens down to the seventh magnitude, had now become perfectly familiar; otherwise the attempt to search the heavens for so little a body would have been utterly fruitless. I generally awoke once in the night, and took a cursory glance in the direction where the asteroid might be expected to appear, for fear it might pass me unobserved. It was at one of these intervals, as I was closely inspecting a cluster of stars in the hinder toe of the Crab, that a minute speck had made its appearance which I did not recollect to

have seen before. But frequent disappointments had rendered me suspicious, and I scarcely dared to hope, till its having shifted its place a few hours after, reduced my conjecture to a certainty.

Overjoyed that my long and toilsome journey was drawing so near a close, instead of waiting for the object of my pursuit to come up, I made my preparations to set out and meet it half way. This dwarfish planet, however, was much nearer than I had apprehended. If I had lain still, it would have overtaken me, as afterwards appeared, in less than two days. The manœuvres requisite in order to land with safety left me little room to direct my attention to the peculiarities presented by its disk: I could plainly perceive, however, its uneven surface—its dichotomized figure, in consequence of the absence of the sun from one hemisphere, and a bright spot in particular near one edge, which had much the appearance of a large pond of water. More and more distinct objects gradually unfolded themselves as I approached; and I sometimes fancied I could even see the smoke of chimnies. But as I said before, it was now necessary to take care of myself, and to see that I was let gently down,—and that, upon a cultivated and temperate region. It appeared advisable to aim as near the edge of the disk as possible, in order to have the benefit of oblique percussion in case I came first in contact with any thing which was likely to bruise me. I made a plunge directly forward, and soon found myself descending into the planetary atmosphere. Being now enveloped in clouds, and my eyes and lungs having been long disused to such exhalations, it became absolutely necessary to close my eyes and stop my breath. As soon as I had gradually recovered from this state of blindness and suffocation, and was able to look about me to ascertain where I was, (for during a considerable interval I hardly knew whether I had landed or not,) I found myself, with no little surprise, the same solitary and stationary being I had been a month before. The sun and stars shone as usual, except a little obscured; and there was nothing unusual in my situation except a stiff breeze blowing in my face. But no language

can express my astonishment when I saw, a moment after, cities and forests and lakes passing in review before my eyes with the rapidity of lightning. In a few minutes the same appearances presented themselves again; and by comparing all the circumstances, I concluded that the astoroid must be actually revolving round me! I stood perfectly still till I had counted eight revolutions; all which probably did not occupy half an hour. I was perfectly at a loss what to make of this strange affair. I sometimes thought my senses deceived me—sometimes that my brain was turned—and at length nearly concluded there was no foundation for the maxim of philosophy, that a greater body cannot revolve round a less; when the query was suggested, probably by association:—But does not philosophy teach that a real motion always produces an apparent one in the opposite direction? May not I myself be the revolving body? I again looked at the asteroid; but the illusion was so complete that I could hardly prevail on myself for some time to believe that its motion was only apparent.—But here another thought struck me, and at first it was rather an appalling one. Do not philosophers teach that a body which is once made to revolve in an elliptical orbit will always continue to revolve in this manner? This, however, it appeared on second thoughts, was only when the revolving body moves without resistance; and revolving as I was, in an atmosphere of considerable density, my elliptical motion must be converted into a spiral one, which must at length, without any effort on my part, bring me to the ground. I had reason to rejoice at this accident, after what had happened to me on first entering the atmosphere, as the probable means of my preservation; for my descent was so very gradual that I could not possibly sustain any injury in reaching the ground. At every revolution of the body about me, or rather of myself about the body, it came sensibly nearer. The houses, trees, cornfields, &c. were now plainly to be seen. At two or three of the last revolutions I came near suffering a severe brush from grazing against the tops of the trees. But good fortune so ordered it, that I finally landed on a fine plot of grass land,

just ready for mowing; and although my motion had been pretty swift, I did not roll more than fifteen or twenty rods before coming to a state of rest.

The idea of having reached the object of all my toils, and of having at length set foot on ground which had hitherto been regarded as inaccessible by the boldest adventurers, at first engrossed my whole thoughts; and I lay for some time, regardless of what was passing around me. I finally attempted to rise; but the diurnal rotation of the planet threw me flat on my back. I repeated the attempt; but it was not till after numerous falls, and particular pains taken to balance myself, that I succeeded in maintaining an erect position. On trying to walk, I found that my legs, from long disuse, had become wholly unmanageable. When I willed to put forward a leg, I was quite as apt to spread out a wing; and every roughness in the ground was sure to throw me down. By availing myself, however, of the united aid of wings and legs, (making a figure not unlike an Arabian ostrich,) I soon made a shift to move about. On looking around, I judged by the smoke, that there must be a large town on a hill about three or four miles distant—and accordingly put myself into as good trim as I could, and got into a highway which appeared to lead in that direction. My figure at this time would have been considered as rather a grotesque one, had I been walking up into my native town; but as I was about to introduce myself as a stranger from a distant planet, to those whose dress and appearance probably differed totally from my own, the figure I made was a matter of entire indifference. By constant exposure to the sun, I had acquired a complexion somewhat darker than the West-Indian—while in length of hair, and beard, and finger nails, I should not have been out of fashion in an assembly of Chinese literati. In point of lankness, I can liken myself to nothing but an Egyptian mummy, or to the man of sticks who is sometimes dressed and set to guard an orchard. My clothes, though worn more or less thread-bare, were perfectly clean; for till I struck upon the grass plot, there had been nothing to

soil them. But they had evidently been made for a man of twice or thrice my present * * * * *

Here occurs a chasm in the Manuscript. The remaining sheets have suffered much from the hand of time; yet there is reason to hope that some parts of it may be decyphered hereafter.

*FAREWELL TO MY LYRE.*

LYRE of my soul! the parting hour draws nigh—
The hour that tears thy votary away—
The hour when death shall close my fading eye,
And wrap in earth my cold and lifeless clay.

I feel his icy fingers chill my heart,
And curdle all the blood that warms my breast:
Charm of my darkest moments! soon we part—
Soon shall thy chords in endless silence rest.

What if thy sounds have charm'd the coldest ear—
What if they breath'd like melody divine—
What if they stole the fair one's purest tear,
Or bade the downcast eye with pleasure shine!

Still I must sink in Death's unbroken sleep,
And coldly slumber 'neath the hallow'd ground—
And thou must all thy chords in silence keep,
Nor sweetly wake them to the feeblest sound.

Sleep in yon cypress shade—its sombre gloom
Becomes the awful stillness of the grave—
Rest where above yon maiden's early tomb
The willow's boughs in sorrow seem to wave.

There should the fainting zephyr, whispering by,
Awake one note along thy tuneful string,
Oh! be it sadder than the mourner's sigh,
Or in my ear like funeral dirges ring.

Let not a trill of joy invade my ear,
  This gloomy hour asks nothing of delight—
Let all be like the pall that shades the bier,
  Or like the darkest canopy of night.

Let no sweet songster pour its witching spell—
  No voice of comfort to my spirit come;
Nought but the echo of the passing bell,
  The hollow murmur of the muffled drum.

And yet I seem to hear thy seraph strain
  Pour like a gentle stream along the gale—
It ceases—now its music wakes again,
  And breathes as sweetly as the turtle's wail.

Ah, I would brush thy chords, and faintly wake
  To sounds of joy thy melody awhile—
Would charm my heart a moment ere it break,
  And gild my dying features with a smile:

But no! my hand refuses: 'tis but clay—
  The touch of death has wither'd all its pow'rs—
Soon will his wings my spirit waft away
  From thee—thou charmer of my darkest hours!

Farewell, thou lyre of sweetest minstrelsy!
  Distraction calls, its sufferer must obey—
The ruthless hand of dark adversity
  Has chill'd my soul, and tore thy chords away:

The mist of death that hovers o'er my eyes
  Withdraws thy lovely image from my view,
Like fancy's midnight dream, th' illusion flies—
  Lyre of my soul, adieu! a long adieu.

ALFRED.

# THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITED BY A FRATERNITY OF GENTLEMEN.

NEW-HAVEN, (CONN.) PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY & CO.

No. 50.] FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1820.

He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task, an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: he will labour on a barren topic, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into a wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

*Dr. Johnson.*

HAVING continued our semi-weekly efforts for half a year, and furnished in each number double the quantity of matter originally contemplated, we are disposed to think we have gone almost far enough. A man may outlive his own usefulness. The love of novelty is deeply implanted in the human heart, and that which is old and familiar, however esteemed, is by most of us gladly exchanged for whatever is new. The frequent visits of the best friends will in time become so much a matter of course, as to be undervalued, and readily postponed to the more acceptable calls of a recent acquaintance.—— Although the Microscope has not as yet, so far as we know, experienced this treatment; still we have concluded to retreat in season.

In the progress of the work, we have endeavoured to accommodate it to the public taste, and the wish to please our readers has ever been present with us. In our fondest anticipations however, we have never once dreamed of pleasing *all.* A very slight knowledge of mankind was requisite to convince us of the prevalence of *diversity of taste.* And while no characteristic of our race is more prominent, there is surely none that is more benign in its influence upon society. Think, for instance, what would be the situation of the world, were all so constituted as to choose the same occupation, or profession.

Or, to take a more interesting example, should a particular set of qualities and features in ladies be preferred by all gentlemen, what would women not blessed with these, say of the effects of such a uniformity of taste upon the rest of the sex? Or, suppose that all mankind should prefer the same article of food; how deplorable would soon be our condition? It is then we see no unimportant illustration of providential wisdom that we are so formed, as to differ in *these* objects of our choice. Thus it is with almost every thing else, that falls within our reach; so especially with books, and the subjects upon which they treat. We have therefore, not even aimed at pleasing all; we knew that such a scheme would be futile, and probably more unsuccessful, than any other that could be adopted. But we have—and as we think wisely—been more intent upon following the dictates of our own judgment, than upon listening to the conflicting and contradictory exhortations of others. The vain desire of giving universal saiisfaction in any situation of life is delusive as an *ignis fatuus*, and must be avoided in the beginning; for if once yielded to, the further it is followed, the more irretrievable is the delusion. The only sound and rational course under any circumstances is previously to weigh well the project and coolly to estimate the consequences; and if after such preparatory exercise, the course is entered upon, it becomes one to proceed onward without looking either to the right hand or to the left, lest his attention should be divided and that energy exhausted upon gainsayers, which should have been reserved for "the heat and burthen of the day." These are the considerations, by which our conduct has, in the present instance, to some humble degree at least, been governed: with how much success, it is for others to determine; the work, such as it is, is now before the publick.

The encouragement given to the publication has, we are pleased to say, already been nearly sufficient to defray its expenses; and this, to those most concerned, is entirely satisfactory, since the hope of emolument was not the motive that led to the undertaking. Our patronage would however, as the experience of others abundantly demonstrates, have been far greater, had the work been intended to disseminate party false-

hood, or to deal out sectarian bitterness—to lampoon the wise and the good—to laugh at what is sacred and holy, or to deck in alluring attire the forbidden pleasures of life.

But our principal and, as we hope, more laudable aim has been to divert the publick attention from such unedifying subjects, by adding to the stock of innocent and rational amusement. If our fellow-citizens are too busily occupied in other things, or if our country has not yet advanced sufficiently far in its literary career, to foster publications like the one, in which we have been engaged; we hope the time will come when public favour shall be ready to cheer the Essayist in his course, and that we may thus be pioneers to more successful American adventurers in this department of the republick of letters.

At the end of literary exhibitions, it is usual to thank the audience for their kind attention to the performances; there is every reason why we should adhere to this appropriate and ancient usage.

Our subscribers deserve the first place in the expression of our obligations. Their friendship has been of the solid and substantial kind; it forms a pleasing contrast to the friendship of those, who read every thing, while they pay for nothing—whose curiosity leads them to dip into each publication that appears, while they have neither sufficient patriotism nor publick spirit to encourage any, by contributing to their pecuniary support: *Be ye prospered and be ye blessed* they say, while they retain in a clenched hand the assistance they can so easily give.

It becomes us next to make our acknowledgments to those, who—*after* the rejection of their communications, and that for good reasons—have, from the most *disinterested* motives no doubt, roundly anathematized the work and all supposed to be concerned in it.

Nor would we forget such as have, from motives equally pure, produced certain potent and redoubtable newspaper paragraphs against us. We must entreat pardon for not noticing their caustic effusions; surely the man is but poorly employed, who consumes his time in exterminating vermin, while

more important matters imperiously demand his attention. The opposition of such creatures was not unexpected; had it not existed, we should have lacked one important evidence of the pungency of the work. *The wounded bird flutters*, and had we not in our own case seen the proverb verified, we should not have known but our darts had all missed their aim and fallen harmless to the ground. It is further, always to be expected, that "so sure as you catch a gander by the tail, the whole flock—geese and goslings—one and all—will of course shew a fellow-feeling on the occasion, and begin to cackle, like so many devils bewitched." In this too, we have not been disappointed.

We must not omit to make grateful mention of still another class of gentry, for their left-handed patronage in pretending to have considerable to do with the work, and for the milk of human kindness manifested by them in shewing no objections to fathering certain unacknowledged orphan pieces; while they have in reality never written a single one, and have had no concern whatever in the publication; the delusion however is natural enough, and therefore to some extent excusable.

But it is time to lay aside the mantle of fiction, and to state my real obligations for truly important favours. To Henry E. Dwight, A. M.; Nathaniel Chauncey, Esq.; and James G. Percival, M. D., I am particularly indebted. Had it not been for the aid *originally pledged* by the *first* and confidently anticipated from the *second* of these gentlemen, probably the work would not have been undertaken; and had it not been for the valuable assistance actually rendered by them and by the other gentleman mentioned, it would not have been continued thus long; for there are not many individuals, who could without assistance, statedly furnish so large a quantity of matter for any length of time. To the above-named gentlemen, and to a few other persons of equal respectability, I am indebted for *all* the *communications*, that have been published, with the exception of a very small number of unimportant ones, received through the medium of the box. In the merit or demerit of the pieces derived from these sources, I can claim no other share, than that of having furnished the vehicle, in which they have appeared before the publick.

Now that we have drawn to a close, may not that, which was at the commencement of the work used as the language of *promise*, be here adopted as the language of *fulfilment?* The pledge then bestowed has, I hope, been redeemed: nothing *irreligious*, *immoral*, or *indelicate* has been suffered to stain the pages of the Microscope; and never can it with truth be said that its perusal has justly called forth the condemnation of the pious, or mantled with a blush of virtuous indignation the cheek of the chaste and pure. If the publication has not benefitted; it has not corrupted. If it has not confirmed the resolutions, nor quickened the steps of those climbing the steep and difficult ascent; it has not allured to vice: it has not covered with flowers, the thorns and daggers planted by Providence in the downward road to disgrace and ruin. If it has not instructed by its matter, nor pleased by its manner; conscience attests to the honesty of the intentions that led to the undertaking.—May many abler heads and better hearts arise to entertain and enlighten our countrymen through successive generations, when the hand that now guides the pen, and the eye that reads what is written, shall sleep in the dust.

*Vive et vale.* CORNELIUS TUTHILL.

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## ERRATA.

In consequence of the haste that must attend the printing of periodical works, we have, like most others, been exposed to typographical errors. Those that materially affect the sense of the passages in which they occur, are the following: the reader will please to correct them with a pen or pencil:

VOL. I—p. 11, 10th line from bottom, for *having* read *hearing*.
p. 16, 7th l. from top, for *conclusion* read *conclusive*.
p. 47, 4th l. from bottom, erase the word *was*.
p. 56, 21st l. from top, for *than* read *the*.
p. 99, 16th l. from bottom, for *locating* read *evacuating*.
p. 111, 13th l. from top, for *commisseration* read *admiration*.
p. 129, 2d l. from top, for *measure* read *rhyme*.
p. 135, 10th l. from top, for *back* read *bark*.
p. 143, 1st l. from bottom, between *scenes* and *the*, insert the word *all*.
p. 147, 14th l. from bottom, for *succeeding* read *preceding*.
p. 170, 4th l. from bottom, for *mucky* read *murky*.

VOL. II—p. 21, 18th l. from bottom, for *small* read *whole*.
p. 126, 7th l. from top, for *revelled* read *revolted*.
p. 128, 4th l. from bottom, for *opens* read *spreads*.
p. 130, 1st l. from bottom, for *est* read *este*.
p. 132, 8th l. from top, for *coming* read *becoming*.
p. 140, 2d l. from top, for *estimate* read *estimated*.
p. 141, 1st l. from top, erase the word *us*.
p. 144, 14th l. from top, for *humen* read *lumen*.

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